



THE TEN TRAGEDIES OF SENECA



THE TEN TRAGEDIES  
OF  
SENECA

WITH NOTES

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH PROSE  
AS EQUIVALENTLY AS THE IDIOMS OF BOTH  
LANGUAGES PERMIT

BY

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Ἄρθρα γράφει εἶδεν αἰὸς ε



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DEDICATED

TO MY DAUGHTER HOPENCE







## P R E F A C E

L ANNIVS SENECA the author of the following Tragedies was born 6 years AC and was a native of Corduba in Spain At an early age he was distinguished by his extraordinary talents according to Lemprière and was taught eloquence by his father and received lessons in philosophy from the best and most celebrated Stoics of the age He was appointed by Agrippina the fourth wife of Claudius as the tutor of her son Nero who sentenced him to destroy himself and he is said to have remarked that such a mandate was quite in harmony with the truculent character of the man who murdered his own mother (see Octavia) I pay no sort of heed to the various aspersions that have been levelled at the character of Seneca as a renowned poet for the best of men in all ages have come in for their share of popular abuse and have been made the targets for the poisoned arrows of their calumniators, for further information concerning the life of Seneca I refer my readers to Lemprière from whose pages the foregoing remarks have been quoted The function which I have assumed is to do the greatest justice to his tragedies as a Translator

I have been so long favorably impressed with the force beauty and artistic skill as portrayed in the Tragedies of *Seneca* as to be convinced that a great loss has been sustained at the hands of many who would have fully appreciated the labors of that admirable poet presumedly because they have never been presented to the reading world in a suitable English form

They have been translated in various continental languages within the last century but an English reader unacquainted with such tongues would be quite at sea in

comprehending them, or of availing himself in estimating the striking beauties of that Poet. They were done in 1581 by several hands, but in very inadequate verse, as also 4 Tragedies, by Sir Edward Sherburne, in 1702, and a perusal of the latter will be an ample justification of my unmitigated objection to verse translations of any Latin or Greek author, especially if he should belong to the genus "Poet." I have done my utmost to transform these Tragedies into impressive readable English, without detracting from the original material, and as far as it is possible, when translating one language into another, owing to idiomatic difficulties. I am sanguine that they will be universally admired for their intrinsic merits, and as they have never been offered in an English form, the public, the enlightened portion too, have been kept in absolute ignorance of their dramatic pretensions. It has been a work of considerable labor, but I shall consider myself amply compensated for the same, if they are destined to afford that satisfaction to the reader, which I have every hope they will fully command at his hands, and that they will, moreover, bear reading and re-reading.

Seneca, as before stated, was appointed tutor to Nero, by Agrippina, fourth wife of Claudius Caesar, but all the sound precepts which he had inculcated upon the mind of his pupil were entirely ignored as soon as that maricidal tyrant gained power, and he was commanded to destroy himself, on the discovery of Piso's conspiracy, and after taking poison and opening his veins to no effect, he was suffocated in a warm bath. He ranked very highly as a Poet, Moralist and Philosopher, and has bequeathed to posterity much admirable literature. His Latinity was chaste and unaffected and a reflex of his own modest and unassuming *morale*. Amongst the rest of his useful and enlightening productions, he has handed down the unsurpassable Tragedies, which form the subject of the present volume.

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HERCULES

FURENS

## DRAMATIS PERSONA

JUNO  
HERCULES  
IACUS  
MEGARA

AMPHITRION  
THESES  
CHORUS ATHENENSIS

## ARGUMENTUM

IACUS a Creonte Herculis socio re-  
in exilium missus, absente iam Hercul  
Eurysthei jussu peteret Cerberum (sibi  
detentum, qui cum Pirithoo descende  
pinum, liberavit) occasionem obtinet  
Creonte cum duobus filiis e fo  
Megaram Herculis uxorem ad impo  
puit Opportune reversus Hercul  
fractiois, interficit hec tam feliciter  
mittit illi furorem quo correptus  
interficit Quod ubi ad se reversus in  
via Amphitronis atque Thesei precibus  
inferret cum Theseo Athenis purgand

## ACTUS PRIMUS

JUNO sola

Juno Jovis furta, pellices, notios, Herculem autem maxime  
stomachatur qui ab inferis reversus obiecta  
infamia uxorem & liberos occidit

**S**OROR Tonantis (hoc enim solum mihi  
Nomen relictum est) semper alienum Jovem,  
Ac templa summi vidua deserui ætheris,

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JUNO  
HERCULES  
LYCUS  
MEGARA

AMPHITRYON  
THESEUS  
CHORUS OF THEBANS

### ARGUMENT

Lycus being exiled for his crimes by Creon the father in law of Hercules and king of Thebes, Hercules being at that time away in the Infernal Regions whither he had gone to seek out Cerberus at the instigation of Eurystheus here he found Theseus who had made a descent into the regions of Pluto in company of Pirithous with the intention of carrying off Proserpine, bound in chains—Lycus seizes his opportunity and aided by conspirators slays Creon together with his two sons and usurps the Kingdom of Thebes—He then solicits Megara the wife of Hercules to marry him and prepares to resist any refusal on her part—Hercules luckily returning slays Lycus and those involved in the conspiracy Juno not viewing these deeds with approval throws Hercules into a state of delirium during a paroxysm of which he slays his own wife and children Subsequently when he becomes restored to his senses and owing to his intolerance of the anguish which he suffered he was prevailed on though with difficulty to yield to the entreaties of Amphitryon and Theseus not to lay violent hands on himself and accepted the alternative of setting out for Athens in company with Theseus with the view of atoning for his mad acts

## ACT I

### JUNO (*alone*)

Juno waxes wrath at the furtive amours of Jupiter his concubines and bastard offspring and is very angry about the successes of Hercules who on his return from the Infernal Regions being thrown by Juno into a state of frenzy slays his wife and children

**A**s Sister of Thundering Jove for that distinction is the only one now remaining to me but as widow anon I have quitted the palatial temples of lofty Olympus and the marriage couch of the ever faithless Jupiter and thus banishing myself I have rendered up

Locumque, cœlo pulsa, pellicibus ardi  
 Tellus colenda est pellices cœlum tenent 5  
 Hinc, Arctos alta parte glaciatis poli  
 Sublime classes sidus Argolicas irat  
 Hinc, quæ tepenti vere bratur di,  
 Tyrie per undas vector Europæ nitet  
 Illinc, tumendum ratibus æ ponto prægem 10  
 Passim vagantes exserunt Atlantide  
 Ferro mirari hinc taret Orion Deo  
 Suasque Perseus rursus stella libet  
 Hinc, clara gemini signa Iudæidæ mæram  
 Quibusque natis mobilis tellus sciat 15  
 Nec ipse tantum Bacchu aut Bacchi præta  
 Adhere superos ne qua pars probro vici  
 Mundus puellæ facta Gnostice, ferat  
 Sed vetera querimus, nam me diræ re fera  
 Thebræna nuribus sparsa tellus impit 20  
 Quoties noceram fecit cœnare hinc  
 Meumque victrix tenet Alcmenæ locum,  
 Præterque natus æstra promissi occu, et  
 In cuius ortus mundus impendit diem,  
 Tardusque Loo Phœbus, æsulat man 25  
 Retinere mersum iustus Oceanus jubet  
 Non sic abibunt odia vires æget  
 Violentus iras unius, & furvus dolor  
 Æterna bellæ præce sublata gerat  
 Quæ bellæ quidquid horridum tellus creat 30  
 Inimicæ, quidquid pontus aut ær tulit  
 Terribile, dirum, pestilens atrox, ferum  
 Fractum atque domitum est superat, & crescit malis.

my quondam throne to my husband's concubines! Hence forth, the Earth must be my place of habitation, whilst those immoral tenants will possess Heaven, once my lawful abode! From one part of the sky (the Northern Heavens) that lofty constellation Arctos is guiding the Grecian fleets, as it shines in the elevated regions of the ice cold polar firmament, in another part (the Southern Heavens) where the duration of the day is lengthened and the warming influence of the spring is experienced, Taurus (the second sign of the Zodiac) the bearer of the Tyrian captive, Europa, across the waves, is shining in all his radiance—At a greater distance off (the Eastern Heavens) the Atlantides, wandering erratically, show themselves as a group of constellations universally to be dreaded by the various crafts as they traverse the watery main, fearing the threatening tempests, Orion, yonder, too, scares the Gods themselves with his angry and flaming sword, and Perseus has in his retinue of golden stars (26) (commemorative of the shower in which Jupiter embraced his

Mother Danae) In another part of the Heavens the Twin Tyndaridæ Castor and Pollux shine forth as brilliant constellations (and Juno gazing earthwards espies the refuge land of Latona when pursued by the Python which became the birth place of Apollo and Diana) for the security of which children Delos hitherto a floating island (tossed hither and thither by the tempestuous waves—sometimes above the waters surface and at other times submerged) became at last firmly fixed and acquired a solid foundation—(Neptune out of pity for the sufferings of Latona having struck it with his trident) Not only does Bacchus but his mother even (Semele) consorts with the Gods above and lest anything should be wanting to confirm all this opprobrium the heavens ostentatiously parade the coronet of that Gnoasian wench Ariadne! But I complain moreover of still more chronic grievances—one too cruel and dreadful to relate that the Theban land should so abound in infamous step daughters every time it has been ordained that I should be made a step-mother! It is permitted too that Alceme my triumphant rival should ascend and usurp my very throne whilst no less her son should eventually take possession of the promised constellation—he at whose birth the world lost an entire day (one day short in the calendar of time) and Phœbus having been commanded to slacken the progress of his chariot illumined the sea with a day star and shed his diurnal rays into the ocean's bosom! (thus there were three consecutive nights) After all this can my anger be made to cease and will not my insulted nature give way to violent rage and my cruel grief urge me on still more to wage perpetual warfare all prospects of a truce being entirely out of the question! But why do I speak in that grandiose way of wars What can possibly be brought about? For whatever horrible visitations that a hostile earth could devise whatever the sea or air has ever brought into existence—whatever has partaken of the terrible—whatever dreadful calamities—whatsoever of a pestilential character and whatsoever has savoured of the cruel and atrocious (Juno here alludes to the Bull the Scorpion the Giants the Crab the Hydra and the Stymphalides) every thing has been disabled or subdued by Hercules—he conquers every thing in his path and he increases in his capabilities as his obstacles become more difficult! He derives only profit from my anger and whilst I might appear to be austere in my commands he is simply turning my hatred into his own glorification I have however fully settled the question as to his paternal origin (Jupiter) and it is I who have been throwing in his way all this time the opportunities

Inque nostra fruitur in laudes suas  
 Mea vertit odia dum nimis sæva impero, 35  
 Patrem probavi gloriæ feci locum  
 Qua Sol reducens, quaque deponens diem,  
 Binos propinqua tingit Æthiops fræce,  
 Indomita virtus colitur, & toto Deus  
 Narratur orbe Monstra jam defunt mihi, 40  
 Minorque labor est Herculi iussa exsequi,  
 Quam mihi jubere lætus imperia excipit  
 Quæ seia tyranni iussa violento queant  
 Nocere juveni<sup>d</sup> nempe pro telis gerit,  
 Quæ timuit, & quæ fudit armatus venit 45  
 Leone & hydra Nec satis teræ patent  
 Effregit ecce limen inferni Jovis,  
 Et optimi victi regis ad superos refert  
 Parum est reverti sædus Umbrarum perit  
 Vidi ipsa, vidi nocte discussa inferiûm, 50  
 Et Dite domito, spolia jactantem pati  
 Fraternal cur non victum & oppressum trahit  
 Ipsum cætenis paria fortitum Jovi<sup>d</sup>  
 Ereboque capto potitur, & retegat Styga<sup>d</sup>  
 Præfacta ab imis Manibus retro via est, 55  
 Et sacra diræ Mortis in aperto jacent  
 At ille, rupto carcere Umbiarum, ferox  
 De me triumphat, & superbifica manu  
 Atrum per urbes ducit Argolicas cænem  
 Viso labantem Cerbero vidi diem, 60  
 Pavidumque solem me quoque invasit tremor,  
 Et terna monstri colla devicti intuens,  
 Timui imperasse Levia sed nimium quætoi,  
 Cælo timendum est, regna ne summa occupet,  
 Qui vicit imæ scepra præripit patri 65  
 Nec in astra lenta veniet, ut Bacchus, via  
 Itei ruinæ quæret, & vacuo volet  
 Regnare mundo Robore experto tumet,

for gaining his renown! Wherever Phœbus rises, or wherever he sets in those regions, where he deeply tans the two Ethiopian races, with the nearness of his fierce rays (see note at end), his indomitable valor is held up as an object of veneration, indeed he is spoken of as a God, all over the Earth! There are no monsters, no difficulties now, for him to encounter, for it is less a labor for Hercules to execute my commands, than it is for me to issue them—he undertakes his labor with an air of joy and triumph! What truculent mandate of the tyrant Eurystheus can redound with injury to this violent youth arising out of its execution? For he actually reinforces his strength with them as weapons, those very things which at first, somewhat disconcerted him, but which neverthe-

less he finally subdued—he salthes forth forsooth furnished with mementoes of the Nemean Lion and the formidable Hydra Nor is this earth considered by him an arena sufficiently terror that e Cerberus

rejoins the <sup>many</sup> dems on the earth above but his having returned from the regions of Pluto is only a trifling matter to be alluded to for he actually violates the established agreement as regards the exclusive dominion over the Manes entered into with his brothers Jupiter and Neptune I myself have seen him positively seen him with my own eyes after he had dispersed the darkness of the infernal regions and after Pluto had been brought into subjection boastingly displaying to his father the spoils which had been taken from that father's brother! Why! I wonder why he did not drag Pluto along as well conquered and beaten down and held in chains! the one too who claims equal rights in his own Kingdom to those possessed by his brother in his! Holding Erebus captive he had the Stygian Kingdom entirely in his power and he lays bare all the mysteries thereof! And the path from the abode of the Manes towards the earth has been brought into view and the solemn secrets of sad mortality revealed! But having burst open the prisons of the dead he savagely triumphs over me and drags with haughty display the frightful Cerberus through the cities of Argos—I have actually seen the bright day grow dim at the sight of Cerberus and Phœbus himself tremble at his aspect! A tremor indeed comes across myself in as much as casting my eyes in his direction I have had misgivings as to my prudence in having urged on my commands respecting that three headed monster Yet I am complaining now only of trifles! But we must now be apprehensive for the safety of Heaven itself as he who so easily subdued the Kingdom below will aspire to occupy the regions above! He will seize in short on his own father's sceptre! Nor will his passage towards heaven be effected so quietly as Bacchus made his Hercules will push his way by causing the utter downfall of every obstacle that obstructs his path and he will do his best to find the heavens deserted by the Gods and empty to his grasp! He swells out with puffed up pride now that he has discovered his own strength and capabilities And judging from what he has already achieved he fancies that he can subdue heaven by his own unaided strength! It is true that he has borne the heavens above his head nor has the difficulty of raising such an immense



Et posse cælum viribus vinci tuis	
Didicit ferendo subdidit mundo cæpi	70
Nec flexit humeros molis immensi labor,	
Mediusque collo sedit Hercules polus	
Immota cæcis sidera & cælum tulit	
Et me premeatam Quærit ad sideros vana	
Perge iræ, perge & magna mentis arma operæ	75
Congredere, mambus ipsa discedat tu	
Quid tanta mandis odia discedat feræ	
Ipsæ imperando fessus Iuraster vice	
Iturus infos rumpere imperium Jovis	
Emitte Sæculi veritatis Iura spectum	80
Tellus gigante Doris excusso iremen	
Supposita monstri colla terrificæ levat	
Sublimis alias Lauræ concepit feras	
Sed vici ista Quæris Alcida præm	
Nemo est nisi ipse belli iam secum erret	85
Adsint tibi imo Iutari fundo excite	
Eumenides ignem flammæ spargant comæ	
Viperæ sava verbera meutrant manus	
I nunc superbe, cælitum sedes præ	
Humana tenne iam Stygia & Manes feros	90
Fugisse credis hinc tibi ostendam inferos	
Revoerbo in alta conditam caligine	
Ultra nocentum exsilia discordem Deum	
Quam munit ingens montis oppositi specus	
Educam, & imo Ditis e regno extraham	95
Quidquid relictum est venturæ visum Sæclis	
Suumque lambens sanguinem Impietas ferox	
Eriorque, & in se semper armatus Iuror	
Hoc hoc ministro noster ulitur dolor	
Incipite, simulæ Ditis ardentem mentæ	100
Concutite pinum & agmen horrendum anguibus	
Megera ducit, atque luctificæ manu	
Vistam rogo flagrantè corripit trabem	
Hoc agite pœnis pelle violatè Stygis	
Concutite pectus ærior mentem excoquat	105

mass in the least impaired his powerful shoulders, and the sky even has rested on the middle of his immense neck, this neck, without yielding, has sustained the weight of the stars and firmament containing them, and myself pressing down as well with all my force, and yet, knowing all this, I persevere in testing his capabilities further—He is seeking the way, though, to Heaven, therefore let me persevere with my wrathful work, I say—let me still persevere, and let me stop him, who contemplates such extravagant designs—let me dispute his progress—Oh, Juno! Juno! destroy him piecemeal rather with thine own hands! Why dost thou indulge in these odious mandates? Give up all idea about the wild Beasts and

Monsters! For Eurystheus himself will soon be tired out in enforcing other commands, let me rather send forth the Titans who once had the audacity themselves to invade the realms of Jupiter! Lay bare if you like the cavernous interior of the Sicilian Vortex (*Ætna*) and the land of Doris which already trembles with every movement of the Giant Enceladus will then materially relieve the pressure now exerted on the terrific monster now lying underneath it (by being opened up it will relieve the giant somewhat) Will lofty Phœbe think of some fresh wild Beast or new Monster hitherto unknown on this earth? No! she will say for he has overcome them all such as I have to do with (The Nemæan Lion the ancients thought fell from the Moon) Are you she will say seeking for any one to come forward as the equal of Alcides? Why! there can be no one his equal but himself then let him in some manner or other make war with himself! Let the Eumenides (Furies) be stirred to action and appear on the scene from the remotest depths of Tartarus their flaming locks will scatter broadcast their hideous fires (torches) and their savage hands shall strike their viperous blows! Go if you like oh! thou puffed up man and seek out the habitations of heavenly tenants and henceforth look disdain fully upon mere human belongings but do you really persuade yourself that you have done with the Styx and the Manes after all your ferocity! I will show you here on earth things yet more terrible than ever you beheld in the regions below—I will invoke the Goddess Discord who hides down deep in the lowest regions of darkness beyond the prisons where the wicked are banished and whom a huge cavern in a mountain opposite protects in solemn seclusion and I will rake up from the domains of Pluto and the remotest parts thereof everything that is left in it of a hellish character to favor my ends! Odious crimes shall enter on the scene and raging Impiety madly lapping up its own blood (Parricidal and Fratricidal slaughter) mental wandering (hallucinations) and raving madness (this is what Juno has had in store for Hercules) which is always armed against the objects themselves that are afflicted within (in reference to the way, in which madmen are dangerous to themselves as well as to others) Oh! ye Furies ye servile throng of Pluto's begin with this—yes! let my angered mind turn to account this instrument of my wrath as the means of wreaking my vengeance—hasten then and brandish the burning torches (pine stems) and Megæra shall lead on the terror striking troop with their horrible serpents and I require that they will with their griefspreading hands seize the terror producing torches

Quam qui criminis ignis Ætneis furit  
 Ut possit animo captus Alcides regi,  
 Magno fuore percitus, nobis prius  
 Infaniendum est Juno, cui nondum furis  
 Me, me, sorores mente dejectum mea 110  
 Versate puerum, fricere si quidquam apparo  
 Dignum noveret jam odia mutentur mea  
 Natos reuersus videret incolumes, precor,  
 Manuque sortis redere inveni diem,  
 Inuisa quo nos Hercules virtus iuvat 115  
 Me pariter & se vincat, & cupiat mori  
 Ab inferis reuersus hic prosit mihi,  
 Jove esse genitum serbo, & ut certo creant  
 Emussa nervo tela, libero manum  
 Regam furentis arma pugnantem Herculi 120  
 Tandem sivebo scelere perfecto, licet  
 Admittat illas genitor in cœlum manus  
 Movenda jam sunt bella, clarescit dies  
 Oituque Titan lucidus croceo subit

## CHORUS THEBANORUM

Chorus e Thebanis a descriptione ortus diei, magnatum curas  
 studique dicitur, Herculem iudicare in libonibus  
 subeundis tractat, vite denique humilis iudat  
 tranquillitatem optatque

**J**AM iara micant sidera piono 125  
 Languida mundo non videri iugos  
 Contrahit ignes luce renata  
 Cogit nitidum Phosphoros regmen  
 Signum celsi glaciale poli  
 Septem stellis Alcides urse 130  
 Lucem verso temone vocant  
 Jam cœruleis evectus equis  
 Titan summa prospicit Cœta

from the burning pile—Do all this in earnest, I say, seek  
 for adequate punishment, for the violation of the Stygian  
 Realms Exhaust all to that end, and for my own part,  
 let a more ardent fire stir up my revengeful soul than  
 anything that ever yet raged or came forth from the  
 summits of Ætna—and in order that Alcides, stirred up

with intensest madness shall be duly brought under my influence methinks I should first become maddened myself! Juno! Juno! Why art thou not already at rage's height? Oh ye sisters (Furies) exercise your skill upon me transform me that I may be disposed of my ordinary (healthy) mind if I am to prepare myself for the execution of any scheme worthy of an angered step-mother!—I let my hatred even be diverted into a fresh channel—I let me then pray that on his return Hercules may see his sons in health and safety and may he come back to us strong in his mighty arm! I have really arrived at that day on which the odious strength of Hercules will be of assistance to me! I can tolerate his conquering me so long as he is conquered himself as well (Juno here alludes to the slaughter of his wife and sons during his madness *in prospectu*) and may he wish when he returns from the infernal regions for death itself! Under these circumstances it will be a source of gain to me that he is really the veritable son of Jupiter! I stipulate firmly however that the arrows which are sent forth from his bow shall be directed with a sure aim and steady nerve—I will poise his hand myself! I will preside over the movements of the raging combatant—I shall literally at last be espousing the very cause of Hercules in thus inflaming his warlike spirit! And when the crime is carried out to my satisfaction (laughing his wife and two sons) let his father forthwith admit him into Olympus with his hands stained and reeking with their guilty work. Now then for war! Operations must begin! The light of day is beginning to show itself and bright Titan enters upon the scene with all his nascent glory in the saffron tinted Eastern Horizon

### CHORUS OF THEBANS

The Chorus of Thebans beginning with a description of the dawn of day alludes to the manners and customs of the times condemning the pursuits and undertakings of the nobles—They reprove Hercules for his audacity in the attempting of his various labors and finally extol and sigh for that tranquillity which is only to be realized by leading a retired life.

**B**RING! The stars now scarcely perceptible are shining but feebly in the setting sky and night drawing in slowly calls together the scattered luminaries (planets) Iphosphorus too disbands her shining retinue at the approach of the newly born day—The

Jam Cadmeis inclyta Bacchis Aspera die dumeta iubent	135
Phœbique fugit reditura foroi Labor exortu durus, & omnes	
Agitat curas, aperitque domos Pastoi gelida cana pruina	
Grege dimisso pabula curpit Ludit prato liber aperto	140
Nondum rupta fronte juvencus Vacuæ respirant ubera mætres	
Errat cursu levis incerto Molli petulans hædus in herba	145
Pendet summo stridula ramo, Pennisque novo tradere soli	
Gestit querulos inter nidus Phœbici pellex, turbaque cucu	
Confusa sonat, mimumre mixto Testati diem carbasa ventis	150
Credit, dubius navita vitæ, Laxos aura complente sinus	
Hic exesis pendens scopulis, Aut deceptos instruit hæmos,	155
Aut suspensus spectat pressa Præmia dextra sentit tremulum	
Linea piscem Hæc, innocuæ quibus est vitæ	
Tranquilla quies, & læta suo Parvoque domus, spes & in agris	160
Turbine magno spes sollicitæ Urbibus errant, trepidique metus	
Ille superbos iditus regum, Durasque fores, expers somni,	165
Colit hic nullo sine beatus Componit opes, gazis inhians,	
Et congesto pauper in auro est Illum populi favori attonitum,	
Fluctuque magis mobile vulgus Aura tumidum tollit inani	170
Hic clamosi rabiosa fori Jurgia vendens improbus, hæc	
Et verba locat Novit paucos Secura quies qui velocis	175
Memores ævi, tempora nunquam Reditura tenent Dum fata sinunt,	

Arcadian Bears, with their seven stars, the Northern signposts of the distant Pole, invoke the coming light as the Chariot of Phœbus reverses its direction! Behold! Titan rises from the azure waters with his steeds refreshed thereby as he brings into view the summits of Cæta—now with welcome day—The groves scattered everywhere

display their verdancy whilst the scene is opened with the Bacchic revels and bright Phœbe the sister of Phœbus steals away only ( to repeat the story of her birth ) to return to us again<sup>1</sup> Hard toil is now demanded of man and he busies himself with his manifold concerns and the light of day reveals the nakedness of many a homestead<sup>1</sup> The shepherd having driven away his herds gathers as a reserve the scanty produce rendered cold and crisp by the hoar frost—The young bull with its rudimentary horns (the superjacent cuticle not yet broken through) scampers with wild freedom over the open mead—The mothers deprived of their milk seek to replenish their exhausted udders—the lustful goat wanders nimbly with uncertain destination over the velvety sod—The Thracian nightingale (Philomela) perched on a topmost branch gives forth her plaintive notes and longs to test her wings in sight of rising Sol and busies herself with the affairs of her nest—in gleefully ministering to the wants of her clamorous progeny—and the confusion of  
of  
of  
his

set sails—Then another man a fisherman resting on the wave indented rock is engaged either in baiting afresh his unsuccessful hook or all anxiety beholds in mental prospect the reward of his patience already grasped in his right hand whilst he is really only made conscious that a struggling fish is doing its best to slip away from his line! The following things are of value to a man the tranquil quiet of an innocent life and a home which is satisfied with its  
with hope to the  
themselves in city  
trembling fears—  
proach the dwellings on which  
of access will assuredly  
reward—he who lays up  
summum bonum of happiness panting for further wealth is altogether a pauper nevertheless with all his coffers containing their accumulated gold! Popularity bewilders one man and sets him entirely beside himself and the ignoble herd more fickle than the passing waves captivate his elated imagination with their hollow applause<sup>1</sup> and surely that man is a knavish rascal who amidst the fierce strife of the noisy forum sells at a price as he would merchandize his stinging denunciations or honeyed eloquence (as the case might be) merely to gain verdicts for his litigious clients<sup>1</sup> Uninterrupted serenity is a

Vivite leti properat cursu Vita citato, volucrisque die Rota præcipitis vertitur anni	170
Dura peragunt pensa Sorores, Nec sua rectio fila revolvunt At gens hominum fertur rapidis Obvia satis, incerta sua	185
Stygias ultro quærimus undas Nimum, Alcide, pectore foiti Pioperis maestos visere Manes Certo veniunt ordine Pareu Nulli jussu cessare licet Nulli scriptum proficere diem	190
Recipit populos urna citatos Alium multis gloria terris Prædat & omneis fama per urbes Garrula ludet, caloque patrem Lollat & astris alius curru Sublimis est me mea tellus	195
Lare secreto tutoque tegit Venit ad pigros erant senectus Humilique loco, sed certa sedet Sordida parvæ fortuna domus	200
Alte virtus animosa erdit Sed mœstra venit erine soluto Megara, parvum comitata gregem Tardusque senio graditur Alcideæ parens	

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

### MEGARA, AMPHITRYON

Megaræ absentiam Herculis desset enumeratis ipsius crumnis  
Icy vim & insolentiam conqueritur Despondentem  
animum Megaræ & desperantem consolatur  
Amphitryon

**O** MLG MAGNE Olympi rector, & mundi arbiter, 205  
Jam statue tandem gravibus crumnis modum,  
Finemque cladi nulla lux unquam mihi

stranger to few except those who, mindful of the fleetingness of time, pass their lives profitably, as if they can never expect them to return! Whilst the Fates permit, lead your lives with a joyful heart—Life hastens along with a quickened stride, and the revolution of the year is

only precipitated by each flying day The obdurate Parca perform their allotted tasks nor do they ever unwind the threads they have once woven, but the race of mankind at large is borne forward to meet its rapid destiny uncertain of what that fatal urn may declare whilst we are only seeking carelessly as it were the Stygian Streams! Oh! Alcides do not with your stout heart hasten too eagerly to visit the sadness-ridden Mines! The Parca come on the appointed day with certain precision it is not allowed for them to cease from their ordained task at any command or to publish the prescribed term of life at any bidding—the fatal urn receives only those whose lots are enrolled therein—Glory attends one man in many lands and busy fame praises throughout all the cities of the world and raises him equally to Heaven and the Stars! Another is borne aloft in chariot triumphant May our own land then protect us surrounded by our own Ires and Penates in security! Grey old age quickly overtakes the weak but moderate means in a small habitation ensures safety and puts one out of harms way—whilst wealth unassured in this manner is always a doubtful possession Sublime heroism tells heavily when once it begins to totter—But Megara with a look of sadness is now approaching her locks hanging down loosely accompanied by her family of little ones and the father of Hercules Amphitryon follows her but with his gait rendered slow through the advances of old age

## ACT II

### MEGARA—AMPHITRYON

Megara bewails the absence of Hercules in enumerating her troubles—she complains of the violence and insolence of Lycus Amphitryon pities the despondent state of Megara's mind and tenders her consolation in her despair

#### MEGARA

O all Monarch of mighty Olympus and arbiter of the world's destinies by this time decree a remedy for my grievous sufferings and vouchsafe an end to these misfortunes for never does there arrive a day which affords me the slightest security from one trouble or another,



Secura fulsit suis alterius mali  
 Gradus est futuri protensus reduci novu  
 Paratus hostis, antequam latum domum 210  
 Contingat aliud iustus ad bellum ierit  
 Nec ulla requies tempus aut illum datur  
 Nisi dum iubetur sequitur a primo statum  
 Inſetra Juno numquid immunis fuit  
 Infantis raris monſtra ſuperavit priu 215  
 Quam noſſe poſſet gemina eriftrati caput  
 Angues ſerchant ora quos contra obvium  
 Reptavit infans, igneos ſerpentium  
 Oculos remiſſo lumine ac phœido intuen  
 Arctos ſerenis vultibus nodos tulit. 220  
 Et tumida tencra guttura elidens manu,  
 Proluſit hydræ Mœnari pernix ſera  
 Multo decorum præſerens auro caput  
 Depreſſa curſu eſt maximus Nemeæ tumor  
 Gemmit læertis preſſus Herculeis leo 225  
 Quid ſtrubula memorem dira liſtonu gregis  
 Suisque regem præbulum armentis datum  
 Solitumque denſis luſpidum Irymaruthi jugi  
 Arendæ quætere nemora Mœnarium ſuam  
 Turumque ecantum non levcem populis metum 230  
 Inter remotos gentis Heſperie greges  
 Paſtor triſormis litoris I utelſu  
 Peremptus, ætra eſt præda ab Oceano ultimo  
 Notum Cithæron prævit Oceano præcus  
 Penetrare juſſus Solis æſtiva prægras 235  
 Et aduſta medius regna quæ torret dies  
 Utrinque montes ſolvit abrupto obijce  
 Et iam ruenti fecit Oceano vram  
 Poſt hæc, adortus nemoris opulenti domos,  
 Aurifera vigilis ſpolia ſerpentis tulit 240  
 Quid præ Lernæ monſtra, numeroſum malum,  
 Non igne demum vicit, & docuit mori  
 Solitaſque pennis condere obduclis diem  
 Petuit ab ipſis nubibus Stympthalidas  
 Non vicit illum exhibis ſemper tori 245  
 Regina gentis vidua Thermodontæ  
 Nec ad omne elarum facinus rudreces manus

and the end of one calamity is only the beginning of another. From afar off, a fresh enemy prepares to enter on the scene, and before he (Alcides) reaches his well come home, he is forthwith commanded to enter upon some fresh contest nor is there any respite or any opportunity afforded for rest, but the brief interval between one command and that which is to follow! Implacable Juno is always in foremost pursuit! Why, I ask, was the tender infant even allowed to be free from her resent-



Stabuli superat turpi Auspici labor  
 Quid ista profunt orbe defenso curæ.  
 Sensere terræ pueri auctorem huius  
 Absesse terræ prosperram ac felix se lu  
 Virtus vocatur fontibus parent boni  
 Jus est in armis opprimat leuè timor  
 Ante ora vidi nostræ trucidantia mura  
 Natos patrum cadere repit vindictæ  
 Ipsamque Cadum nobili stirpem ultum in  
 Occidere vidi reorum capiti decem  
 Cum capite ruptum qui satis ille huius  
 Terræ Deorum terræ quem dominum tremi  
 I cuius arvis eque sacundo huius  
 Stricte iuventus ora cum ferro stetit  
 Cujusque muros natus Amphion huius  
 Struxit cauro fixa nodulata trahent  
 In cuius urbem non semel Divum pater  
 Cælo relicto venit, hinc qui cæcæ  
 Recepit, & qui fecit & istis ille loquitur  
 I ortasse faciet sordido premeter iuro  
 Cadmera proles civitisque Amphion  
 Quo decidistis tremi ignaviam existem  
 Suis erantem sinibus nostræ gravem  
 Qui seclera terræ, quique persequitur mori  
 Ac terra iusta sceptræ confringit in unum  
 Nunc servit absens fertque qui ferri vorat  
 Tenetque Thebas exsul Hercules Ivens  
 Sed non tenebit aderit & penes petet  
 Subitusque ad astra emerget invenit viam  
 Aut faciet Adsis sospes & remeas precor  
 Tandemque venas victor ad victam domum  
 Luerge, conjux, atque dispulsis manu  
 Abrumpe tenebras nulla huius retro via,  
 Iterque clausum est, orbe diducto redi  
 Et quidquid atra nocte possessum huius  
 Emitte tecum dirutis quibus jugis  
 Preceps citato fluminis quærens iter  
 Quondam stetit, scissa cum vasto impetu  
 Patuere tempe pectore impulsus tuo  
 Huc mons & illuc cecidit, & rupto aggere  
 Nova encurrit Thestalus torrens via  
 Talis parentes, liberos, patriam petens,

as the author of their peaceful security, now find him away from his tutelary cares! Prosperous and successful crime now receives the name of Valor! The good are now made to obey the bad! There is a recognized and lawful right awarded to arms, and very fear puts the laws in abeyance! Before my very own eyes I have seen sons cut down by merciless hands, and whose only sin had

been in the avenging the loss of their father's kingdom  
 I have witness'd the destruction of the last of the noble  
 line of the House of Cadmus! and I have seen the very  
 crown seized roughly from the august head which was  
 wearing it and the head itself removed with it at the  
 same time Who I ask shal  
 has befallen Thebes? Oh! Ea  
 Gods of what men art thou  
 lands from an equally productive origin sprang youth  
 who boldly stood forth with their weapons unsheathed  
 ready for war and of whose city Amphion the son of  
 Jove laid the walls which he easily called into his ser-  
 vice by the enchanting melodies of his lyre—into whose  
 city the Parent of the Gods having quitted his heavenly  
 abode has come more than once that city which has  
 achieved this distinction and may I be permitted to say  
 it will do so again perhaps is now oppressed with a  
 heavy yoke! O! Offspring of Cadmus! Oh! City of  
 Amphion! To what hast thou fallen! Dost thou tremble  
 at the sight of a base exile with no country that he can  
 call his own simply because he is a nuisance to us?   
 whilst he who follows up and punishes crimes commit-  
 ted on land as well as on sea and breaks down the harsh  
 rule of tyrannical kings with the strong arm of justice  
 is now away from us and practically a slave himself (that  
 is serving under Eurystheus) and is putting up at the  
 present moment with the very things he would not per-  
 mit others to suffer if he were only present! That  
 wretched exile Lycus possesses Herculean Thebes now  
 but he will not hold it long, Hercules will return and  
 punish him condignly and will then make a sudden  
 flight to the Heavens to which he will soon find a way  
 and if not he will make one! I pray spouse of mine  
 come back as the deliverer! Be thou present! Come at  
 length as the salvator of a down trodden home! Come out  
 of that infernal abyss consort mine and escape from  
 that darkness which thou hast so successfully dispelled  
 with thy mighty arm—if there be no way easy for return  
 and the exit is closed up come I say if the very orb  
 itself requires to be rent in twain to effect a passage!  
 And if anything under the dominion of sombre Nox  
 should lie concealed bring it forth with thee and as  
 thou once stood when thou sought thy precipitous way  
 by swiftly flowing rivers having first severed the very  
 mountains which obstructed thy path!—when Tempe  
 lay open cut through by thy tremendous force a moun-  
 tain here forced against by thy chest—a mountain there  
 fell as thou proceeded the opposing mass being all dis-  
 persed the Thessalian streams followed in a newly

Erumpē, rerum terminos tecum efferens, v	290
Et quidquid avida tot per annorum gradus Abcondit vras, reddē, & oblitos sui,	
Lucisque pavidos ante te populos age	
Indigna te sunt spolia, si tantum refers,	
Quantum imperatum est Magna sed nimium loquor,	295
Ignara nostrae sortis Unde illum mihi,	
Quo te turmque dexteram amplectar, dicm,	
Reditusque lentos nec mei memores querar <sup>2</sup>	
Tibi, o Deorum ductor, indomiti ferent	
Centena tauri colla tibi, frugum potens,	300
Secreta reddam fructu tibi muta fide	
Longas Eleusin trivita jactabit faces	
Tum restitutas fratribus rebor meis	
Animas, & ipsum regna moderantem sua	
Florere patrem si qua te major tenet	305
Clausum potestas, sequimur aut omnes tuos	
Defende reditu sospes aut omnes trahē	
Tristes, nec ullus eriget fractos Deus	
AMPHI O socia nostri sanguinis, casta fide	
Servans torum matosque magnanimo Ierulis,	310
Meliora mente concipe, atque munus exera	
Aderit profecto, qualis ex omni solet	
Labore, major MEG Quod nimis miseri volunt,	
Hoc facile credunt AMPHI Immo quod metuunt nimis,	
Nunquam moveri posse, nec tolli putant	315
Prona est timori semper in pejus fides	
MEG Demersus, ac defossus, & toto insuper	
Oppressus orbe, quam viam ad superiores habet <sup>2</sup>	
AMPHI Quam tunc haberat, cum per ventem plagam,	
Et fluctuantes more turbati maris	320

created channel! Come forth such an one as thou art, seeking parents, children, country! thus bringing with thee the termination of our troubles, and whatever the rapacious destructiveness of time has moved away through so many passing years restore! Put out of the question (drive away) the Manes that have forgotten their former condition on earth, and would fear the light of day Such spoils as those are quite unworthy of thy prowess, do therefore only what thou art bidden, if thou dost come back! But, perhaps, being ignorant of what our own lot may turn out to be, I am speaking too volubly upon matters of such grave importance! Alas! When will the day arrive on which I shall embrace thee, and shake thy right hand? nor shall I ever relent at thy slow return or fancy thou hast forgotten me! O! Leader of the Gods! May they present for thy honor, as a be-

fitting sacrifice a hundred untamed bulls whose necks have never borne the yoke! O thou Goddess who presidest over our harvests I will tender thee my devotion in the sacred mysteries! I will silently with dumb reverence lay at thy altar on Fleusis the grand and burning torch! Then I will conjure up to my imagination the souls returned to my brothers restored to me and the fact that my parent still flourishes and rules his kingdom with mildness. If any greater power still detains thee we will be in thy wake either as a deliverer defend us on thy return or take us as all things are but thou in particular take us under thy protection—let not another God have to extricate us from our forlorn condition!

#### AMPHITRYON

O tender companion of my race guarding with thy chaste care the couch and the infantile offspring of the mighty Hercules think in your mind of better things check thy angry impulses Hercules will assuredly return reinvigorated, as he always does after everyone of his labors

#### MEGARA

Those that are miserable are apt to believe readily that which they are prone to fear the most

#### AMPHITRYON

But there is another view of the matter some fear too much and suppose that the sources of their alarm can neither be averted nor entirely removed. In a state of fear the mind is always inclined to believe the worst!

#### MEGARA

Sunk down buried away and furthermore the entire world pressing him down by what road can he find his way back amongst the Living?

Abiit recurrens, bisque discedens fretum,  
 Et bis recurrens eumque desertis ratis  
 Deprensus haesit Sirtum brevis ratis  
 Et puppe fixa maria superavit pedes  
 M. G. Inque raro maximis virtutibus 325  
 Fortuna pareit nemo se tuto diu  
 Periculis offerre tunc crebis potest  
 Quem saepe transit, casus aliquando invenit  
 Sed ecce felix et miris vultu recurrens  
 Et qualis animo est talis incessu venit 330  
 Aliena dextra sceptra concitans Ivens

## LYCUS MEGARA AMPHITRYON

Lycus Thebis et Creonte in exilium missus, Hercule ad inferos  
 profecto, caeso Creonte cum filio quo regnum occu-  
 patum sibi firmet Megaræ nuptias ambit  
 abnuenti vim minatur

**U**RMS regens opulenta Thebarum loca  
 Et omne quidquid uberi cingit solo  
 Obliqua Phocis, quidquid Ismenos rigat,  
 Quidquid Cithæron vertice excelso videt, 335  
 Et binæ sindens Isthmos exilis freta,  
 Non veteri patris jura possideo domus  
 Ignarus heres nobiles non sunt mihi  
 Avi, nec altis inclytum titulis genus,  
 Sed clara virtus qui genus præstat suum 340  
 Aliena laudat Raptâ sed trepidâ manu  
 Sceptra obtinentur omnis in ferro est fasces  
 Quod civibus tenere te invitis scias,  
 Strictus tuctui ensi alieno in loco  
 Illud stabile regnum est una sed nostras potest 345  
 Fundare vias, juncta regni face  
 Inhærensque Megara ducet e genere inclyto  
 Novitas colorem nostra non equidem reor

## AMPHITRYON

Just the same road as when he passed over the  
 burning plains, and sands shifting like a troubled sea,  
 that sea ebbing twice, and flowing twice, in turns, and

when he was obliged to leave his vessel it having grounded on the low sandbanks of the Syrtis and the craft being stuck fast he trampled down the sea contending successfully with his feet and cleared a passage for himself

## MEGARA

Unjust fate rarely shows mercy to the greatest merits and no one can expose himself for long to frequent dangers with impunity an evil which we can tide over very frequently will sometimes land us on a rock! But behold that cruel wretch Lycus carrying his menacing nature in the very lineaments of his visage whatever is passing in his mind the same is indicated faithfully in his general demeanour and this even whilst he is dangling in his hands (carelessly as it would seem) the very sceptre which rightfully belongs to another!

## LYCUS—MEGARA—AMPHIRYON

Lycus is ordered from Thebes into exile by Creon—Hercules having set out for the infernal regions and Creon with his sons being slain Lycus establishes himself on the throne and governs the kingdom He then seeks to marry Megara using every stratagem and determines to offer violence in case of refusal

## LYCUS

**A**s ruler of the opulent Theban territories and whatever borders upon the transversely situated Phocis with its fertile soil whatever irrigates the Ismenian lands and whatever Cithæron looks down upon from its lofty mountain summit I do not regard myself by any means a contemptible inheritor of such a home with all the ancient rights appertaining to such a country,—it is true I cannot boast of noble ancestors or of a race celebrated for titles but my own personal valor gives me some claim to renown—he who brags of his ancestry simply praises others not himself! But when sceptres are taken from others the only safety then rests in the sword of the possessor A kingdom is not to be depended on when you are ruling in another's place! But there is one thing which can confirm my power Megara must be joined to me by the marriage tie and conducted by the Royal Nuptial Ceremony! And my new position will rather some glory arising from my union with a noble





her tutelary deities with her mourning vestments hiding up her head what care I?

## MEGARA

What fresh devilry is Lycus devising Is it how he shall compass the destruction of our race What is he now attempting?

## LYCUS

O! thou inheriting an illustrious name from thy royal ancestors listen to me for a little with a patient ear if mortals are always bent on cultivating eternal hatred and fury which you must know once encouraged never quits the human heart that man is fortunate who wields the weapons necessary for his purpose and that man so far is unlucky who has to obey since war leaves nothing to the vanquished! Then it is that the land will present naught but untilled fields and that bespread with the burning torch the accumulated ashes will overwhelm the buried inhabitants! The conquered be sure of that are as willing for peace as it is in the interests of the conqueror to be but this is indispensably the case as regards the vanquished! Come then as the partner of my kingdom and let us be with our hearts united like wise Take therefore this pledge of my serious intentions shake this right hand of mine! Why art thou thus silent and with those cruel looks of thine too?

## MEGARA

Shall I dost thou think be induced to touch even the hand of one stained with the blood of my parent and that of my brothers likewise A double slaughter for sooth! First let me see day utterly done away with and night to take up its place let there be a cordial amalgamation of the cold snows with the scorching fiery elements! And Scylla join the Sicilian lands to the Ausonian main! And first too let me behold the streams of the Euripus with its uncertain tides occurring so frequently, stand suddenly still and render muddy the Eubœan shores! Thou hast robbed me of my father, my kinsmen my kingdom my Lares and my country! What can go beyond this? One greater thing however is left to me dearer to me if possible than parent brothers

Thebanæ novi regnæ quid matres loquar Passis & ausis scelera? quid geminum nefas, Mixtumque nomen conjugis, matris, patris? Quid bina fratrum castra? quid totidem iugos Riget superba Tantalus luctu preens,	390
Mæstusque Phrygio matris in Sipylo laps Quin ipse torvum subrigens crista caput Illyriæ Cædinus regna permensus fugæ, Longis reliquit corporis tractu notas Hæc te manent exempla dominare, ut libet Dum solita regni facti te nostri vocent	395
LYC Agedum, efferatis rabida voces amove Et discæ regum imperia ab Alcide patris, Ego, rupta quamvis sceptrâ victrici gemam Dextera, legamque cuncta sine legum metu	400
Quis armis vincunt, præcæ pro castra loquar Nostra Cruento cecidit in bello patris, Cecidere fratres? una non seivant modum, Nec temperari facile, nec reprimi potest Stucti ensis ira bella delectat cruori	405
Sed ille regno pro suo nos improba Cupidine acti? quæritu belli exitus Non causa Sed nunc pereat omnis memoria Cum victor animæ profuit, & victum deest Deponere odia non ut inflexo genu	410
Regnantem adores, petimus hoc ipsum placet, Animo ruinas quod capis magno turas Es rege conjux dignæ sociemus toros MEG Gehidus per virtus vadit exanguis tremor Quod facinus iures pepulit? haud equidem hortui,	415
Cum præce rupta bellicus muros frangit Circumsonaret pertuli intrepide omnium Thalamos tremisco castra nunc videoi mihi Gravent catenæ corpus, & longa fame	

Lares and kingdom, my hatred of thee! What I do grieve for, is that my grief is participated in by my own people, but nevertheless how large a share therein has fallen to my lot! Go thou on, governing with thy puffed up importance, keep up thy spirits to elevation pitch, a revenging deity is following at thy heels! I know all about the Theban kingdom, but how shall I describe the sufferings of some mothers and the dreadful deeds of which others have been guilty? Shall I speak of the two-fold crime—patricide and incest, and the name of the wife, son and father? How shall I speak of two hostile camps made up of brothers fighting against each other? What of so many funeral piles, and the behaviour of the flames? The proud parent, daughter of Tantalus, is dried up and cold with grief, and now, as a rock sheds her

tears on the Phrygian Sipyhus! But Cadmus raising his threatening crest has left many deep traces of his tortuous flight as he traversed the Illyrian plains these records will serve as a guide for thee! Kule as thou thinkest fit whilst the traditional destinies of our kingdom summon thee to govern!

## IACU

Come now although mad with rage put aside angry words and learn to obey the commands of kings from the example shown thee by thy own Alcides although I wear a sceptre in my hands which I have assumed as a conqueror I will govern everything without any regard for the laws over which arms always possess dominion! Shall I now say a few words in my own behalf? Thy father only fell in a bloody contest Thy brothers did so likewise!

fashions and  
sword cannot

repressed in any way Blood is the normal delight of warriors but thy father thou wilt say fought for his own crown and I only fought for the wicked desire of gaining it from him! The end of war seems to be the chief object sought for and not the cause which gave rise to it But now all considerations are put aside for when the conqueror lays down his arms it is only right that the vanquished should throw aside any useless hatred he may feel towards the conqueror nor do we require either that you should worship the one holding the sceptre on bended knees But this fact does please me that thou shouldst accept thy downfall as thou art doing with a haughtiness of demeanour and thus in a manner worthy of the consort of a king, let us share then the nuptial couch!

## MFCARA

A cold tremor creeps over my bloodless limbs! What revolting utterances do now assual my ears! Indeed I shuddered not when on the approach of my departed peace the clang of warlike arms surrounded the city on all sides—I bore it all with an intrepid spirit but at the thought of marriage with thee I tremble indeed! I now seem to myself verily a slave! My very body feels already to be growing weary with chains and thus may

Mors protrahatur lenta, non vincet fidem	420
Vis ulla nostram moriamur, Alcide, tua	
LYC Animosne meus inferis coniux facit?	
MEG Inferna tetigit, posset, ut supera assequi	
LYC Telluris illum pondus immensæ premit	
MEG Nullo premetur onere, qui cœlum tulit	425
LYC Cogère MEG Cogi qui potest, nescit mori	
LYC Effare, thalamis quod novis potius parem	
Regule munus? MEG Aut tuam mortem, aut meam	
LYC Moriete demens? MEG Coniugi occurram meo	
LYC Sceptione nostro potior est famulus tibi?	430
MEG Quot iste famulus tradidit reges neci!	
LYC Cui ergo regi fervit, & patitur jugum?	
MEG Imperii dura tolle quid virtus erit?	
LYC Objici feris monstrisque, virtutem putas?	
MEG Virtutis est domare, quæ cuncti pavent	435

a slow death, protracted by chronic starvation, be my fate!  
 No force shall ever change my resolution! Oh Alcides!  
 I will die thine only!

## LYCUS

Does thy husband's being hidden away in the infernal  
 regions inspire thee with this lofty tone?

## MEGARA

He has sought the infernal regions, that he might sooner  
 seek the Gods above!

## LYCUS

The Earth's immense weight is now pressing him down

## MEGARA

He who bore the heavens on his shoulders, is not  
 pressed down by any present weight!

## LYCUS

You will be compelled by force!

## MEGARA

He knows not how to die, who yields to force!

LYCUS

Speak what can I prepare for you as a regal present better than a fresh marriage?

MEGARA

Either thy death or mine

LYCUS

Thou wilt die mad then?

MEGARA

I shall go to meet my husband

LYCUS

Slavery then is preferable in thy sight than to share my sceptre?

MEGARA

How many kings has that slave as thou termest him handed over to destruction

LYCUS

Why then does he serve a king and bear his yoke?

MEGARA

Remove tyrannical commands and what room is there left for the display of valor

LYCUS

Dost thou call it valor to throw thyself in the way of wild beasts and monsters?

MEGARA

It is valor to subdue that of which every one goes in dread

LYC	Tenebræ loquentem magnæ Tarturæ premunt	
MEG	Non est ad astræ mollis e terris via	
LYC	Quo patie genitus cœlitum sperat domos?	
AMPH	Miseranda conjux Herculis magni file	
	Partes meæ sunt, reddere Alcidæ patrem,	440
	Genusque verum post tot ingentis viri	
	Memorandi facti, postque pacatum mœnu	
	Quodcunque Titin ortus & labens videt,	
	Post monstra tot perdomita, post Phlegrum impio	
	Sparsam cruore, postque defensos Deos,	445
	Nondum liquet de patie? mentimur Jovem?	
	Junonis odio crede LYC Quid violas Jovem?	
	Mortale cœlo non potest jungi genus	
AMPH	Communis ista pluribus causa est Deis	
LYC	Famulne fuerint ante quam fierent Dei?	450
AMPH	Pastor Phœros Delius pavit greges	
LYC	Sed non per omnes exsul eritavit plagis	
AMPH	Quem profuga terræ mater errante edidit	
LYC	Non monstra, sævas Phœbus aut timuit feræ	
AMPH	Primus sagittas imbuit Phœbi diaco	455

## LYCUS

The shades of Tartarus prevent him from heralding forth his great deeds

## MEGARA

The way from Earth to Heaven is not a soft and easy path

## LYCUS

From what father must a son be born, to aspire to a heavenly home?

## AMPHITRYON

Be silent, oh! miserable spouse of Hercules, it is my mission to give up to Alcides the name of his father and his true pedigree, after so many memorable achievements of that great man, as Titan rose in his majestic glory and when he descended below the horizon Hercules saw every thing that boded destruction and pacified every thing around with his mighty arm! After the subjection of so many monsters—after the impious blood which covered the land of Phlegra following his defence of the Gods (the blood of the giants), does he not as yet, do

you suppose become solicitous himself respecting his true paternity? Are we do you suppose inventing some lie regarding Jupiter? No! but thou canst believe without any misgiving in the hatred of Juno!

## LYCUS

Why dost thou insult Jupiter thus? a race of mortals cannot possibly be allied with the Gods

## AMPHITRYON

But many of the Gods are traceable to mortal origin

## LYCUS

But were they slaves before they became Gods?

## AMPHITRYON

Delius (surname of Apollo) as a shepherd fed the Phœæan herds

## LYCUS

But he did not wander about as an exile through every country that he traversed

## AMPHITRYON

But it was he whom his fugitive mother (Latona) left on a floating island (Delos)

## LYCUS

Did Phœbus fear monsters or wild beasts

## AMPHITRYON

Phœbus had his arrows dipped from the very first in the blood of the Dragon



LYC	Quam gravis paucus tulerit, ignoras, mater?	
AMPH	E matris utero fulmine ejectus pueri, Mox fulminanti proximis partu stetit Quid? qui gubernat astris, qui nubes quatit, Non intuit infans rupis Idææ specu?	460
	Sollicita tanti pretia nates habent, Semperque magno constitit, nati Deum	
LYC	Quemcumque miserum videris, hominem scias	
AMPH	Quemcumque fortem videris, miserum neges	
LYC	Fortem vocemus, cujus ex humeris Ico Donum puellæ factus, & clava excidit, Fulsitque pictum veste Sidonæ latus? Fortem vocemus, cujus horentes comæ Maduero nardo? hude qui notis manus Ad non virilem tympani movit sonum	465
	Mitra ferocem barbara frontem premens?	470
AMPH	Non erubescit Bacchus effusos tænet Sparfisse crines, nec manu molli levem Vibrasse thyrsum, cum puerum forti gradu Auro decorum syrma barbarico trahit	475
LYC	Teutuantis hoc fatctur everfi domus, Pecorumque ritu virginum oppressi greges Hoc nulla Juno, nullus Eurystheus jubet Ipsius hæc sunt operæ	
AMPH	Non nostri omnino Ipsius opus est, cæstibus fractus suis	480

## LYCUS

Are you ignorant of the dangers undergone by Hercules, when young?

## AMPHITRYON

Out of his mother's womb the lightning cast forth the boy, and immediately that boy stood in nearest relationship to the Thunderer! What next! He who rules the firmament and shakes the heavens, till they tremble again—did he not, as an infant, lie concealed in a cave on the tide-worn Idæan rock? Such precious nativities as that of Jupiter, always entail the most anxious considerations, and it has always necessarily amounted to a matter of great moment, to be born a God!

## LYCUS

Whatever man you may have seen and detected as capable of misery, put that man down as belonging to the race of mortals

## AMPHITRYON

You will not acknowledge then that a man can be miserable when you have had the amplest proof of his being a hero!

## LYCUS

Shall we regard that man as a hero who removes from his shoulders the Nemean Lion's skin and presents it to a favorite wench—who lays aside his club and adorns his side set off with a Sidonian robe? Shall we call that man a hero whose frightful locks were made moist with greasy perfumes and with his wirlike hands keeps up a gleeful tattoo as he listens to the childish jinglings of a tambourine or who encircles his ferocious frontispiece with the mitre of a barbarian?

## AMPHITRYON

The effeminate Bacchus was not ashamed of allowing his locks to hang down and dangle carelessly like some dandy gently flourishing his graceful thyrsus whilst with a by no means firm or masculine step he strode along with a woman's train at his heels ornamented with barbarian gold trimmings (such as they wear in Phrygia and Lydia)! After many conquests you know the most valorous enjoy relaxation and amusement!

## LYCUS

The ruined House of Eutyus bears testimony to a great deal and entire groups of virgins oppressed like so many cattle! Juno thou knowest full well was not at the bottom of this - I here was no Eurystheus concerned in giving any command in all that business—these were entirely the acts of Alcides himself!

## AMPHITRYON

Thou art not acquainted with everything. It was certainly his work when Eryx out of his rash challenge to

Eryx, & Eryci junctus Antæus Libys Et qui hospitali cæde manantes foci Bibere justum sanguinem Busiris Ipsius opus est, vulnere & ferio obivus,	485
Mortem coactus, integer Cygnus, patri Nec unus una Geryon victus manu Eris inter istos, qui tamen nullo stupio Læfere thalamos LYC Quod Jovi, hoc regi licet Jovi dedisti conjugem, regi dabis	490
Et te magistro non novum hoc discet munus, Etiam viro probante, meliorem sequi Sin copulari pertinet tædis negat, Vel ex coacta nobilem partum feram	495
MEG Umbæ Creontis, & penates Labdacæ, Et nuptiales impu Cædipodæ fides, Nunc solita nostro facta conjugio date Nunc, nunc cruentæ regis Ægypti munus, Adeste, multo sanguine infectæ manus	500
Deest una numero Dædæus, explebo nefas LYC Conjugis quorum pervicax nostræ abivus, Regemque teres, sceptura quid possint, scies Complectere iras, nullus eripiet Deus Te mihi nec, oibe si remolito querat Ad supera victor numina Alcides vehi	505
Congenite silvas, templi supplicibus suis Injecta fragient conjugem & totum gregem Consumat unus igne subiecto rogas AMPH Hoc munus a te genitor Alcideæ pcto, Rogare quod me deceat, ut primus credam	510
LYC Qui morte cunctos lucere supplicium jubet, Miserit tyrannus esse diversa iurogæ Miserum veta petite, felicem jube Ego, dum cremandis viribus accrescit rogas, Sacro regentem maria votivo colam	515

Hercules was worsted in the encounter with his own favorite cæstus, as also the Libyan Antæus, who was handed over to the same fate and whose destiny was linked with that of Eryx! And shall I speak of the altars which dripped with the gore of bidden guests, and which altars afterwards absorbed the justly-shed blood of Busiris! This, too, was his work—the invulnerable Cycnus, who defied the sword and withstood the brunt of wounds, was compelled to die by the hands of Hercules! Nor was Geryon, the triple-bodied giant, the only one that has fallen by his single unaided hand, but who, nevertheless, could not plead guilty to having violated his couch with their adulterous machinations, and you, Lycus, will be amongst the rest!

## LYCUS

What is lawful for Jupiter is permissible in a king! Thou surrendered Alcmena as a wife to Jupiter because he was a god and thou shalt give Megara to me as a wife because I am thy king! And she as a daughter in law will discover this not to be entirely a novel proceeding following thy example the husband too finding this arrangement ratified has only to go in quest of one more worthy but if she persistently refuses to join my couch I will even guarantee under compulsion that there shall yet be a royal offspring by me!

## MEGARA

Oh! the manes of Creon! Oh! the Lutes of Iphidacus and the incestuous nuptials of the impious Adipus!—Come tell me of the invincible fatalities which awaited thy betrothals! Come oh! thou cruel bride of Egyptus the king come show me thy hands stained with the blood of thy husbands. One of the number of the Danaides in the account (Hypemnestra) and I will be the one to make up the complement of the wickedness in my own person (meaning following the example that she might kill Lycus)

## LYCUS

Since thou obstinately refusest to accept my hand thou art simply trying to terrify thy king. Dost thou know what the sceptre enables a king to do! To destroy thy altars so that no God shall snatch thee from me nor if the orb itself were rent in twain would Alcides the conqueror be able to be carried to the Gods above with the entire forests massed together and the temples with their worshippers thrown in there shall form one grand conflagration and one huge pile set into a blaze shall turn into cinders parent and children!

## AMPHITRYON

Oh father of Alcides I seek the privilege to demand that which becomes me that is may I die first

## LYCUS

He who orders every one to expiate his crimes with death indiscriminately scarcely understands what the essence of power really is ask therefore for something different To compel for instance the miserable to live with the view of acquiring happiness I whilst the burning pile grows larger and larger with the combustibles for the destruction of the temples will subscribe my worship to the God of the seas and observe the sacred vows which I have registered

AMPH Proh minimum vis summa prohi celestium  
 Rector patensque, cuius excussis tremant  
 Humana telis, impium regis feri  
 Compescet dextram Quid Deos frustra precor  
 Ubiqueque es, audi nate Cur subito labant 520  
 Agitata motu templi? cur mugit solum?  
 Infernus imo sonuit e fundo fragor  
 Audimur en, cui sonitus Herculei gradus

## CHORUS IULBANORUM

Actoris partes Chorus officiumque viriliter desunt, precibus  
 Amphitryonis aspirans Herculis rectum vovet  
 idque arguit Orphici exemplo

**O** FORTUNA VIRIS INVIDA fortibus,  
 Quam non æqui bonis precibus dividis!  
 Furens facili regnet in otio 525  
 Alcmena genitus bella per omnia  
 Monstris exagitet caeliferam manum  
 Serpentis refect colla feracia  
 Deceptis refert mala sororibus, 530  
 Cum somno dedit pervigiles genas  
 Pomis divitibus prepositus draco  
 Intravit Scythie multivagus domos,  
 Et gentes patris sedibus hospitas  
 Celeravitque freti terga rigentia, 535  
 Et mutis trecentum litoribus mare  
 Illic dura carent æquora fluctibus  
 Et, quæ plena rates carbasa tenderant  
 Intonsis teritur semita Sarranis,  
 Stat pontus vicibus mobilis annuis, 540  
 Navem nunc facilis, nunc equitem pati  
 Illic quæ viduis gentibus imperat,  
 Aurato religans ilia balteo,  
 Detrahit spolum nobile corpori  
 Et peltam, & nivi vincula pectoris 545  
 Victorem posito suspiciens genu  
 Quia spe præcipites actus ad inferos,  
 Audax ire vias irremediabiles,  
 Vidisti Siculæ regna Proserpine?  
 Illic nulla Noto, nulla Favonio 550  
 Consurgunt tumidis fluctibus æquora  
 Non illic geminum Tyndaridæ genus

## AMPHITRYON

Oh! Chief sovereign of the Gods! Oh, the Ruler and  
 Parent of Heaven's inhabitants, at whose missiles all  
 human things tremble, arrest the impious right arm of  
 this ferocious king! Why do I entreat the Gods in vain?

And wherever thou art Oh! Son!—Why do the temples trembling with motion suddenly totter?—Why is the earth in a state of tremulousness? An infernal crash sounds too now as if coming from the lowermost depths! We are heard! it is—it is certainly the sound of footsteps announcing the arrival of Hercules!

### CHORUS OF THEBANS

The chorus valiantly espouses the parts of the actors and their performance and joining in the solicitations of Amphitryon prays for the relief of Hercules and evinces it in imitation of Orpheus

Oh! Fortune jealous of the brave what unequal lots do you award to the deserving? Eurystheus may continue his reign in uninterrupted tranquillity The son of Alcmena in all his encounters will only exercise his heaven lifting hands upon horrible monsters he may cut off the heads of the Hydra as they continue to reappear—he may tell the story of the golden apples which he took from the disappointed Hesperides (sisters) when the dragon set to guard them abandoned its watchful eyes to a heavy sleep! He penetrated amongst the wandering tribes of Scythia and races who appeared like strangers even in their own lands he has trampled on the frozen surface of the seas and the shores thereof giving forth no sound (The waters being frozen no waves could flow) And where sailing crafts had stretched out full set sails the paths are now traversed by the chariots of the hirsute Sarmatian (who lets his hair and beard grow undisturbed as a symbol of Liberty) The sea mobile one portion of the year is frozen during the other (Following the seasons) At one time affording scope for the floating crafts at another doing duty for the mounted traveller—There she who commands the haughty Amazons engirdling her loins with her golden belt detaches this noble ornament from her person and the shield which she carries and the gorgeous chains which hang down over her snow white bosom gazing venerationly at the conqueror on her bended knees By what encouraging hopes was Hercules inspired when he descended to the bottomless steeps of the infernal regions daring to traverse as he did along the path whence notoriously no return is ever looked for! Hast thou ever contemplated in thy mind's eye the Kingdom of Sicilian Proserpine (Pluto carried her off from Sicily) There no southerly winds do blow there the sea surges with no swollen waves at the advent of welcome Zephyrs—Here the guiding light of Twin Tyndaridæ (Castor and Pollux)



her devouring grasp conducts her countless victims to join the Manes the numberless passengers pass over piloted by a solitary steersman (Charon)!—I wish that you could break down the unrelenting laws of cruel Styx and that the distaff of the Parca might be deprived of its mission Here again when you went to war against Nestorian Pylos the King Pluto who rules over the numberless Manes turned his pestiferous hands against thee carrying in his advance his three pointed lance and when suffering only from a slight wound he fled and the proud president of Mors was afraid to die himself!—Break through the decrees of fate with thy strong arm let the prospect of approaching light show itself to those dark abodes and may those impassable ways offer a ready passage to places above! Orpheus was wont to subdue the implacable rulers of the Manes with his melodious incantations and humble prayers when he sought for his Eurydice he whose lyre enchanted the woods the feathered creation and the very rocks which hitherto had arrested the flow of rivers—at whose notes the wild beasts stood amazed! He soothed the infernal inhabitants with sounds to which they were quite unaccustomed where indeed all was dread silence! for his lyre sounded even with more mellifluous clearness where silence prevailed The daughters of Thrace bewailed the loss of Eurydice and the Gods who are not much addicted to tears wept also! At last that arbiter of Death exclaims We are conquered! Go thou back to the regions above but thou Eurydice accompanied and him and thou Orpheus

On day appears which the  
portals of Spartan Tenari  
hates and does not brook  
eagerness to  
violates his  
mind could  
ous sounds  
backed up t

### ACT III

#### HERCULES

Hercules asks for the pardon of Phœbus and the rest of the Gods that although having been commanded he had dragged the hateful Cerberus to the regions above

**O**h! beneficent Ruler of the Light and Ornament of Heaven who in describing thy circuit in thy flame bearing chariot showest thy illustrious countenance



Illustre lætis exseris terris cœput,  
 Da, Phœbe, veniam, si quid illicitum tui 595  
 Videre vultus iussus in lucem extuli  
 Arcana mundi tuque cœlestium ubique  
 Parentque, visus fulmine opposito tege,  
 Et tu secundo mari qui sceptro regis,  
 Imas pete undas quisquis ex alto aspicit 600  
 Terrena, facie pollui metuens nova,  
 Aciem reflectat, oraque in cœlum erigit,  
 Portenta fugiens, hoc nefas cernant duo,  
 Quæ advenit, & quæ iussit In pœnas meas  
 Atque in labores non fatis terrea pudent 605  
 Junonis odio vidi inaccessi omnibus,  
 Ignota Phœbo, quæque deterior polus  
 Obscura diro spatia concessit Jovi  
 Et si placeant tertiae sortis loca,  
 Regnare potui noctis æternæ chaos 610  
 Et nocte quiddam gravius, & tristes Deos,  
 Et fata vici, morte contempta redi  
 Quid restat aliud? vidi & ostendi inferos  
 Da, si quid ultra est tam diu patens manus  
 Cessare nostras, Juno? quid vinci jubes? 615  
 Sed templa quare miles infestus tenet?  
 Limenque sacrum teior armorum obsidet?

MEGARA, AMPHITRYON, HERCULES,  
THESEUS

Herculem reducem gratitur Amphitryon illi quaerenti nurat,  
 quo in loco res sint dum Hercules proficiscitur ad  
 occidendum Lycum, Theseus rogatus ab  
 Amphitryone exponit, quæ apud  
 inferos gesserit Hercules

**U**TRUMNE visus vota decipiunt meos?  
 Amph An ille domitor orbis, & Grajū decus,  
 Tristi silentem nubilo liquit domum? 620  
 Estne ille natus? membra lætitia stupent  
 O nate! certa & fera Thebaum salus!  
 Teneone in auras editum, an vana fruor  
 Deceptus umbra? tune es? agnosco totos,

to each hemisphere alternately and sheddest the splendour of thy rays upon the gladsome earth! Oh! Phœbus, grant me thy pardon, if what has been revealed to the eyes of mortals has been brought into thy sight - obeying my orders, I have drawn forth the hidden secrets of the regions below, and oh! thou arbiter and parent of celes-

nal subjects (Jupiter) protect my mortal gaze from the lightning to which it is exposed and thou the Ruler of the seas (Neptune) with thy sceptre which is the second in rank bid thee to the lowermost oceanic depths whoever on high behold the things on earth and fears being defiled by the visage of the newly imported monster let him cast aside his apprehensions by averting his gaze and turn his face toward Heaven void all mental association with monsters! There are two however who may indulge in viewing it he who carried it forth and she who gave the orders for it to be done. And as if there were not sufficient on this earth to be turned towards my punishment and increase my labors I have seen owing to Juno's persecuting hatred things unknown to Ithacus himself and those obscure regions in space which the Antarctic pole gives up to the dominion of that cruel Pluto (called also Jupiter Divus if it had suited my fancy to have accepted the lot of a Triumvir I could have taken Pluto's place and ruled myself in that third kingdom! I have overcome the chaos of Eternal Night and something more terrible than night—both the cruel Gods and the Fates themselves! I return as the very conqueror of Death itself! What is there now for me to do? I have seen and made known the secrets of Hell, tell me if there can be anything beyond all this? How long Juno wilt thou permit my hands to cease from such labors? What art thou now ordering to be conquered by me Juno? Why does the terrifying soldier mount guard at the portals of thy temples? And why does the clang of arms with the natural dread of military weapons take possession of their sacred thresholds? (Detering the worshippers from entering them out of fear)

### MICAKA—AMPHITRYON—HIERCULES

#### THESEUS

#### AMPHITRYON

**W**HICH is it? Is it the realization of my fondest desire or merely some passing phantasy playing tricks with my distorted vision? Is it the conqueror of the world and the proud ornament of the Grecian race Has he really quitted the dark abodes of the Manes where all is solemn silence? Whence has he sprung? Is this my son? My very limbs and senses are overpowered with joy! Oh my son thou truly but not the less certain savior of unhappy Thebes! Do I merely seem to be holding on to thee in the air or art thou really Hercules in the flesh again? Or is it that I

I Numerosque, & alto nobilem tunc eo manum  
 HERC Unde iste, genitor, squilloi & lugubribus  
 Amictu conjux<sup>2</sup> unde iam scædo obsitu  
 Pædoie nati<sup>2</sup> quæ domum clades gravat<sup>2</sup>  
 AMPHI Socer est peremptus regna possidit Lycus,  
 Natos, prientem, conjugem leto petit  
 HERC Ingrata tellus, nemo ad Herculæ domus  
 Auxilia venit<sup>2</sup> vidit hoc tantum nefas  
 Defensus orbis<sup>2</sup> cur diem questu toto  
 Mactetur hostis THES Hanc ferat vultus notam,  
 Fratque summus hostis Alcida Lycus<sup>2</sup>  
 Ad hãmendum sanguinem inimicum fetor  
 HERC Thesca, resiste ne qua vis subita ingruat  
 Me bella poscunt differ amplexus patens  
 Conjuxque differ nuntiet Diti Lycus  
 Me jam redisse THES Plebilem ex oculis fuga  
 Regina vultum tuque nato sospite  
 Læcorum erdentes repente si novi Herculæ,  
 Lycus Creonti debitas pœnas dabit  
 Lentum est, dabit, dat hoc quoque est lentum, delit  
 AMPHI Votum secundet, qui potest nostrum Deus,  
 Rebusque lapsis adsit ( ) magno comes  
 Magnanime nato, pande virtutum ordinem  
 Quam longa mœstos ducat ad Mænes via,  
 Ut vinea uleat dura Tritæus eris  
 THES Memoræ eogis acta, feceræ quoque  
 Horrènda menti via adhuc cæta est fides  
 Vitalis amæ torpet acies luminum,  
 Hebetesque visus via diem infuetum sciunt

am under the influence of some spell or ridiculous Ghost?  
 Art thou Hercules? I recognize thy brawny muscles,  
 thy massive shoulders and those formidable arms, with  
 which thou alone couldst wield that enormous club thou  
 art now carrying!

#### HERCULES

Oh! my father, How have all these lugubrious surroundings  
 been brought about? And my wife, too, attired in mourn-  
 ing habiliments! How is that my children are covered  
 with dirt and clad in filthy rags? What dreadful calamity  
 oppresses my home?

#### AMPHITRYON

Thy father-in law is slain—Lycus has possessed himself  
 of the Kingdom and he is seeking to take the lives of  
 thy children, thy father and thy wife!

## HECULES

Ungrateful Earth! Has no one come to the aid of the oppressed home of Hercules? And has that orb which I have defended looked on at such atrocious crimes with indifference? But why should I lose time in empty complaints. The enemy must be sacrificed!

## THESEUS

Will thy acknowledged valor permit of such a report and that Lycus is to be honored and magnified and to be held up as a most important enemy of Alcides? No! I am the one destined to shed his hostile blood!

## HERCULES

Stop Theseus! Let there be no sudden attack made by thee! Matters require me to do all the fighting part of this business. Defer your embraces for the present oh! my parent and my wife defer them too I pray! Let Lycus himself make it known to Pluto that I have returned!

## THESEUS

Oh Queen! banish that doleful expression from thy eyes and do thou with thy son here in safety repress those falling tears. If I know any thing of Hercules Lycus will suffer due punishment for the slaughter of Creon to say he will be punished is a dull idea! he is being punished! that too is an inadequate conception as to his deserts! Death was too good for him!

## AMPHITRYON

Our propitious Deity who is able to do it will favor our prayers and will be present in this our affliction! oh! magnanimous comrade of my illustrious son place before me some description of his valorous deeds tell me by what tedious route he went in order to reach those sorrowful Manes in the regions below! and how the dog of Tartarus was made to submit to that terrific force that must have been brought to bear in order to effect his subjection!

## THESEUS

Thou art really forcing me to relate scenes and acts which are heartrending even to a mind that is freed from all apprehension of danger—I have now scarcely any confidence in myself even whilst I am breathing the invigorating air of mother of my vision is obscured such that I tolerate with of day!

AMPH Pervince, Theseu, quidquid alto in pectore  
 Remanet prioris, neve te fructu optimo 655  
 Frauda laborum que fuit durum pati  
 Memnisse dulce est fare casus horridos  
 ILLIS Ius omne mundi, teque dominantem precor  
 Regno exarcti teque quam tota iura  
 Quersivit Astra mater, ut iura abditi 660  
 Et operta terris hec it impune eloqui  
 Spartam tellus nobile attollit jugum  
 Densis ubi equos Icarus filius praeiit  
 Heere ora solvit Ditis inuisi domus  
 Hiatque rupes alta & immenso specu 665  
 Ingens vorago frueibus vastis patet  
 Latumque praeiit omnibus populis ita  
 Non exera tenebris incipit primo via  
 Ienuis relicta lucis a tergo intor  
 Fulgorque dubius solis afflicti credit 670  
 Et ludit reiem nocte sic iuxta solet  
 Prebere lumen primis aut seruis dies  
 Hinc ampla vaeni spatia laxantur loci  
 In qua omne mersum pererat humanum genus  
 Nee ire labor est, ipsa deducit via 675  
 Ut saepe puppes ahus iuvitis rapit,  
 Sic pronus rer urget atque avidum clas  
 Gradumque retro steterit haud inquam sinuit  
 Umbrae tenetes iutus immensi sinus  
 Phreido quieta labitur Lethe vado, 680  
 Demitque curas neve remerandi amplius  
 Patet facultas, stetibus multis gravem  
 Involvit annem qualis meerta vagus  
 Meander unda ludit, & cedit sibi,  
 Instatque, dubius, litus in fontem patet 685  
 Palus mertis sacra Coeyti praet,  
 Hic vultur, illic lucifer bubo gemit,  
 Omenque triste resonat infrustae strigis

## AMPHITRYON

Stife, Theseus, whatever fears may still be lurking in  
 bee the recesses of thy magnanimous soul and do not deny  
 ing hyself the fullest heart-felt joy, at the happy result  
 with dirt thy labors What has been hard to endure is  
 oppresses times pleasing to remember! even to speak of the  
 readful misfortunes!

## THESEUS

Thy fathe  
 of the King, eat all the recognized deities of the skies above,  
 thy childre, pray thee, Pluto, who rulest paramount in thy  
 us Kingdom, and thee, Proseipine for whom thy

mother sought and how vainly in the territories of Aina (Proserpine had been carried off by Pluto whilst collecting flowers) that I may be permitted without a vote of censure for speaking of the powers hidden and mysteries shut up in the lower regions of the earth—The land of Sparta boasts of a famous mountain where Tanarus overhangs the sea, with its dense forests and crags a shade on the waters beneath Here the domains of relentless Pluto point out a passage and the lofty jutting promontory gapes with a wide aperture and a huge gulf bearing down to an immense cavern opens as it were its voracious terrible throat and lays bare that broad way traversed by the numerous peoples of this earth on their road to the regions below At first the path only begins to grow dull from the comparative darkness a slight glimmer of light only remaining behind which is shed by the more oblique solar rays but these rays at length lose all pretensions to brightness when puzzled Phœbus contends in vain with the circumambient medium (a modified twilight) and which deceives the vision as regards range and accuracy just as that light does which is the result of night intermingling with the light of early Dawn or expiring Day!—(The Poet here alludes to that short  
 when Phœbus and Phœbe  
 identifies his twilight  
 only sadder and short

INCA) thus men with this admixture of night the rising and setting day doles out its modicum of illumination—Here immense spaces are set free in various directions in which all the human race merging thereto are destined to perish! Nor is it a difficult task to enter there the path itself conducts you and as the furious tides divert the unwilling steersman as he struggles with his craft so with an irresistible and devouring gloom they are urged on in their downward course as the grasping shades never permit a retrograde step to be taken—Within silent Lethe flows with a placid stream in an extensively circuitous course and removes all human cares nor is there my possibility left open for a return for Lethe diffuses herself as a river with numberless windings just as the wandering Meander sports with her precarious streams she yields to her own uncertainty knowing not whether to approach the shore or return to the great great sea!—Here are the foul marshy shores of the sluggish Cocytus—here the vulture—there the common owl gives forth its plaintive cry and the air resounds with the sad notes of that disaster foreboding bird the screech owl!—The black leaves on the dusky branches hanging from the yew trees round about are horrible to behold

Horrent oprea fionde migrantes comæ, Iuvo immimente, quam tenet segnis Sopor,	690
Famesque moesta tabido rictu jacens, Pudorque sensu conscios vultus tegit Metus, Pavorque, Fumus, & frendens Dolor, Aterque Lectus sequitur, & Morbus tremens,	
Et cincta serio Bella in extremo abdita Ineis Senectus adjuvat breuilo gradum	695
AMPH Estne aliqua tellus Cereris aut Bacchi serua? IHES Non prius viridi læta facie germinant Nec adulta leni fluctuat Zephyvo seges Non ullæ ramos silva pomiferos habet	700
Sterilis profundi vastus squallit soli Et fœda tellus torpet æterno situ, Reumque mœstus finis & mundi ultima Immotus rer hæret, & pigro sedet	
Nox atq mundo cuncta incrore horrida, Ipsaque morte peior est Mortis locus	705
AMPH Quid, ille oprea qui regit sceptro loca Qua sede positus temperat populos leves?	
IHES Est in recessu Tartari obscuro locus Quem gravibus umbis spissa caligo alligat	710
A fonte discors manat hinc uno latus Alter, quieto similis, (hunc jurant Dei) Tricente sacram devehens fluvio Stygia At hic tumultu rapitur ingenti sero,	
Et fœva fluctu volvit Acheron inuis Renavigari cingitur duplici vado	715
Adversa Ditis regia, atque ingens domus Umbrante luo tegitur hic vasto speen Pendent tyranni limina hoc umbis iter, Hæc porta regni, campus hanc cœca jacet	
In quo superbo digerit vultu sedens	720

those trees which possess the power of inducing unhealthy sluggish sleep—there, sad hunger is portrayed with its gaping jaws—tardy remorse depicted on the guilty visage fear—misgiving—death—gnashing pain—and dire grief bringing up the train of Evils, trembling disease and war, with the sword in hand, and amongst the last, hidden away amongst the throng, feeble old age assisting itself along, propped up with its helping staff!

#### AMPHITRYON

Is any fruitful land to be seen, producing corn or wine?

## THESEUS

There are no rejoicing meads—no semblance of germination—nothing having any pretensions to verdure nor does the ripe corn float in the Zephyr's breeze—no orchards containing trees with fruitladen branches. The sterile expansiveness of the earth below is hideous to behold and the foul soil is actually torpid from its never changing condition (stagnation). There is experienced some idea of the sorrowful end of things and the finale of all else mundane! There the air itself stands in a dead dead calm and perpetual black night settles down in this sorrowful region—all things are rendered horrible in their aspect of grief and the abode of Mors is more appalling than Death itself!

## AMPHITRYON

Tell me about him who governs those dark abodes subject to his sceptre. On what sort of a throne does he ensconce himself who rules over such helpless timid subjects?

## THESEUS

There is a spot in the obscure recesses of Tartarus which thickest darkness confines within still more horrible blackness! Here from this one source is a double but yet one representing two different streams one similar to the quiet river to which it leads directing with its silent course the sacred Styx this is the river by which the Gods are wont to swear—The other is the Acheron but this fierce river is hurried onwards with tremendous roaring sounds and carries away huge rocks with its impetuosity rendering itself impassable either to or fro! The Palace of Pluto opposite is surrounded by a double ford and the huge habitation is hedged in by a shady grove! Here at the mouth of an immense cave hang down tremendous rocks forming the roof of the threshold of the Tyrant Pluto—This too is the way to the Manes this is the gate of his Kingdom. Around this lies a vast plain in which sitting with a proud visage he receives and arranges about the souls as soon as they arrive



Animas recentes dura majestas Deo,  
 Frons totiva, fratrum quæ tamen speciem gerat,  
 Gentisque tantæ vultus est illi Jovis,  
 Sed fulminantis magnæ pais regni trucus 725  
 Est ipse dominus, cuius aspectum timet,  
 Quidquid timetui AMPH Veiane est fama inferis  
 Fam fera reddi iura, & oblitos sui  
 Sceleris nocentes debitas pœnas dare<sup>2</sup>  
 Quis iste veri iector, atque æqui arbitri<sup>2</sup> 730  
 THES Non unus alta fede quæsitur sedens  
 Iudicia trepidis fera sortitu reis  
 Aditui illo Gnoffius Minos foio,  
 Rhadamantus illo, Thetidis hoc audit foci  
 Quod quisque fecit, patitui auctorem scelus 735  
 Repetit, suoque premitur exemplo nocens  
 Vidi cruentos carceie includi duces,  
 Et impotentis teiga plebeja manu  
 Scindi tyanni Quisquis est placide potens,  
 Dominusque vitæ servat innocuas manus, 740  
 Et incruentum mitis impetium regit,  
 Animæque parcit longæ peimenfus diu  
 Felicis ævi spatia, vel cœlum petit,  
 Vel læta felix nemous Elysi loca,  
 Iudex futurus Sanguine humano abstine 745  
 Quicunque regnas sceleia trantur modo  
 Maggiore vestra AMPH Certus inclusos tenet  
 Locus nocentes<sup>2</sup> utque seit fama, impios  
 Supplicia vinctis fera perpetuis domant<sup>2</sup>  
 THES Rapiur voluceri tortus Ixion iora 750  
 Cervice saxum grande Sisyplia sedet

There is a dreadful look of majesty in the God, a cruel face, which, nevertheless, bears the resemblance of his brothers, Jupiter and Neptune, and plainly suggestive of his godly origin—The countenance is that of Jupiter's, but only that look which Jupiter puts on, when hurling his lightnings!—A great part of this relentless Kingdom is the Ruler himself, whose very aspect terrifies whatsoever is susceptible of fear!

#### AMPHITRYON

Is the report true that the laws are tardily and unjustly administered in the regions below, and that those criminals who have forgotten their crimes receive punishment

nevertheless which would have been justly owing to them? Who is this Judge who seeks for the truth, and who the dispenser of Justice?

## THESEUS

Not one judge only sits on the lofty judgment seat and passes his sentences upon the trembling prisoners. In that court sits the Gnosian Minos in another Rhadamantus the father in law of Thetis hears cases too and each criminal suffers for the offences which he has committed. The crime is traced to the author and the guilty one is chastised according to his acts—I have seen blood-thirsty Kings shut up in dungeons and the back of the cowardly tyrant cut and slashed by one of the lowest rabble! Whoever rules with moderation and restrains his hands from committing injury and destinies of others and the unjust shedding of blood lives of his subjects having extended period of a happy career is either a candidate for Heaven or is happy in the thought of enjoying some gladdening refuge in the Groves of Elysium! Such a man as that for example is reserved to act as the judge of mankind and whoever thou art who reignest above all abstain from the shedding of human blood for thy crimes are only punished in a more severe manner if thou dost so!

## AMPHITRYON

Does an appointed place hold the guilty as prisoners? and as report goes do they utterly crush out the spirits of the offenders for their cruel sins by loading them with perpetual chains?

## THESEUS

There that wretched Ixion—the father of the Centaurs is caught up and spun round on a swiftly rotating wheel which never stops in its whirling! An enormous rock in another place perpetually rests on the head of Sisyphus! One old man (Pantalus) eagerly chases the water in mid stream and it recedes from him just as he is

In amne medio faucibus siccis fenex  
 Sectatur undas, abluit mentum hater,  
 Fidemque cum jura sepe decepto dedit,  
 Perit unda in ore, pomæ destituunt frumem 755  
 Præbet volucrum Tityos æternas dapes  
 Uirique frustra Danaïdes plenas gerunt  
 Errant fientes impia Cidneides  
 Terretque mensas uiridi Phineas uis  
 AMPH Nunc ede nati nobilem pugna mei 760  
 Patrum uolentis munus, in spoliis refertus  
 rones Ferale taudis imminet frum uiridis  
 Stupent ubi undæ segne torpescit fretum  
 Hunc seruat amnem cultu & aspectu horridus,  
 Pavidosque Manes squallidus gestat fenex, 765  
 Impena pendet barba, deformem sinum  
 Nodus coerces, concuæ lucent genæ,  
 Regit ipse conto portitor longo ratem  
 Hic onere uacuum litori puppim applicans  
 Repetebat umbras poscit Alcides uirum, 770  
 Cedente tumba durus exclamat Chiron,  
 Quo pergis undas? siste properantem gradum  
 Non passus ullas natus Alcmena moras,  
 Ipso coactum nauitum conto domat,  
 Scanditque puppem cymba populorum caræ 775  
 Succubuit uni sedit, & grauior raris  
 Utriuque Lethen htere titubanti bibit  
 Hunc uicta tepidant monstra, Centauri tuces,  
 I apithæque multo in bella succensi mero  
 Stygre puluis ultimos querens sinus, 780  
 Lacundæ mergit capiti Leiræus labos  
 Post huc uirum Ditis apparet domus  
 Hic serus umbras territat Stygius eris,  
 Qui trina uisio capiti concutiens sono  
 Regnum tuctur sordidum rabo caput 785  
 Lambunt colubræ uiperis horrent iuba  
 Longusque tortæ sibilat cauda draco,

advancing towards it with his parched throat, the water merely moistens his chin! and as often as he believes he has secured it he is only baffled in his expectations, and it escapes from his lips, just as the apples which he is sighing to obtain, fail to reach his mouth and relieve his gnawing hunger! Tityus, again, only supplies constant food for a vulture, that is perpetually feasting its appetite on his liver and intestines! The daughters of Danaus labor in vain to fill the urns, and the cruel daughters of Cadmus Ino and Autonoe, are wandering to and fro, riving mind—and a voracious cruel Harpy perpetually disturbs the repasts of Phineus!

## AMPHITRION

Now tell me all about this glorious struggle of my son (with Cerberus) does he allude to it as a token of regard from his Uncle (Pluto) or does he speak of it merely as one of the spoils of war?

## THESEUS

A dismal looking rock overhangs the turbid stream the water on all sides in this part of the Styx is more or less quiescent but here the channel is slow and sluggish and here a dirty old man horrid to behold as regards his appearance and manner takes charge of this portion of the river and pilots the trembling Manes from one part of the stream to another—his uncombed beard hangs down, and a careless bandage keeps together around his person his slovenly garments his hollow cheeks are flushed and he is the sole ferryman guides his craft with a long pole—Here steering his craft on its backward journey without a passenger he seeks the shore again for a fresh cargo Alcides demands a passage across—a crowd of terrified Manes make way for him the dreadful Charon shouts out Where art thou going bold man? Stay thy hurrying progress Not brooking any delay or interruption the Son of Alcimena with a blow from his own pole quails the obstinate old waterman and jumps into the craft but this sad craft unaccustomed to accommodate so many passengers at a time sinks quite low with the weight of one! that one Hercules! He sits down and the frail craft being so much more loaded than with its ordinary freight rolls from side to side and ships the Stygian water as it flows over the gunwale! Then the vanquished monsters are all in a tremble the cruel Centaurs and the dastardly Lapithæ who never ventured upon a battle unless duly primed with plenty of wine! And the Hydra of Lerna itself seeks some of the distant recesses of the Stygian Marsh and in a state of trepidation submerges its repullulating head! After all this the habitation of the voracious Pluto comes in sight and here it is that the cruel monster the Dog Cerberus terrifies the Manes excessively—and it is this said monster which with its three heads and a bark like thunder itself guards these Stygian realms of Pluto—snakes lick his head foul with the rankest poison and the crests of those vipers are horrifying to behold and a long dragon with its tortuous tail hisses savagely its anger being on a par with its ugliness as it suspected

Par ira formæ sensit ut motus pedum, Attollit hirtas angue vibrato comas, Missumque captat iure subrepta sonum, Sentire & umbras solitus ut prior stetit	790
Jove natus, antio sedit incertus crinis, Et uterque timuit ecce, latratu gravi Loca muta terret, sibilat totos minas Seipens per armos vocis horrendæ fragor	795
Per ora missus terna felices quoque Exterret umbras solvit a læva feros Tunc ipse rictus, & Cleonæum caput Opponit, ac se tegmine ingenti clepit	800
Victrice magnum dextera robur gerens, Huc nunc & illuc verberare assiduo rotat, Ingeminat rictus domitus infregit minas, Et cuncta lassus capita submitit crinis, Antroque toto cessit extimuit sedens	805
Uterque folio dominus, & duci iubet Me quoque petenti munus Alcidae dedit Tunc gravia moniti colla permulcens manu Adamante texta vincit oblitus sui	810
Custos opaci pervigil regni canis Componit aures timidus, & patiens trahi Herumque fassus, ore submissio obsequens Utumque cauda pulsit anguifera latus	815
Postquam est ad oras Tænari ventum, & nitio Percussit oculos lucis ignotæ, novos Resumit animos victus, & vastas suiens Quassat catenas pene victorem abstulit, Pionumque retio venit, & movit gradu	820
Tunc & meas respexit Alcides manus Geminis uterque viribus tractum canem Ira furentem, & bella tentantem irrita, Intulimus orbi vidit ut clarum æthera, Et pura nitidi spatia conspexit poli, Oborta nox est, lumina in terram dedit, Compressit oculos, & diem invisum expulit,	825
Aciemque retio flexit, atque omni petuit Cervice terram tum sub Herculeæ eripuit Abscondit umbræ densa sed læto venit Clamore turba, frontibus laurum gerens, Magnique meritas Iherculis laudes crinit	

the sound of approaching footsteps, the dragon moving in a vibratory manner, Cerberus bristles up his shaggy locks and endeavours with subverted ear to catch the sound so novel to him, being accustomed only to the gentle timid tread of the Manes! As the son of Jupiter stood up, the Dog crouched in his den, with his confidence somewhat shaken, and the pair of them seem scared at

each other's presence! When behold! he suddenly startles the silent place the dragon hissing menacingly whilst Cerberus shakes his very sides with the prodigious efforts he had made and at last a horrible crashing sound sent forth simultaneously from his three heads frightens the Manes also then Hercules removes the Nemean Lion's skin from his shoulders and winds it round the fierce jaws of Cerberus and with that huge covering serving as a buckler Hercules protects himself at the same time — Hercules then carrying in his conquering right hand his formidable club whirled it round right and left dealing blows incessantly Cerberus groans again at the reception of these blows and being cowed abandons his menacing attitude and the Dog droops his three heads in token of submission and gives up the possession of his den! The dual Potentates Pluto and Proserpine sitting on their throne were utterly scared and ordered Cerberus to be led away and myself to be delivered up to Alcides who demanded my release as an offering of submission! Then Hercules stroking the hideous neck of the monster secured it with a chain of adamantine strength and that watch dog the guardian of the dark kingdom drooped his ears timidly and suffered himself to be led away and acknowledging his conquering master with a down-trodden look he submissively flaps his sides with his dragon-mounted tail! After this we neared the entrance of Tænarus and the glare of the approaching light altogether unknown to him troubled his eyesight and although bound as he was he began to evince symptoms of his old ferocity and furious at his imprisonment rattled his chains defiantly—in fact he nearly got the better of the conqueror and succeeded in urging him backwards in a headlong manner and began to accelerate his pace thinking that he had gained his liberty and then Alcides summoned my aid to the rescue and each of us putting out our united strength and dragging on the monster in a towering rage at having made so futile an attempt to cope with us for the mastery we at length brought him to Mother Earth! And as he beheld the clear atmosphere around and as he stared at the luminous portions of the beautiful sky for his night was over and he now had only the upper earth to look upon he closed his eyes and avoided the painful sight of day as he averted his gaze! He then bent his three heads towards the ground and crouched himself behind Hercules to shade himself from its influence Then came onward a dense throng with the loudest shouts of joy wearing laurel wreaths around their foreheads and thereupon began to chant forth the gloriously earned deeds of the mighty Hercules!



lower parts of the world one of his labors this was the one wanting to deprive Pluto of his kingdom his third share of the universe He did venture to enter that sombre entrance where the mournful paths lead to the far off Mines and where there was a dark forest greatly to be dreaded but frequented by a large crowd being constantly recruited by fresh arrivals as they are about to descend into those regions just indeed as large concourses of people in the cities anxious to witness some new play or other entertainment rush out together Just as they hurry impetuously too to the fates of the Thunderer held at Pith when the fifth summer renews the Olympian celebrations just as when the long hours of night return and Libra eager to increase the hours of quiet repose drives the chariot of Phoebus at an equal distance from either hemisphere (That is makes the day and night each of twelve hours duration) A large assemblage at such a time attends the secret ceremonies of Ceres and the Attic Priests hasten with all speed from their deserted home steads to celebrate the night So great then and just on such a scale is the crowd that wend its way across the silent plains towards the Infernal regions some hobbling along bent down by sheer old age mournful and tired out of the length of life—others younger run nimbly enough to this rendezvous—virgins not yet yoked to the marriage bed and youthful striplings with their locks as yet of no studied fashion and not consecrated to any duty and the infant which has only just learned to cry

Mother but thus is conceded to them exclusively and in order that they should fear the darkness less a torch or light of some sort is carried in front of them to dispel the fear of such darkness! The rest pass on sadly enough through the black night and such is the state of mind with all of us when the light is taken away it is then that each one feels sad within himself and is disposed to think that he has the entire weight of the earth pressing down on his head! There is then presented to the mind an idea of Immovable darkness and the hideous to this some idea of the world

mock  
old age

there too late and when once he does arrive he can never expect to return! What can please mankind to hasten on to such an appalling fate? All this crowd wandering from every kind will pass on to join the Mines, and serve as additional hyers in the Stagnant Cocytus! Oh! Mors! Everything is gathering itself up for thy final



Nemo ad id seio venit, unde nunquam,	865
Cum semel venit potuit reverti	
Quid juvat durum properare fatum?	
Omnis hæc magnis vagæ turbæ teris	
Ibit ad Manes, facietque incerti	
Vela Cocyto tibi crescit omne,	870
Et quod Occasus videt, & quod Ortus	
Parce venturis, tibi, Moïs, paramur	
Sis licet segnis, properamus ipsi	
Prima quæ vitam dedit hora, caput	
Thebis læta dies adest	875
Aras tangite supplices,	
Pingues cædite victimas	
Permixtæ maribus nurus	
Solemnes agitent choros	
Cessent deposito jugo	880
Arvi fertilis incolæ	
Pax est Herculeæ manu	
Auroram inter & Hesperum	
Et qua sol medium tenens	
Umbras corporibus negat,	885
Quodcumque alluitur solum	
Longo Tethyos ambitu,	
Alcidæ domuit labor	
Transvectus vada Taitari	
Pacatis redit inferis	890
Jam nullus superest timor	
Nil ultra jacet inferos	
Stantes sacrificus comas	
Dilecta tege populo	

## ACTUS QUARTUS

HERCULES, THESEUS, AMPHITRYON,  
MEGARA

Hercules a cæde Lyci reversus advocatis Diis sacra facturus in  
suam vertitur, & υπό μανιάδος νοσου τας φρένας  
δυστραφεις suam uxorem cum liberis occidit,  
deinde in somnum labitur

U  
HERC ITRICE dextra fufus adveiso Lycus  
Terram cecidit ore tum quisquis comes  
Fuerat tyranni, jacuit & pœnæ comes 895

grasp what the rising of Phœbus brings into view and what his setting hides from the sight be sparing to those who must come to thee eventually! Oh! Mors! we are preparing for thee be slow in claiming us we are fast hastening to our doom! and the first hour that gave us life was labelled Death! The joyful Day of Thebes has arrived and as suppliants all of you greet with your wavering hands the sacred altars Slay the fat victims, and young women joining yourselves with the young men swell the solemn choir and join in the reverential song and dance! (Dancing was practised as a religious ceremony in the temples not like that of the roystering bacchanalian reveller but a solemn dance performed with devout and graceful movements of the body) Let the husbandman till the fertile fields and laying aside the plough cease from his toilsome labor! By the strong arm of Hercules Aurora and Hesperus have been made tranquil—those who sleep at night and those who work by day and where the sun at Mid day refuses to poor mortals a protecting shade from his scorching rays! The labors of Hercules have subdued every obstacle in existence wherever the soil is bathed by the sea (Tethys the wife of Oceanus) in its long circuitous course! The infernal regions having been brought into subjection Hercules has been conveyed to us over the streams of Tartarus No fear remains to us now—there is now nothing beyond the regions below to rob us of our tranquillity! And thou Priest of the Gods! crown thy locks erect with saintly fear with the Poplar wreath held so dear to our immortal Hercules!

## ACT IV

### HERCULES—THESEUS—AMPHITRYON— MEGARA

Hercules having returned after the slaughter of Lycus as he is about to offer sacrifices to the Gods whom he has invoked becomes mad and under the influence of his madness acute delirium supervenes he kills his wife and children then he falls into a deep sleep!

#### HERCULES

**L**ycus killed by my avenging right hand falls with his face to the earth then every companion of the tyrant and everyone who was an accessory in his guilt lies prostrate also Now as conqueror I will offer sacrifices to my Father and the rest of the Gods and I

Nunc facia patri victor & superis feram, Cæsisque meitis victimis aras colam Te, te, laborum socia & adiutrix, piccor	900
Belligera Pallas, cuius in læva ciet Ægis feroces oie fraxifico minas Adsit Lycuigi domitor & rubi maris, Tectam vucnti cuspidem thyrso gerens Geminumque numen, Phœbus & Phœbi soror.	905
Socii sagittis aptior, Phœbus lyra, Fratricque quisquis incolit cœlum meus, Non ex noverca sister, huc appellite Gieges opimos quidquid Indorum scges, Arabesque odoris quidquid arboribus leguit	910
Conferti in aras, pinguis exundct vapor Populea nostras arbor exoinet comas Te iumus oleæ frondi gentili tegrat, Theseu Tonantem nostra adorabit manus Tu conditores vrbis & silvestria	915
Trucis antea Zethi, nobilis Ducen aqur, Laremque regis advenæ Tyrium coles Date turæ flammis AMPH Nate, marantes prius Manus eruenta cæde & hostili exria HERC Utinam cruorem capitis inuisi Deis	920
Libae posses, gratior nullus liquor Tiuisset aras victimæ huius ulla amplior Potest, magisque opimæ marctari Jovi, Quam iex iniquus AMPH Finiat genitor tuos Opta labores detur aliquando otium,	925
Quiesque sessis HERC Ipse concipiam preces Iove meque dignas Ster suo cœlum loco, Tellusque & æther astra inoffensos agant Æternæ cuius alta pax gentes alat Ferum omne teneat iuis innocui labor	930
Ensesque lateant nulla inpestis fietum Violenta turbet nullus irato Iove Exsiliat ignis nullus hibernæ nive Nututus agros annis everfos trahat Venena cessent nulla nocituro gravis	935
Succo tumescat herba non sævi ac tuces Regnent tyanni Si quod etiamnum est scelus	

will worship at the altars so well deserving of the victims slain by me I adjure thee, oh! warlike Pallas! who hast been my aid and abettor, who with Ægis in thy left hand mounted with the head of the Gorgon, dartest forth its ferocious menacing glances from its stone-converting visage—the Conqueror of Lycuigus and the Red sea and the distant Indies, is present bearing his spear bound round with the verdant ivy, the twin deity, Phœbus and the sister of Phœbus (Phœbe), the sister renowned for her skill with the bow, and Phœbus for proficiency on the

harp whosoever of my brothers who are denizens of the celestial abodes not brothers indeed as from my step mother's side (Juno)—bring hither the fattest cattle—whatever fruitful produce from the far Indies—and whatever the wandering Arabs can cull from their fragrant shrubs heap them up liberally on the altar—let redolent fumes therefrom ascend towards heaven I will adorn my own locks with the poplar and thou Theseus shalt wear on thy head a branch of olive from the city of Minerva my especial privilege shall be to offer my homage to Jupiter Tonans thou shalt pay reverence to the founder of the city and the sylvan caves of the Truculent Zethus the celebrated fountain of Dirce and the household gods brought hither by Cadmus the Tyrian king— I throw plenty of incense upon the joyous flames!

## AMPHITRYON

Oh! my son! first of all atone for having steeped thy hands in the blood of thy enemy! (LYCUS)

## HERCULES

I would offer as a libation to the Gods the blood of that wicked tyrant for nothing that takes a fluid form could have besprinkled the altar more satisfactorily no other victim could possibly have been more equal to the occasion and surely no more glorious an object could be sacrificed to Jupiter than an iniquitous king!

## AMPHITRYON

Would that my son should now pray that his labors might cease at all events let a little respite be afforded to thee and rest from thy fatigue!

## HERCULES

I myself will devise entreaties worthy of Jupiter and consistent with my own dignity for example let the heavens above the earth beneath and the very atmosphere around stand exactly as they are let the constellations pursue their eternal courses uninterrupted let permanent peace reign amongst the nations Let iron be used only in the operation of cultivating the soil away with swords! Let them lie for ever hidden from sight! Let no violent storms disturb the tranquil surface of the ocean! No lightning dart forth from the hand of angry Jupiter! Let no river swollen by the melting of the winter's snows

Latua tellus, propeiet, & si quod parat Monstrum, meum sit Sed quid hoc? medium diem Cinæie tenebræ Phœbus obscuro merit	940
Sine nube vultu, quis diem retro fugat, Agitque in ortus? unde non atrum caput Ignota profert? unde tot stellæ polum Implent diurnæ? primus en noster labor Cœli refulget pute non minima Leo,	945
Iraque totus fervet & moïsus p̄rat Jam rapiet aliquod sidus ingenti mōra Stat ore, & ignes, effrat, & utilia jubam Cervice tractat quidquid autumnus gravis Hiemsque gelido frigida spatia refert,	950
Uno impetu transfiliet & verni petet Frangetque Tauri colla AMPH Quod fubitum hoc malum est? Quo, nate, vultus huc & huc acies refers? Acieque falsum turbida cœlum vides?	955
HERC Peidomira tellus, tumida cesserunt freta, Inferna nostros regna sensere impetus Immune cœlum est, dignus Alcide labor In alta mundi spatia sublimis ferar Petatur æther, astra promittit pater Quid si negaret? non capit terra Herculem,	960
Tandemque superis reddit en ultro vocat Omnis Deorum cœtus, & lavat fores, Una vetante recipis, & referis polum? An contumacis januam mundi traho? Dubitatur etiam? vincla Saturno exuam,	965
Contraque patris impu regnum impotens Avum resolvam Bella Turres p̄rent Me duce furentes fava cum silvis feram, Rapiamque dextra plena Centauris juga Jam monte gemino limitem ad superos agam	970
Videat sub Ossa Pelion Chiron suum In cœlum Olympus tertio positus gradu Perveniet, aut mittetur AMPH Infandos procul	

swamp the lands or injure the harvests, as they pursue their ordinary course! Let plants, which yield their poisonous juices dwindle into harmless weeds! Let not the luxuriant herbage be charged with injurious sap! Let cruel and bloody tyrants cease to rule! And if there be any, even now, wickedness to be perpetrated upon the Earth, or whatever monster else is in preparation, let mine be the hand to deal with it, and let it come on without delay! (The madness of Hercules is now beginning to show itself) But what is this? darkness has appeared at mid-day, Phœbus is gliding along with an obscured countenance, although no cloud is apparent! Who is driving the day back and sending it on again to the

East? Why does the unaccountable night show its black presence? Why do so many stars make themselves seen in the heavens? Behold the Lion my first labor shines forth and over no small space in the Heavenly tract and is growing quite excited boiling over with anger and prepares to open his jaws! Now he will make an attack upon some star or other! Here he is menacing with his enormous visage and he is breathing out flames and brightens up again that mine of his as he jerks it back on his neck and he will leap over in one bound the stars in the middle of the Zodiac which preside over the destinies of fruitful autumn and the cold winter in icy spaces and will make for and break the neck of Taurus which brings back the spring!

## AMPHITRYON

What is this sudden calamity? Why my son dost thou cast such savage looks? first here then there? Dost thou see any imaginary sky with thy disturbed visual organs?

## HERCULES

The Earth has been conquered—the seas have ceased to rage the infernal regions have felt my power Heaven is safe—that is a task worthy of Alcides I shall be borne through the elevated regions of space to the sublime Heaven—let me seek my proper place in the sky my father promised to make me a constellation! But what if he should refuse? the Earth is not capable of holding me and she must therefore hand me to the regions above my proper place! Behold! the entire community of the Gods willingly invite me to join them and receive me with open doors and only one dissentient Juno, put her veto to the arrangement—Receive me and unlock the portals of Olympus Juno or I shall have to force the gates of the haughty Heavens! Is that even a matter for hesitation? Then I will let loose the chains that bind down Saturn and liberate the Grandfather who waged a futile war against my cruel father and when the Titans have prepared themselves for battle they will rejoice in me as their leader I will pile up huge rocks and forests together will root up with my powerful hands the Thesalian mountains thickly inhabited by the Centaurs and thus I shall be able with the double mountain assisting my progress to carve my way to the Gods! Chronos will then see his Pelion under Ossa—Olympus on the top of all will serve as a third ladder and I shall be able to leap to Heaven or I shall be high enough to spring up to it!

Averte sensus peccatoris sumi parum Magni tamen, compesce dementem impetum	975
IIIÆC Quid hoc? gigantes armis pestiferis movent Profugit umbras Ithyos ac lacuum gremis Et mane pectus, quam prope a caelo statit Labat Cithæron, alta Pallene tremit Macetumque lempe raptum hic Pindi iuga	980
Illic raptum Clæon sensit horrendum Mimæ Flammiferæ Erinnys verberare exussio sonat Rogisque adustris propius ac propius fides In ora tendit fera Isthione caput Serpentibus vallata, post raptum erantem	985
Portam verentem clausit opposita fœce Sed ecce proles regis inimici lætæ Lyci nefandum semen inuiso patri Illic dextra jam vos reddet exentrat lævæ Nervus sagittas telæ sic mitti deest	990
Heicula AMPHON Quo se erucus impexit furor? Vastum coracis flexit arcum cornibus Pharietumque solvit stridet emissæ impetu Arundo medio speculum collo fugit Vulnere relicto IIIÆC Ceteram prolem erantem	995
Omnesque lætebris quid moror? magis mihi Bellum Myænis restat ut Cycloper Eversa manibus fœra nostros concidant, Illic erit & illuc vultu disjecto obnoce, Rumpatque posteis columen impulsum læbet	1000
Perluet omnis regis hic video abditum Natum scelesti patris AMPHON En hinc hinc armis Ad genas tendens, voce miseranda rogat Scelus nefandum, triste, & aspectu horridum, Dextra precante raptum, & cuncta furens	1005
Bis ter rotatum misit at illi caput Sonuit, cætebro tectæ disperfo mordent At misera parvum protegens natum sinu Megra, furenti similis e lætebris fugit	

## AMPHITRYON

Pray lay aside those impious thoughts, the outpourings no doubt of a magnanimous soul! There is, however, little sanity in such ravings! Check therefore this mad impetuosity!

## HERCULES

What do I see yonder? Ah! the destructive Giants are taking up arms against the Gods. Ithyus has effected his escape from the Manes, and carrying about with him an inside mangled and gnawed away! Ah! how nearly he once reached Heaven! The Bæotian Cithæron is tottering, lofty Pallene trembles and Macetum, too, hitherto a "lempe" in its serenity, is convulsed with dread! One of the Titans

has gained the summit of Pindus and another has got possession of Cetus! That hideous Mimas is beside himself with rage! Erinnyes with her flaming torches smacks her scourging whips nearer and nearer whilst she feeds the Tisiphone with her head wreathed with serpents who after Cerberus had been captured guarded the door that was then left unprotected and with her threatening torch preventing any egress from the dark prison! But see! look! there lies hidden the offspring of my enemy the king—the accursed seed of Lycus—but this hand shall forthwith send thee on to thy hateful father my strong arm shall shoot forth the nimble arrows! It is for just such a desirable object as this that the darts of a Hercules should be employed!

## AMPHITRYON

Why does such blind rage take possession of Hercules? There! he has bent his strong bow with all his might and sent the arrow on its fatal mission the deadly reed whizzes again from the force with which it was shot forth. Ah! the point has passed through the middle of the neck of one of his own children and the arrow is still sticking in the wound!

## HERCULES

I will destroy the rest of the offspring and demolish utterly their places of concealment why should I delay? A more important war awaits my presence at Mycenæ that the walls raised by the Cyclopes shall fall overturned by my hands. Here is a palace! and there a vain obstacle. The bolts and bars being cast aside the doors shall be burst open and the pillars supporting it shall fall headlong. All the palace is visible by the Light of Day—I see hidden there the second son of that wicked father!

AMPHITRYON (*to Theseus*)

Behold! Theseus! the little child stretching forth its hands and asking for mercy with a piteous cry! What relentless crime heartrending and horrible to have to witness! He seizes the right hand imploring for mercy and Hercules cruelly whirls his little son round and round twice or thrice and dashes it to the ground—the head of the little son sounded on the stone floor and the walls were moistened with the scattered brains! But unhappy Megara who had been nursing the younger of the sons in her bosom fled at the same time from the place of concealment Hercules supposing she was Juno



MEG. Tu cœli conspectu profusa	1010
Pœne audet inque terras	
AMR. Quo miseris perire	
Nulle saluti Hercule interlo	
Amplexu ipsum potuit	
Tenere natus	1015
Arnosce Megaram	
Habituque rebili	
MEG. Tenere noce cum	
Jupiter prelium libere	
Sed ante matrem pariter	1020
MEG. Quo tenetis	
AMR. Perficite	
Pœne ante vultu	
In conqueam nunc	
Persequi olli	1025
Misti, nec aliquam	
Vivax tenetur	
Montem proem	
Vel stuporem istum	
Converte falsum	1030
Remove parentem	
MEG. Quo te ipse	
Quo peris unicus	
Unumque manibus	
MEG. Bene habet	1035
Libi hunc ducunt	
Cretem occidi	
Te digna & Argos	
AMR. Nondum	
Stat, ecce ad aras	1040
Cervice prona	
Mætra	
Visusque moror	

## HERCULES

(Still supposing Megara to be Juno) You may flee for an asylum into the very arms of Jupiter, but this right hand of mine shall search thee out and wrest thee even from his very embrace!

## AMPHIRYON

Where art thou going, oh! unfortunate Megara? what place of exile, what hiding-place shalt thou seek? There is absolutely no place of security, no means of escape from outraged Hercules, embrace him rather and try to soften his wrath with humble and winning entreaties!

## MEGARA

Spare me, husband, I now implore thee, recognize thy own dear Megara, the child possesses thy very counten-

ance over again—thy very second self! See how the child stretches forth its hands!

## HERCULES

No! I am holding my step mother (Juno) follow and receive thy punishment at my hands and liberate Jupiter from such a hateful yoke but before I kill thee let me put this little monster out of the way

## MEGARA

What are thou doing madman?—thou art sacrificing thy own flesh and blood!

## AMPHITRYON

The infant is already dead—indeed was frightened to death by the fiery looks of its father long before it was wounded by the arrow! Fear snatched away its life! His heavy club is poised above his wife and he breaks her bones with his blow! Her head is detached from her body and cannot be found in its entire state—it has been smashed to pieces! Oh! for my tenacious old age thou darest too much even to think of such a sight—If my grief bears me down death is ready to thy hand select this breast of mine for thy arrows or turn against me that club of thine stained with the slaughter of the monsters put away thy supposed father and rid thy name of one so lowly lest my doleful utterances should sully thy triumphs!

## THESEUS

Why in thy old age shouldst thou court death for thy self in this way? Where art thou going imprudent man Flee and hidden far away deprive the hands of Hercules of this one crime at all events!

## HERCULES

It is well the race of this shameless usurper is now extinct—To thee oh spouse of glorious Jupiter I have dedicated the victims which I have sacrificed to thee with joy thou art worthy of them! And Argos shall yet afford others for thee!

## AMPHITRYON

Thou hast not yet sacrificed any Oh son! finish thy offerings—Behold! a sacrifice now stands before the altar and awaits thy hand with lowered head it waits for a mortal below I am  
ing thee I persist  
What do I see at th  
growing dim and grief weakens his vision! Do I not see the hand of Hercules trembling? A lethargic sleep

Manus trementes? vultus in somnum cecidit  
 Et fessa cervix capite submisso habet 1045  
 Flexo genu jam totus ad terram ruit  
 Ut cæsa silvis ornus, aut portus mari  
 Diruta moles vivis? an leto dedit  
 Idem, tuos qui misit ad mortem furor?  
 Sopor est reciprocos spiritus motus agit 1050  
 Detur quieti tempus ut somno gravi  
 Vis victæ morbi pectus oppressum levet  
 Removete simuli tela, ne repetat furens

## CHORUS THEBANORUM

Deos, sidera & elementa qui lymphatis lunaticis & mente  
 captis dominantur in luctum commiserationem & auxi-  
 lium Herculis Chorus advocat somnum qui furorem  
 sedare solet precatur ut gravi sopore pressum  
 Herculem menti restituit pueros denique  
 cæcos desset

**L**UCI VI æther, magnusque parens  
 Ætheris alti, tellusque ferax 1055  
 Et vaga ponti mobilis unda  
 Tuque ante omnes qui per terras  
 Fractusque maris fundis radios  
 Noctemque fugas ore decoro,  
 Fervide Titan obitus prater 1060  
 Tecum Alcides vidit & oitus,  
 Novitque turas utrasque domos  
 Solvite tantis animum monitus  
 Solvite, superi rectam in melius  
 Flechte mentem tuque o domitor, 1065  
 Somne, malorum, requies animi,  
 Pars humanæ melior vitæ,  
 Volucer, matris genus Astiææ  
 Frater duræ languide Mortis,  
 Veris miscens fultura, futuri 1070  
 Certus, & idem pessimus victor  
 Pater o rerum, portus vita,  
 Lucis requies, noctisque comes,  
 Qui pri regi famuloque venis,  
 Placidus fessum lenisque fovens 1075

seizes his eyelids and his wearied head falls towards his chest, and now, with his knees giving away, he falls bodily upon the earth, thoroughly overcome by exhaustion<sup>1</sup> in the same way as the ash, when it is felled in the forest, or as a mass of stone is thrown into the water to serve as a pier or a

approaches him) Art thou alive son? or has the same rage handed thee over to death thou who hast sent so many so many of thy own flesh and blood to that bourne No! it is sleep! his respiration is being carried on—the movements of his thorax show inspiration and expiration! Let him then be given up to rest so that the severity of his disease may be overcome by a heavy sleep and slumber calm down his agitated nerves! Here! Attendants! remove all dangerous weapons lest he may wake furious again!

### CHORUS OF THEBANS

The Chorus invokes the Deities the Stars and the Elements which exercise influence over the lymphatic (victims of

allay madness and that by being thrown into a profound sleep he may be restored to reason—it likewise pours forth a lament for the death of his boys!

**M**AY the firmament mourn and the mighty Parent of the lofty heavens and the fruitful earth and thou Deity of the wandering waves of the rolling sea (Neptune) and thou (Phœbus) above all these who sheddest the rays over thy ocean tracts and with thy glorious presence drivest away dull night for Alcides has been with thee accompanied thee in thy progress both when thou hast disappeared below the Horizon to illumine another part of the world—he is familiar with both thy retreats! Oh! release his disordered mind from so many monstrous delusions Oh! ye Gods above! liberate his imprisoned mind from his mental impressions into a more healthy channel and thou oh! Somnus! the dissipator of sensorial disturbance the donor of tranquil thought and the better portion of human life (namely sleep)—Oh! winged Somnus claiming Astræa for his maternal descent Oh! thou gentle brother of implacable Mors! mingling the mental conceptions—the possible with the impossible—sometimes in the form of enlightening impressions revealing the truth sometimes keeping back from our knowledge evils which are impending! Oh thou father of Nature the refuge of life the repose of day and the welcome companion of night who comest alike to visit the Monarch and the slave kind to the weary cherishing and mild! Thou inculcatest upon the human mind naturally fearful of dissolution some idea of that long sleep which awaits us

Pavidum leti genus humanum  
 Cogis longam discere mortem  
 Preme devictum torpore gravi  
 Sopor indomitos alliget artus,  
 Nec torva prius pectora linquat, 1080  
 Quam mens repetat pristina cuiusum  
 En, fufus humi sæva feroci  
 Corde volutat fomnia nondum est  
 Tanti pestis superata mali  
 Clavæque gravi lassum solitus 1085  
 Mandare caput, quærit vacua  
 Pondera devota, motu iactans  
 Biachia vano nec adhuc omnes  
 Expulit æstus sed, ut ingenti  
 Venari Noto servat longos 1090  
 Unda tumultus, & jam vento  
 Cessante tumet pelle infanos  
 Fluctus animi iedert pietas,  
 Virtusque viro vel sit potius  
 Mens vesano concita motu, 1095  
 Error cæcus, qua cœpit, eat  
 Solus te jam præstare potest  
 Furor infontem Proxima puris  
 Sors est manibus, nescire nefas  
 Nunc Herculeis percussa sonent 1100  
 Pectora palmis mundum solitos  
 Ferre laceitos verbera pulsent  
 Victrice manu gemitus vastos  
 Audiat æther, audiat atræ  
 Regni poli, vastisque ferox 1105  
 Qui colla gerit vincitæ catenis,  
 Imo lutitans Ceibeius antro  
 Resonet mœsto clamore chaos,  
 Lateque patens unda profundi,  
 Et, qui melius tua tela tamen 1110  
 Senseat, aei  
 Pectora trinitis obfessa malis  
 Non sunt ictu ferienda levi  
 Uno planctu tria regna sonent  
 Et tu collo decus ac telum 1115  
 Suspensa diu fortis arundo,  
 Phœtræque graves, date sæva feo  
 Verbera tergo cædunt humeros  
 Robora fortes, stipesque potens  
 Duris oneret pectora nodis 1120  
 Plangunt tantos arma dolores

all—Death! Confine then Alcides with the chains of  
 lethargic sopor, let Somnus bind down his invincible  
 limbs, nor let his furious brain be deprived of the soporific  
 agent, till his mind regains its strength and acquires a

healthy train of thought! Behold him now stretched upon the ground he is tossing about disturbed by hideous dreams not as yet in any way is this frightful visitation mitigated accustomed to rest his head on his ponderous club he tries to seize it in vain with his right hand swaying his arms to and fro with his fruitless endeavours nor has he got rid of his anger entirely for as the sea stirred up by the force of the tempestuous south wind retains for some time its disturbed condition and even when the wind ceases to blow it retains an angry attitude! Oh! drive away the tumultuous waves from the mind of Alcides let his former piety and submissive virtue return to the miserable man! Or would it not be better that he should retain his present disordered intellect stirred up with mad passions and his blind irresponsible delirium continue as it commenced?—for this madness alone can entitle him to be considered free from guilt The next virtue probably to that of possessing hands that have not yet been polluted by crime of any sort is to be in a happy state of ignorance that they have been so contaminated! Now this huge breast of Hercules resounds with the blows with which he strikes it! How he belabors his arms those arms which were wont to sustain the weight of the heavens How his sonorous groans will reach to the sky and the queen of the black universe will likewise hear them and the fierce Cerberus that still wears the huge chains on his conquered neck barking aloud from his low cave How sombre Chaos will resound with his lugubrious shouts! how the broad waters of the vasty deep and lastly the air itself will feel the disturbance which had much better have been by his arrows as of old! (alluding to the Stymphalides) A breast besieged by so many inward commotions connected with so much wickedness committed must not be visited by light blows! How the three Kingdoms (Heaven Earth and Hell) resound simultaneously with the piteous cries! And thou oh! arrow! so long triumphant and suspended from his neck as an ornament as well as a vehicle of force and you the heavily armed quivers strike implacably thy cruel master on his savage back! Let him punish his own powerful shoulders with his own great strength and let his mighty club with its rough knots punish his own body! Let his shoulders wince again with the intensity of the pain inflicted on himself And you children who never have been able to follow the track of your noble parent yet tyrant Kings will be avenged by this cruel blow—you who had not yet acquired grace in your bodily movements in the Grecian Palæstra (wrestling place)—you that were not formidable opponents

Non vos patitur ludis comites  
 Ubi seruo vulnere reges  
 Non Angora membra patristra  
 Flectite docti, fontes cœstu, 1125  
 Fortesque manu, cum trunca rursi  
 Fulum Scythiæ leve coryti  
 Missum certa librare manu  
 Tutosque fuga figite cervo  
 Nondumque sit e teigra iulatu 1130  
 Ite ad Stygios unbra portus  
 Ite innocuæ quis in primo  
 Limine vitæ seclis oppressit  
 Patrisque furor ite infrustum  
 Genus, o pueri, uoti per iter 1135  
 Triste laboris ite iratos  
 Vistite reges

## ACTUS QUINTUS

### HERCULES AMPHITRYON IPSIUS

Hercules expectatus & menti restitutus postquam suos a se  
 interfectos comperisset, manus sibi inferre parat patris  
 precibus victus sibi parcat, Athenasque Thesei con-  
 silio purgandus proficiscitur

**Q**UIS hic locus? que regio? que mundi plagâ?  
 Ubi sum? sub ortu solis, an sub eudine  
 Glacialis Urse numquid Hesperii maris 1140  
 Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceano modum?  
 Quas trahimus vias? quod solum fesso subest  
 Certe redimus unde prostrata domo  
 Video cruenta corpora? an nondum exiit  
 Simulacra mens inferna? post reditus quoque 1145  
 Oberrat oculos turba ferilis meos  
 Pudet scirei paveo nescio quod mihi,  
 Nescio quod animus grande præfigit malum  
 Ubi est parens? ubi illa matrum grege  
 Animosa conjux? cui intus levum vœrat 1150  
 Spolio leonis? quoniam abuit tegimen meum,  
 Idemque somno mollis Herculeo totius?  
 Ubi tela? ubi arcus? arma quis vivo mihi  
 Detrahere potuit? spolia quis tranti abstulit?  
 Ipsumque quis non Herculis somnum horruit? 1155

with the coëstus, but who already had attempted to hurl  
 forth will a firm hand the light arrow, the dart of the  
 Scythian, and to strike the stag which seeks its safety in  
 flight, but had not yet attempted the same on the back

of the Maned Lion<sup>1</sup> Go to the Stygian refuge to the shades below go innocent victims whom the wickedness and madness of a father have sacrificed at the very threshold of life Go unlucky progeny—Oh! Boys! go by the sad path made known to us all by your father's labor go and join the indignant rulers (Pluto and Proserpine) of the sombre Empire!

## ACT V

### HERCULES—AMPHITRYON—THESEUS

Hercules wakes with his mind restored and learns that he has killed his own children He prepares to lay hands on himself but prevailed on by the entreaties of his father he refrains from suicide and at the suggestion of Theseus he starts for Athens and undergoes the ordeal of atonement

#### HERCULES

WHAT place is this? What country? What region of the Globe? Where am I? Am I at the extremes of the East where Phoebus starts on his journey or under the sky of the Icy Bear? Whether that land which stretches out to the sea of Hesperia and affords thereby a boundary of the Ocean? What air am I breathing? What ground is supporting my weary body? I surely have returned to Ithebes—How is it that I behold bloody carcasses lying about on the floors of the

w  
fr  
my eyes! I am ashamed to confess it—I know not what has come to me I cannot guess of what terrible calamity my troubled mind is warning me! Where is my Parent? Where is that wife of mine so enraged about her young children? Why is my left shoulder deprived of the Nemean lion's skin? Where has that defensive covering disappeared and which has served me as a soft bed when in the arms of gentle sleep? Where are my arrows? Where is my bow Who could dare to take away my arms whilst any life remained in me? Who could have carried off so heavy a trophy as my club? Who is there that has not dreaded Hercules even when he was asleep? It will please me to meet my proud conqueror—yes! indeed it will be a pleasure! Arise thou Conqueror before



Libet meum videte victorem libet  
 Exsurge, victor quem novum caelo pater  
 Genuit relicto cuius in scitu stetit  
 Nos longior, quam nostra quod cerno nefas  
 Nati cruenta cade confecti iacent 1160  
 Perempta conjux quis Lycus regnum obtinet  
 Quis tanta Thebis scelera molui ausus est  
 Hercule reverso quisquis Ismeni loca  
 Actera quisquis aura, qui gemino mari  
 Pulsat Pelopis regna Dardani colis 1165  
 Succurre, sua cladis auctorem iudica  
 Ruat ira in omnes hostis est, quisquis mihi  
 Non monstrat hostem victor Alcidi lates  
 Procede seu tu vindicis cuius truces  
 Thracis cruenti, sine Geionæ pecus, 1170  
 Libyæ dominos nulla pugandi mora est  
 En nudus adsto vel meis armis licet  
 Pectus inermem cui meos Theseus fugit  
 Patricque vultus? ora cur condunt sura?  
 Differte stetit quis meos dederit neci 1175  
 Omnes simul, profere quid, genitor filis  
 At tu ede, Theseu, sed tua, Theseu fide  
 Uterque tricitis ora pudibunda obtegit,  
 Furtimque herenas fundit in tantis malis  
 Quid est pudendum? numquid Argivæ impotens 1180  
 Dominator urbis? numquid insectum Lyci  
 Percuntis agmen clade nos tanta obiit?  
 Per te, meorum frivolum laudem precor,  
 Genitor, tuque nominis semper mihi  
 Numen secundum, sire, quis fudit dominum? 1185  
 Cui præda jacui? AMPH Facita sic aberant mala  
 HERC Ut multus ego sim? AMPH Saepe vindicta obsuit  
 HERC Quisquamne segnis tanta toleravit mala?  
 AMPH Mijora quisquis timuit HERC His etiam, pater  
 Quidquam timeri majus aut gravius potest? 1190

him whose father begat him quite unexpectedly, when he quitted heaven on one of his peregrinations, and at whose nativity, the night was rendered more prolonged than it is now a-day! Lo! what signs of wickedness do I now behold? My sons are lying there struck down by some bloody slaughterer's hand! My wife too slain! I wonder what new Lycus now holds the reigns of government! What man has dared to attempt such murderous deeds, in this, my Thebes? even, too, after I, Hercules, have come back! Whoever dwelleth in the plains of Ismenus—Whosoever tilleth the fields of Attica—Whoever thou art, who dwellest in the Kingdom of Dardanian Pelops, whose shores are washed by the waves of two seas, help me—disclose to me the author of this savage

slaughter! Let my fullest measure of wrath fall on all! He is my enemy who knows and does not point out to me the greatest of my enemies! Where hidest thou thou Conqueror of Alcides? Come forth whether thou art avenging the bloody kin<sup>d</sup> of Ithrae (Diomedes) who was devoured by the very horses that dragg<sup>d</sup> his chariot or to avenge Ceryon who c<sup>o</sup> flocks I took from him or the two kin<sup>s</sup> of Ithya! There admits of no delay in my preparin<sup>g</sup> for battle! But here I am unarmed—or is it that it is sought to come upon me in a defenceless condition? Why do Theseus and my father avoid my very gaze? Why do they bury their faces? Away with useless weepin<sup>g</sup>! Let me be informed who has handed over to cruel death my all—my wife my sons? Why my Father art thou silent? But thou Theseus tell me on thy sacred honor in which I repose so much confidence Behold! they both hide their confused faces in silence and tears difficult to restrain are shed by each of them but why is there all this reserve in the midst of such a category of crimes Whether tell me is it the impotent ruler of the city of Argos or is it the odious race of Iycus that has overwhelmed me with so much slaughter? I beseech thee my Father for thy approval of my actions of one possession my name and one which has always ranked with me as second only Pray speak who has ruined my home to whose vengeance have I fallen a prey?

AMPHITRYON

Let those deeds be remembered only in silence!

HERCULES

That I may lie unrevenged dost thou mean

AMPHITRYON

Vengeance has often proved an obstacle to its cherisher!

HERCULES

What man has ever tolerated such wickedness with composure?

AMPHITRYON

The man who has feared that greater misfortunes are in store for him

HERCULES

Oh! my father what greater or more dreadful calamities could be devised than these in order to inspire fear?



search for the hand that shot it forth for who is there that could bend my bow Or what right hand could have drawn the string which I could only do with difficulty I appeal again to you Oh Father! Is this indeed my crime There is no answer! It is mine!

AMPHITRYON

In this lamentable matter the grieving part is thine the criminal portion that of thy step-mother this calamity is not remotely traceable to thy culpability

HERCULES

Oh! wate father (Jupiter) send forth thy thunder in every direction think not of my misfortunes vindicate the slaughter of thy grand ones at least although the visitation may be slow in its arrival! Let the starry firmament resound with thy thunders and the sky here there everywhere be filled with thy lightnings let my body be chained to one of the rocks of Iaurus and the greedy vulture feed on my carcass why should the rock of Iro metheus be vacant now Let there be appropriated for my punishment a spot on the abrupt mountain side of Caucasus where no verdure prevails and where the summer affords a place of refuge for wild beasts and birds of prey And the rugged Symplegades which contract the entrance of the Iuvine Sea shall widen the channel with a hand of mine bound to each of them from above and when those mobile rocks approach each other (their movements are alternate) and drive upwards towards the sky the intervening waves the rocks beating them on either side I shall act as an obstacle to their mutual contact! Or shall I pile up and set fire to a huge mound from the thick groves and consume with the flames my body besmeared with sinful blood! So well! let this be done thus and I will return as Hercules Secundus to the shades below!

AMPHITRYON

The mind of Hercules is not freed from tumultuous thoughts but his anger has only assumed another phase

HERCULES

If there be any dreadful spot amongst the imprisoned lower regions and the abode of the Iuries or a place set apart for the guiltiest of mortals—and if there be any more distant place of exile in Erebus not known to Cerberus and myself—there let me hide myself away from this Earth! I will go and abide in the extremest boundaries of Tartarus! Oh! my too savage disposition!

- Manfurus ibo pectus o nimium ferum!  
 Quis vos per omnem, liberi, spatios domum  
 Deseire digne poterit? hic diuis malis  
 Irerimare vultus nescit Huc ensem date,  
 Date huc friggas, stupitem huc vestum date 1230  
 Tibi tela frangam nostra, tibi nostros, puer,  
 Rumpemus arcus, ac tuus stipes grauis  
 Ardebit umbros ipsi Lernæis frequens  
 Phœtæia telis in tuos ibit iugos  
 Dent arma pœnas vos quoque inruistas mors 1235  
 Cierabo telis, o novecales manus  
 THES Quis nomen unquam sceleris error addidit?  
 HERC Sæpe error ingens sceleris obtinuit locum  
 THES Nunc Hercule opus est perferi hanc molem mali  
 HERC Non sic furore cessit extinctus pudor, 1240  
 Populos ut omnes impio aspectu fugem  
 Arma, arma, Theseu, frigit propere mihi  
 Subtracta reddi sana si mens est mihi  
 Rescite manibus tela si remanet furor,  
 Patei, recede mortis inveniam vram 1245  
 AMPH Per sancta generis facia, per jus nominis  
 Utique nostrum, sive me altoiem vocas,  
 Seu tu parentem, perque venerandos prius  
 Cinos, senectæ prae desertæ, praeori,  
 Annis que fessis unicum ipsæ domus 1250  
 Fumamen, unum lumen restricto malis  
 Temet reserva nullus ex te contigit  
 Fructus laborum semper aut dubium mære,  
 Aut monstra timui quisquis in toto fuit  
 Rex ferus orbe manibus, aut aris nocens, 1255  
 A me timetui semper absentum patei  
 Fructum tui, tactumque & aspectum peto  
 HERC Cur iramam in ista luce detineram amplius,  
 Molerque, nihil est cuncta jam iramisi bona  
 Mentem, arma, famam, conjugem, artos, manus, 1260

Who could bewail, oh! my children, sufficiently at the sight of my dear ones scattered about on the floor of the Palace This harsh visage of mine, hardened by misfortune, knows not how to familiarize itself with tears! Here! give me my sword! hand me hither my arrows, bring along my redoubtable club (Looking first at one son and then at the other) For thee, I will break my arrows, for thee, my boys, I will snap my bow in two—and this formidable weapon (the club) shall burn for thy infanticidal death, and the quiver filled with the Lernæan arrows shall be handed over to the funeral pile! Let my deadly weapons suffer their turn of destruction! I will burn them also with the fatal arrows! But oh! ye awful instruments of a step-mother's persecution!

## THIUS

Whoever add to an error intentionally invests such error with the odium of a crime.

## HERCULES

An error of magnitude oftentimes requires the stigma of wickedness!

## THIUS

Now we stand in need of toleration on the part of Hercules—bear patiently this load of misfortune!

## HERCULES

My pride and dignity have not to such an extent been stamped out by my deplorable attack that I should drive everyone away from beholding my wicked presence. Nay! Thesus! My arms—I demand that my arms which have been taken away shall be given up forthwith if my mind be in a sound sane hand—my arrow if my delirium still continue. Oh Father get out of my path I will find an easy way of seeking my death!

## AMPHION

By the sacred mystery of thy descent by that respect which is due to me and my name! Whether thou call me parent or simply look upon me as having merely brought thee up and by these hoary locks always revered by good men I pray thee spare my declining years and my old age bereft of earthly consolation thou one prop of a fallen dynasty afford me some ray of compassion for my misfortunes which I share with thee. None of the results of thy glorious deed have been transferred from thee to myself for I have held the treacherous sea in great dread as well as monsters of every sort and even whatever cruel king that rages in any part of the world that stains his hand with the blood of others or pollutes the sacred altars with human sacrifices is held by me in the greatest fear but as thy father I have looked forward with joyful hope to thy successful exploits and to hail thy presence and behold thy visage!

## HERCULES

Why should I wish to pass my life any longer in the light of day? Why should I hesitate about it? There is no reason for it I have already lost my possessions—my mind—my arms—my reputation—my wife—my children—the glory of my exploits!—Even my madness

Etiam suorum nemo polluto querat  
 Animo medici morte sanandum est scelus  
 AMPH Perimes parentem? HEC I recte ne possim occidam  
 AMPH Genitore coram? HEC Cernere hunc docui uelis  
 AMPH Memoranda potius omnibus facta intuens 1265  
 Unius a te criminis ventum pete  
 HEC Veniam dabit sibi ipse, qui nulli dedit  
 Laudanda feci iustus, hoc unum meum est  
 Succurre, genitor siue te pietas mouet  
 Seu triste fatum, siue violata decus 1270  
 Virtutis esset arma uincatur mea  
 Fortuna dextra HEC Sunt quidem patris preces  
 Satis efficaces sed tamen nostro quoque  
 Movere stetu fuge & aduersa impetu  
 Perfringe solito nunc tuum nulli imperium 1275  
 Animum malo resumo nunc magna tibi  
 Virtute agendum est Herculem irisci uer  
 HEC Si uivo feci scelera si morior tui  
 Purgare terras propero ianidudum mihi  
 Monstrum impium, seruumque & inuicte ac seruum 1280  
 Oberat agendum dextra conare aggredi  
 Ingens opus, labore bisseuo amplius  
 Ignave, cessas? fortis in pueros modo,  
 Pavidisque matres? arma nisi dantur mihi,  
 Aut omne Pindi Thracis exscindam nemus, 1285  
 Brechique lucos, & Cithaionis iuga  
 Mecum cremabo tota cum domibus suis,  
 Dominisque recta, cum Deis templis omnibus  
 Thebanis supra corpus excipiam meum,  
 Atque urbe uersa condra &, si fortibus 1290  
 Leue pondus humeris meorum immissa incident,  
 Septemque opertus non satis potis premu,  
 Onus omne, media parte quod mundi sedet,  
 Dimittique superos, in meum uertam caput

during which interval I was at all events free from self-reproach! No one with his mind thus contaminated can ever expect to be cured No! my crime must be healed by the one remedy—Death!

AMPHITRYON

Dost thou wish to kill thy parent?

HERCULES

Lest I might do so I will kill myself

AMPHITRYON

What! before the very eyes of thy father?

HERCULES

I have learned to know the extent of my crimes, with my own eyes!

## AMPHITRION

Instead of taking heed of exploits remembered by all of us—seek forgiveness for the great crime done by thy hands!

## HERCULES

Shall I crave for pardon for myself who have never vouchsafed it to others? Under commands I have done things to be praised but this one deed is my own very own doing! Help me Father whether thy affection leads thee to do so or my sad condition or the honor of that valor which I have furnished! Bring me forth my arms! With my own right hand shall my triumphant destiny be determined—by my own death!

## THESEUS

Thy father's entreaties indeed are sufficiently touching but thou wilt surely be moved a little by my weeping solicitations—Exert thyself Hercules! with thy accustomed energy of character—Now pray resume the courage which thou hast always shown when confronted by every danger now do let this great bravery be shown by thee now say to thyself Hercules check thy angry feelings!

## HERCULES

If I live I have committed crimes and am a criminal—if I put an end to my life I shall certainly escape my wretchedness—I shall hasten to clear myself out from this Earth—an impious monster cruel fierce indomitable monster wanders about perpetually in my person! Come to my aid Oh! my right hand! endeavour that a great work shall be accomplished greater than any of my twelve labors! Why Hercules dost thou hesitate thus cowardly? Is thy valor only levelled against poor inoffensive children and timid mothers Unless my arms be given up to me I will cut down to the ground every grove on the Thracian Pindus the groves of Bacchus and every tree which throws a shade on lofty Cithæron and they shall burn with myself one grand conflagration! I will overthrow the entire city of Thebes every homestead with its inmates masters and families and the Theban temples with the Gods contained in them and I will be buried with the ruins pressing down on my body and if the city falling on my shoulders should prove too light a weight and if covered thus I should not be sufficiently crushed by the seven gates I will turn down on my head all the superincumbent weight which resides in that space which separates the Gods above from those in the infernal regions!



AMPH Reddo arma HIRC Vox est digna genitore Herculis	1295
Hoc en peremptus spiculo cecidit puer	
AMPH Hoc, Juno, telum manibus emisit tuus	
HIRC Hoc nunc ego utar AMPH Ecce, quam miserum metu	
Cor palpitat, corpusque sollicitum scuit	
HIRC Aptata arundo est AMPH Ecce, jam factus scelus	1300
Volens, sciensque prude quid fieri jubes-	
Nihil rogamus nostri in tuto est dolor	
Natum potes servare tu solus mihi,	
Eripere nec tu maximum tui metum	
Miserum hand potes me facere felicem potes	1305
Sic statue, quidquid statuis, ut causam tuam	
Famamque in recto stare & incipiti scias	
Aut vivis, aut occidis hanc unumquemque	
Fessamque senio, nec minus quassam malis	
In ore primo teneo tam tui patri	1310
Vitam dicit aliquis non seram ulterius moram,	
Letale serio peccatus impresso induram	
Hic, hic jacet Hercules sum scelus	
HIRC Jam peccet, genitor, peccet, jam revoca manum	
Succumbe, virtus, perfer imperium patris	1315
Eat ad labores hic quoque Herculeos labori,	
Vivamus artus alleva afflictos solo,	
Theseu, parentis dextra contractus pios	
Scelerata refugit AMPH Hanc manum amplector libens	
Hanc nixus ibo, pectori hanc agro admovens	1320
Pellam dolores HIRC Quem locum profugus petam?	
Ubi me recondam? quare tellure obitum	
Quis Farnus, aut quis Nilus, aut quis Persica	
Violentus unda Tigris, aut Rhenus seros,	
Tagusve Ibera turbidus gaza fluens,	1325

## AMPHITRYON

I surrender thee thy arms

## HERCULES

Those words are worthy of the father of Hercules—  
Behold! this is the one, whose deadly point killed my  
child!

## AMPHITRYON

Nay! say rather, this was the one shot forth by thy  
hands through Juno's jealous wrath

## HERCULES

I will use, then, this very arrow!

## AMPHITRYON

Listen to me, my heart palpitates with fear and beats  
tumultuously against the walls of my chest!

## HERCULES

The arrow is already armed and ready!

## AMPHITRYON

Listen again I implore thee how anxious thy face appears to commit crime and knowing it to be such tell me why art thou so ready to do all this? I ask for nothing—My misery is past recall! Thou alone hast it in thy power to preserve me my son therefore tear not thyself away—I have got over my worst fears it is out of thy power to make me more miserable but thou canst give me some degree of happiness Therefore determine what thy intentions are for thou must be convinced that thy exploits and thy fame will rest on a slender and equivocal foundation thou either livest thyself or thou slayest me! I merely hold my life my breath within my nostrils this feeble vitality worn down by old age but not less irksome  
 son hesitate whether  
 I will bear delay no lo  
 penetrating sword into  
 to his chest) shall this  
 restored to reason!

## HERCULES

O! spare me, father spare me withhold at once thy threatening hand—let me be the one to yield with all my valor—let me bow to the will of a father! This victory must indeed be ranked greater than any of my former exploits! Let us all live! Theseus raise my father with his afflicted frame from the ground and the contact of his affectionate embrace will banish all traces of evil designs when my right hand is joined with his!

## AMPHITRYON

I cheerfully lay hold of thy hand I shall go forth leaning on confidence and when I draw it towards my oppressed heart I shall be able to drive away my sorrows!

## HERCULES

What place of evil shall I seek in my retreat where shall I hide myself or in what land shall I bury my sorrows? What Taurus or what Nile or what streams of the Persian Tigris or rough Rhine or muddy Iarus which flows along carrying in suspension its golden sands! which one of the e rivers can wash my hand of my

Abluere dextram poterit Arctoum hinc  
 Mæotis in me gelida transfundat mare,  
 Et tota Icthis per meas currat manus,  
 Hærebit altum facinus in quærupius  
 Ferras recedes? Ortum, an Occasum petes 1330  
 Ubique notus perdidit exilio locum  
 Me refugit orbis æther transversos ærant  
 Obliqua cursus ipse Ictam Cerberum  
 Meliore vultu vidit o fidum caput  
 Theseu, latebram quære longinquam abditam 1335  
 Quorumque semper sceleris ælium irbitet  
 Amis nocentes, gratum meritis refeci  
 Vicemque nostris redde me infernis piccor  
 Umbris reductum, meque subiectum tuis  
 Restitue vinctis ille me abscondet locus 1340  
 Sed & ille novit tuis Nostra te tellus manet  
 Illic solutam exde Crædibus manum  
 Restituet armis illa te, Alcida vocet  
 Facere innocentes terræ quæ superos solet

crime? Will it be better! that the cold Mæotis of Arctos, should pour its waters over me, for if the entire sea were passed over these hands, the deep disgrace would still be there, therefore into what lands shall I, an impious exile, vanish at last? Shall I seek the East or the West? Known everywhere, I have no place left to me for my exile. This orb avoids me. The stars themselves looking at me, askance, and performing their circuits so as to avoid me. Titan, himself, now regards Cerberus with a more favorable eye! Oh my faithful confidant, Theseus, suggest some lurking-place far, far away, for my concealment! And since, like a judge adjudicating upon the crimes of others, thou dealest leniently towards the guilty, (alluding to Theseus faithfully assisting Pirithous) award me a good turn, which I think that I deserve at thy hands! (alluding to his having liberated Theseus from the rock to which he was chained) I pray thee, conduct me back to the Infernal Regions, and load me with chains, with which thou wert once bound, that place will serve to hide me! But what am I saying now? That place already only knows me too well!

## THESEUS

My own land remains to thee—Mars shall yet restore to thee military glory, when thou hast purged thyself of this crime of slaughter—The Earth, Alcides, invokes thee to repair to that land (Athens) which expiates and renders even the Gods themselves innocent! (This is said satirically about the Gods!)

THYESTES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THYESTIS  
 ATRÆUS  
 IANIALUS,  
 MEGARA  
 PRISTHINUS THYESTIS I

CHORUS SENUM MYCENÆORUM  
 IANIALUS THYESTIS I } Muti  
 ATRÆUS THYESTIS I } personæ  
 SATHIUS NUNTIUS

ARGUMENTUM

ALIIERNIS annis regnandi vires patris Atræus & Thyestes, Pelopis ex Hippodamiam filii Argis imperabant Thyestes adjuvante Aërope fratris uxore, quam in adulterium pellexerat, aureum arctem in eius possessione erat situm regni amovet & male consensus in exilium abiit Atræus, evasisse dolens, missis suis filius velle se in gratiam redire simulat oblata regni parte reditum illi suadet & perfurdat Tres Thyestis liberos, quos obsides acceperat ad aras immolatos, partim assos partim chivos patri neficienti epulandos apponit, mortuumque vino errorem illi præbet sub finem nefandi convivii (quod Sol ne videret refugit) exptis illi & manus filiorum ostendit, quasque dapes absumserit, narrat insultans fratris luctum, dolori, & imprecationibus

ACTUS PRIMUS

UMBRA IANIALI, MEGERA

Adducitur ab inferis Ianialus & Furiæ, cogiturque miscere nefarii odii inter suos ex Pelope nepotes Atræum & Thyestum

TANT **Q**UIS me inferorum sede ab infansis extrahit,  
 Avido fugaces ore exptantem eibos?  
 Quis male Deorum Tantalo vivis domos  
 Ostendit iterum? pejus inventum est siti  
 Arente in undis aliquid, & pejus fame  
 Hiante semper? Sisyphi numquid lapidis  
 Gestandus humeris lubricus nostris venit?  
 Aut membra celeri differens cursu rotæ?  
 Aut pœna Tityi, qui specu vasto patens  
 Visceribus atras pascit effossis aves,  
 Et nocte repirans, quidquid amisit die,  
 Plenum recenti pibulum monstro jactat  
 In quod malum transcribor? o quisquis nova  
 Supplicia sanctis durus umbrarum abiter  
 Disponis, adde, si quid ad pœnas potes,  
 Quod ipse custos cruceis diri hœreat,  
 Quod moestus Achéron priveat, ad eujus metum

5

10

15

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THYESTES		CHORUS OF OLD MEN OF
ATREUS		MYCENÆ
TANTALUS		TANTALUS AND ANOTHER
MEGÆRA		SON OF THYESTES silent
PLISTHENES SON OF		members
THYESTES		GUARD MESSENGER

## ARGUMENT

Atreus and Thyestes the sons of Pelops by Hippodamia governed their kingdom every other year, having agreed to rule by turns Thyestes with the assistance of his brother's wife Aerope whom he enticed to commit adultery makes away with the golden ram. The fate of the kingdom hanging on the possession thereof and conscious of his guilt he goes away into exile. Atreus angry that he should have thus escaped his vengeance pretends that he will restore him to favor if he will send his sons as hostages he persuades him to return and offers him his share of the kingdom again and he persists in this persuasion. He has the three sons received as hostages sacrificed and serves them up as a feast part of them roasted and part boiled to the unsuspecting parents and Atreus hands Thyestes wine mixed with their blood. Towards the end of the feast (from which Phœbus has fled lest he should witness it) Atreus shows him the heads and hands of his sons and tells him that they were the feast of which he had partaken jeering at his brother's disgust grief and curses.

## A C T I

## THE GHOST OF TANTALUS—MEGÆRA

Tantalus is brought from Hell by the Fury (Megæra) and he is compelled to foster the wicked enmity between his grandsons Atreus and Thyestes and the sons of Pelops

## TANTALUS

WHO has drawn me forth from my miserable abode in Tartarus where my food was snatched away as it neared my hungry mouth? which of the Gods has spitefully summoned Tantalus to see the abodes of the living again? Has any new punishment been dis

Nos quoque tremamus quæcunq; nostri subit  
 F stirpe turba, quæ suum vident genus  
 Ae me innocentem fuerit, & multa vident 20  
 Regione quidquid impia cessat loci  
 Complebo nunquam stante Pelopon domo  
 Minos verberit NIC Perge detestabilis  
 Umbra, & penateis impios furus age  
 Certetur omni scelere, & alterna vice 25  
 Stringantur enfes ne sit irarum modus,  
 Pudore mentes cæcus instiget furor  
 Rabies parentum duret, & longum uctus  
 Erat in nepotes nec vinct cuiquam uctus  
 Odisse crimen semper oritur uctum, 30  
 Nec unum in uno dumque punitur scelus,  
 Crescat superbis fratibus regna cadant,  
 Repetantque profugos dubia violenta domus  
 Fortuna reges inter incertos habet  
 Miser ex potente sit ex misero potens 35  
 Fluctuque regnum casus astuduo ferat  
 Ob scelera pulsi dum dabit patriam Deus  
 In scelera redeant sintque tam inuisi omnibus  
 Quam sibi nihil sit, ira quod uctum putet  
 Fratrem exavescat frater & natum parens 40  
 Natufque patrem liberi pereant male,  
 Pejus tamen nascantur imminet viro  
 Infesta conjux bella trans pontum uctant  
 Effusus omnes irriget terras cruor  
 Supraque magnos gentium exsultet duces 15  
 Libido uctrix impia stuprum in domo  
 Levissimum sit fratris & frat, & fides

covered more horrible than dying with burning thirst<sup>d</sup>  
 and with water, too, around me, and within my reach, or  
 worse even than insatiable hunger with nothing to  
 appease its pangs I wonder whether the slippery stone  
 of Sisyphus is intended to be worn on my shoulders, or  
 the wheel of Ixion to whirl my limbs round and round  
 with its rapid motion, or does the punishment of Tityus  
 await me, whose lot it was, to provide food, as he lay  
 exposed in a huge cave, for the horrible birds of prey,  
 which pecked away at his entrails, and only to make up  
 at night what he lost in the day, and he lies there, only  
 waiting to afford a full repast for some fresh arrival, some  
 bird of prey! To what fresh torment am I to be handed  
 over? Oh! Whatever relentless judge thou art, who  
 dispensest the laws of the Manes, why layest thou aside  
 the old punishments already undergone to impose fresh  
 ones? And if thou canst, add to my punishment what

the guardian of the most cruel prison would quail to think of at what trustful Acheron would even tremble at the fear of whom all we unfortunate Manes are wont to wince again! Seek for some thing! Now forsooth there starts up a tribe springing from my race which makes me to feel like an innocent individual in comparison and a race that has the audacity to do things that I could never have conceived (in my most vivid imagination) Whatever place presents itself in the regions of the condemned I will fill up the vacancy Minos the judge of Hell will never be without employment so long as the race of Pelops lasts

MEG Come on thou despicable Ghost and stir up this criminal abode with the very rage of the Furies let them engage in strife with every venomous determination and let the sword be perpetually at work with one or the other let there be no bounds to their animosity and the blindest rage inflame their hearts Let the mad wrath of the parents continue and let it descend for ever to their distant offspring and lest ancient crimes should lose their stinging remembrances and become more endurable let a fresh one crop up but not one only but one doubled in its severity! And whilst their crimes are being punished let matters get worse and let the kingdom fall from the hands of the proud brothers only to be reclaimed by them as exiles and rivals! The doubtful chances of a divided and belligerent dynasty will oscillate between the bewildered kings and thus a miserable man may become a man of power and a man of power reduced to misery and he who holds the kingdom will be constantly harassed by event following event as it were in a continuous flow—driven away on account of their crimes let them return to a land of crimes so long as the Gods vouchsafe to them a country to live in and let them be if possible as hateful to themselves as they are to others—let there be nothing which their rage may seek to deem themselves forbidden to do Let brother intimidate brother—parent son—and son parent—and let their children perish a miserable death! Let children be born under worse conditions incestuous parentage! (Brothers in law sisters in law mother and son father and daughter!) Let an enraged wife be a source of danger to a husband and that she may through such a cause lead on to wars beyond the seas (Agamemnon and Menelaus sent to recapture Helen) and that blood shall be made to irrigate every land! Let triumphant lust be made to triumph over illustrious chiefs (Chryseis and Cassandra) who yield to its power Let adultery be but a very trivial



Jusque omne perent non sit et vestis malis Immune cœlum cum micent stellæ polo, Flammæque feriant debitum mundo decus,	50
Nox atia fiat, excedat cœlo dies Misce penitens odium, cædes, funera Accesse & imple Tantalò totam domum Ornetur altum columnen, & lauro fores Lætæ vincerent, dignus adventu tuo	55
Splendescat ignis Thuriarum sit nctis Majore numero dextra cui patrum veret <sup>2</sup> Nondum Thyestes liberos deslet suos <sup>2</sup> Equando tollet ignibus jam subditis Spumante alieno <sup>2</sup> membra per partes erant	60
Difcerpta patrios polluat sanguis focos Epulæ instruantur, non novi sceleris tibi Conviva venies, liberum dedimus diem Turmq̄ ad istas solvimus mensis funem Jeiunio exple mortuus in Bœchum erui	65
Spectante te potetui inveni dirpes, Quis ipse fugies Siste quo præcepit tuus IANI Ad stragula, & unnes, & recedentes agoras, Labrisque ab ipsis uboris plene fugas, Abne in utrum carceris licet mei	70
Cubile licet, si parum videor miseri, Mutate ripas alveo medius tuo Phlegethon relinquit, igneo cinctus fieto Quæcunque pœnas lege fitorum datus Pati jubens quisquis exeso crees	75
Pavidus sub antro, jamque venturi times Montis rumam quisquis avidorum feros Rictus leonum, & diu Furiarum agmora Implicitus hories quisquis unmissis fices Semiustus abigis, Tantalii vocem excipe	80
Properantis ad vos credite expeito mihi Amate pœnas, quando contuget mihi Effugie superos <sup>2</sup> MEG Ante peiturba domum,	

consideration with them in their wicked palace! Let the binding confidence between brothers, every friendship, every trust and all that is holy and sacred amongst kindred be trampled on—defied! And let heaven itself claim no immunity from the effects of thy crimes! Why do the stars shine in the heavens? why does their light continue its task of giving ornament to the world? As a matter of right? No! let night be rendered as black as possible, let no daylight emanate from the heavens! Let us throw the household Gods into disorder, bring about enmities, slaughters, deaths! Let the entire palace be filled with and reveal the presence of Tantalus! Let

lofty pillars be embellished and let the joyous portals be laden and made verdant with the laurel. Let there be a blaze of illuminations worthy of celebrating the arrival! Let the Thracian tragedy, one victim be acted over again but on a larger scale! (Three victims) Why should an Uncle claim the privilege of withholding his co-operation? Does not Thyestes bewail his sons yet? Why does he hang back so long? The flames already beneath the caldron are fetching up the foam! Let the separated limbs break up into pieces! Their blood shall defile the paternal hearth! The feast will now be prepared nor wilt thou arrive to witness a scene of crime to which thou canst be any stranger—thou shalt have a day set apart for thy special enjoyment and thou shalt thoroughly satisfy thy hungry cravings with the viands prepared at thy meals—fill then thy empty interior and blood mixed with wine shall be quaffed in thy very presence. I have arranged this feast and pray why dost thou refuse to partake of it—Stop please whither art thou rushing so hurriedly?

TANT Back to the stagnant pools the noisome rivers the ebbing streams back to the trees laden with fruit which recedes from my lips as soon as it is approached it is surely permissible for me to return to the sombre resting place of my quondam prison! Then if I am only rendered a little less miserable thereby let the river be transferred to other banks more trying! Oh Phlegethon! let me be thrown into the middle of thy streams flowing with fiery waves! and thou whatsoever thou art who art commanded by the inexorable decrees of Fate to undergo punishment awarded—whoever crouches prone stricken in a cave rotten with destroying time dost thou already dread the fall of the mountain which threatens to come down upon thee with a crash whoever there is that dreads the savage roarings of the lion and entangled shrinks before the scourging whips of the assembled Furies—whoever half burnt flies from the vengeful torches as they are dealt forth in rapid succession listen to the words of Tantalus who is fast hastening to join thee believe in me an experienced sufferer and learn to appreciate thy punishments with a thankful spirit Ah! I wonder when my luck will arrive to escape from these regions above!

MEG Before we do  
thorough confusion  
with thee and the d

Inferque tecum pœclia & sciri malum Regibus amorem concute infano serum	85
Pectus tumultu IANI Me p̄ti p̄cioris decet Non esse pœnam mittor ut diuis vapor	
Tellure rupta, vel gravem populis lucem Sprusura pestis, ducam in horrendum uesra	
Avus nepotes Migne Divorum p̄rens, Nosterque, quamvis pudet, ingenti licet	90
T̄r̄r̄r̄ p̄c̄n̄r̄ lingūr̄ cruciatur loqūr̄r̄, Nec hoc t̄c̄c̄bo moneo ne sacra manus	
Violate cæde, neve furiali malo Aspergite aras st̄bo, & t̄c̄c̄bo scelus	95
Quid ora terras verberare, & tortos scro Minaris rugies? quid fr̄nem inf̄r̄am int̄mus	
Agitus medullis? fl̄gr̄ant incensum siti Cor, & perustis fl̄mma visceribus micat	
Sequor	100
MLG Hunc, o, furorem divide in totam domum Sic, sic feruntur & suum insensu invicem	
Sit̄r̄nt cruorem sensit introitus tuos Domus, & nefando tot̄r̄ contactu horruit	
Actum est r̄bunde gradeire ad infernos specus, Annemque notum gr̄m tuum mœstr̄e p̄dem	105
Teiræ grav̄ntur cernis, ut fontes liquor Int̄ior̄sus r̄ctus linquat, ut ripe r̄ccent,	
Ventusque raras igneus nubes ferat? Pallefcit omnis arbor, ac nudus stetit	110
Fugiente pomo r̄mus, & qui fluctibus Illinc propinquis Isthmos atque illinc fremit,	
Vicina gracili dividens ter̄r̄ r̄dr̄r̄, Longe remotos latus ex̄udit sonos	
Jam Lern̄r̄ retro cessit, & Phoromides Latuere venæ nec furs profest sacer	115
Alpheos undas, & Cithæronis juḡr̄ Stant p̄r̄te null̄r̄ r̄r̄r̄ deposit̄r̄ nive,	
Timentque veterem nobiles Arḡi sit̄m En ipse Titan dubitat, r̄n jubet sequi,	120
Cogitque habenis ire perituum diem	

which kings do so delight, and perplex their truculent minds with the wildest and most tumultuous passions!

TANT It is my especial province to suffer punishment, and not promote myself to inflict it upon others. I am summoned then, that a pestilential vapor should issue forth for the opening of the earth, created by my exit, or as a plague to diffuse its deadly contagion amongst mankind! And that I, as a grandfather, shall be the means of urging my grandchildren to perpetrate the most horrible wickedness! Oh! Great parent of the Gods! although, I blush

to declare my paterity is it necessary that my tongue already visited with a great punishment for my past loquacity be further doomed to silence I shall not however be silent over this matter I shall conjure my grandsons not to violate the sacred altars with their hands reeking with slaughter and not to besprinkle them with the blood of their victims under the evil instigation of the wicked furies (addressing Megera) I shall be in attendance and will stop this sanguinary work—why dost thou attempt to frighten me with thy scourging whips and savagely threaten me with thy writhing serpents? Why dost thou revive the hunger already searching out the very marrow of my bones Why increase the thirst which now burns up my inside and the flames that play about my scorched entrails?—after all I suppose I shall have to comply! I comply then!

MEG The fury that now possesses thee spread it over the entire palace for as thou thirstest for water so let others be brought into a similar craving condition and so raging with thirst that they shall crave for each others blood out of very hatred! The palace already has been aware of thy approach and completely shudders at thy wicked proximity! Everything is abundantly provided for go now to thy infernal cave and the river thou knowest so well already the sad Earth is oppressed with thy footsteps! Dost thou not see how the very streams return to their springs so that the river banks are forsaken? and now a fiery wind bears onward the dried up clouds every tree grows pale (loses its verdancy) and there stands with its branches denuded of the fruit which falls off and the Isthmus (Corinth) which keeps up a constant roaring here and there with the near waves of the two seas which it divides with its narrow strip of land now only listens to the far off waves from the waters that have receded from its banks! Now the sources of the Lerna are dried up and the streams of Inachus (Phoronides) have quite disappeared Nor does the sacred Alpheus pour forth its waters any more—And the summits of Cithæron present no white anywhere the snow having disappeared and the noble people of Argos fear a return of the drought with which they were afflicted once before and Titan himself is in doubt whether he shall command the day to follow in due course or whether he shall keep back the horses of the sun tightly reined and not to enter upon another day which he fancies he will not be able to carry through!

## CHORUS

Chorus ex senibus Mycenæis vel Argivis constans (Argos enim cum Mycenis confundunt poetæ) Deos urbium in Peloponneso præsides, ut mala & scelera in domo Pelopi concepta & imminencia prohibeant avertantque precatur & Tantalum impium facinus ac pœnam canit

**A**RGOS de Superis si quis Achaicum,  
 Pisæisq;ue domos curribus inclitis  
 Isthmi si quis amat regna Corinthii,  
 Et portus geminos, & mare diffidens 125  
 Si quis Taygeti conspicuas nives,  
 Quis, cum Sarmaticus tempore frigido  
 In summis Boieis composuit jugis,  
 Æstis veliferis solvit Etesius  
 Quem tingit gelido flumine lucidus 130  
 Alpheos, stadio notus Olympico  
 Advertat placidum numen, & avertat  
 Alterius scelerum, ne redeant, vices,  
 Neu succedat ro deterior nepos,  
 Et major placeat culpa minoribus 135  
 Tandem lassæ feros exuat impetus  
 Sicci progenies impia Tantalum  
 Peccatum satis est fas valuit nihil,  
 Aut commune nefas proditus occidit  
 Deceptor domini Mytilus, & fide 140  
 Vectus, qui tulerat, nobile reddidit  
 Mutato pelagus nomine notior  
 Nulla est lonus fibula navibus  
 Exceptus gladio parvulus impio  
 Dum currit patrium natus ad osculum, 145  
 Immatura foci victima concidit  
 Divisusque tua est, Tantalæ, dextera,  
 Mensis ut stueres hospitibus Deis  
 Hos æterna fames prosequitur cibos,  
 Hos æterna sitis nec dapibus feris 150  
 Decerni potuit pœna decentior  
 Stat lusus vacuo gutture Tantalus,  
 Impendet capiti pluuia noxio

## CHORUS

The Chorus, consisting of the old men of Mycenæ and Argos, (for the poets often confounded Argos with Mycenæ) invokes the presiding deities of the cities in Peloponnesus, that they will prevent and avert the wickedness and crimes, that are hatching in the Palace of Pelops, and which are now imminent, and chants of the impious crimes of Tantalus

**I**n any tutel'ar deity amongst the gods above who cherish any affectionate regard for Achaean Argos or if the noble race of Iliad who celebrate the Olympian Games with their emulating chariot if there be any who look with favor on the Corinthian Isthmus with its double harbours and the two arms which it separates if any admiring tutel'ar god who sees from afar the magnificent snows mantling the summit of Taygeti which the Scythian Boreas has firm'ed during the winter season and which the ensuing summers melt and renders the path easy for navigators with their sailing, hup' the Etesian winds spring up (The e'periodical northeast winds were always continuous like our trade winds) I there a Deity whom the bright Aphiens with its cooling streams chains as a friendly protector the place too o'noted for its race-course and Olympian Games! look down oh! that I nil deity and interpo'c lest such crime as have already been committed a'fortune should be repeated!—let not a grand one succeed to the throne possibly worse than his grandfather nor that greater crimes may suit the inclinations of the younger heroes—At length may the impious progeny of thirsting Iantalus wearied out abandon their atrocious violence enough crime has already been committed—the law hitherto of no avail has been trampled on and all the ordinary offences of mankind have been wickedly surpr'ed! And Myrtilus the treacherous betrayer of his master fell betrayed like that master and was carried off with the same treacherous intentions, which he had manifested towards Ononiu and being thrown into the sea by Pelops rendered that sea famous its name being changed from its former one (Pelops having thrown him into the sea instead of carrying out his promise that he should be a sharer in the favors of Hippodamia) No legend is better known to the Ionian mariners than this Thy own little offspring Pelops fell by thy impious sword oh! thou Iantalus! just as he was merrily tripping along to receive a father's caress that tender victim died at the altar and was carved up by thy own hand that thou might (with his flesh) supply the feast which thou servedst up for the Gods whom thou invitedst as thy guests! (To test the divinity of the Gods but they all abstained except Ceres!) Eternal hunger awaited thee after this meal and eternal thirst as the part price of this repast! Nor could a more worthy punishment have been decreed in token of such a diabolical feast! Iantalus continues to be baffled in his vain efforts to satisfy his empty throat! Many a tempting prize hangs over his sickly head more fugitive than the Phoenician vultures! Here and

Phœnis aribus præda fugacior	
Hinc illinc gravidis frondibus meubat	155
Et curvata suis scabibus, ac tremens	
Alludit patulis arbor hiatus	
Hæc, quamvis avidus, ac patiens moræ,	
Deceptus toties tangere negligit,	
Oblivusque oculos oraque compunit	160
Inelususque frumem dentibus alligat	
Sed tunc divitis omne nemus furæ	
Demittit propius, pomæque desuper	
Insultat foliis mitra languidis,	
Accenduntque frumem, quæ jubet irritas	165
Exercere manus hæc ubi protulit	
Et falli libuit, totus in arduum	
Autumnus raptur, silvæque mobilis	
Instat deinde sitis non levior frumem	
Quæ cum perculit sanguis, & igneis	170
Exarsit fræbus, stat miser obviæ	
Fluctus ore vocans, quos profugus latex	
Avertit, sterili deficiens ardo,	
Conrtemque sequi, deserit hic bibit	
Altum de rapido gurgite pulverem	175

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

### ATREUS, SATELLIS

Atreus, ulciscendi fratrem certus, de vindictæ ratione cum Satellite deliberat, quem honesta consulentem non audit, impotens tandem & insandam ultionis rationem excogitat

<b>I</b> GNAVE, iners, enervis, & (quod maximum	
Probrum tyranno rebus in summis reo)	
Inulte, post tot scelera, post fratris dolos	
Fasque omne ruptum, questibus vovis ægis	
Iratus Atreus? fremere jam totus tuis	180
Debat armis orbis, & geminum arma	
Utinque classes ægere jam flammis ægios	
Lucere & urbes decuit, ac strictum undique	
Miere ferrum tota sub nostro sonet	
Argolica tellus equite non silvæ tegant	185

there a tree droops downwards, with its heavily laden boughs, bending again with the weight of its fruit, and swaying to and fro, plays the part of tempter with its patulous openings—Although hungry and impatient of delay, he fails to reach them, being disappointed as often as he makes the attempt—he averts his eyes, and closes

his mouth trying to stifle his hunger by closing his teeth by shutting it in as it were<sup>1</sup> But then every grove lowers its rich and luscious fruit (wealth) nearer and nearer and the ripe apples leap about friskily above his head surrounded by the leaves languidly yielding to their capers and they excite his hunger more and more and this urges him to make futile efforts to seize them with his hands that when he has held these forth in vain he seems reconciled to such frequent disappointments and the entire autumn during which this fruitless task is exacted, passes away and with it disappears the gracefulness of the groves, and now comes a thirst not lighter to be borne than the hunger already endured thirst which when the blood grows hotter burns him up as it were with an inward fire he stands then miserably invoking the streams to approach his parched up mouth but which the receding river diverts leaving nothing but its empty bed whenever he attempts to get near it and he swallows merely the sand which lies at the bottom of the rapid stream<sup>1</sup>

## ACT II

### ATREUS—THE GUARD

Atreus consults with his guard having determined to wreak his revenge on his brother as to the best mode of carrying out his vengeance to whom however he will not listen as the guard advises him only to do what is right and at length he decides on an impious and horrible plan of executing such revenge

#### ATREUS

**O**H sluggish aimless pusillanimous soul of mine (and what I suppose to be most contemptible in a king the consummation of every other shortcoming) unrevenged after so much wickedness after the treachery of a brother and every law human and divine trampled upon! why dost thou Atreus exercise thy angry spirit with vain and meaningless complaints? But the whole of Argos ought at this moment to be resounding with the din of thy arms and every warship muster and be afloat in the two seas by this time it might be expected too that the fields and cities were blazing with the conflagrations thou hast set up and the drawn sword flashing on all sides all the Argolic land should be



Hostem, nec altis montium structæ jugis  
 Aïces relictiis bellicum totus canat  
 Populis Mycenis quisquis inuisum caput  
 Tegit ac tueri, clade funesta occidat  
 Hæc ipsa pollens incliti Pelopis domus 190  
 Ruit vel in me, dummodo in fratrem ruit  
 Age, time, fac, quod nulla posteritas probet,  
 Sed nulla taceat aliquod audendum est nefas  
 Atrox, cruentum, tale, quod frater meus  
 Suum esse mallet scelera non ulcisceris, 195  
 Nisi vincis & quid esse tam ferum potest,  
 Quod superet illum? numquid abjectus iacet?  
 Numquid secundis patitur in rebus modum,  
 Fessis quietem? novi ego ingenium viri  
 Indocile flecti non potest, frangi potest 200  
 Proin antequam se firmet, aut virces paret,  
 Petatur ultro, ne quiescentem petat  
 Ant perdet, aut peribit in medio est scelus  
 Positum occupanti SAI Fama te populi nihil  
 Adversæ terret? AIR Maximum hoc regni bonum est, 205  
 Quod facta domini cogitur populus sui  
 Tam feræ, quam laudare SAT Quos cogit metus  
 Laudare, eosdem reddit inimicos metus  
 At qui favoris gloriam veri petit,  
 Animo magis, quam voce, laudari volet 210  
 ATR Læus vera & humili sepe contingit viro  
 Non nisi potenti falsa quod nolunt, velint  
 SAT Rex velit honesta, nemo non eadem volet  
 ATR Ubicumque tantum honesta dominantium licent,  
 Precario regnatur SAT Ubi non est pudor, 215  
 Nec cura juris, sanctitas, pietas, fides,  
 Instabile regnum est ATR Sanctitas, pietas fides,  
 Privata bona sunt qua juvat, reges erant  
 SAT Nefas nocere vel malo fratri puta

sounding again with the stamping hoofs of thy cavalry  
 Let not the forests afford a retreat for the enemy, or fortifi-  
 cations constructed on the lofty summits of mountains  
 —leaving Mycenæ behind, let all my subjects sound the  
 trumpet of war Whosoever has protected or countenanced  
 this hateful brother of mine, the powerful following of  
 the illustrious dynasty of Pelops, shall slay with merciful  
 slaughter! Let every living man rush upon me, even  
 provided he serves my brother in a similar manner!  
 Come, soul of mine! Do what no posterity would hail  
 as proper! but what in sooth, they may never forget—  
 Some atrocious bloody deed must be done, which my  
 brother would rather be done by himself against me, but  
 it is impossible thoroughly to revenge wickedness unless  
 thou surpassest it in degree! but lo! what savage deed, in

fact can be done which could dwarf that man's atrocity. I wonder whether he is a man that will die away quietly whether he is the sort of man to bear prosperity in a reasonable frame of mind or whether he can show calmness in adversity. I have always detected in him a certain indomitableness of character he is a man not to be bent! he must be broken! therefore before he has time to gather up his strength or prepare for opposition he must be sought out at once lest indeed he should seek to find me in a state of unpreparedness— Either he will kill me or he will perish by my hand the crime is so finely balanced between us that he will win who is the foremost in its perpetration!

GU Surely no murmurings—no false rumours amongst thy subjects is disturbing thy peace of mind

ATR The chief charm of a kingdom amounts to this that the subjects of the master are compelled rather to do the bidding of their ruler than to be called upon necessarily to applaud their deeds!

GU The fear which compels others to praise thee only makes such fear more hostile (in its character) but he who seeks the glory arising out of genuine applause must be willing to be luded in spirit rather than in vocal demonstrativeness

ATR Genuine praise often falls to the lot of a humble man false flattery is a tribute paid only to the powerful. The law with kings is the people must be willing to do what they do not regard with satisfaction

GU When a king wishes for nothing but what is just no one desires anything more

ATR Wherever honesty is the only thing looked for in a king such a king's sceptre is in a very precarious state

GU Where there is no moderation no regard for the laws probity no religion and no confidence such a kingdom rests on a most unstable foundation

ATR Religion probity good faith are the attributes of their private possessors—kings say do and command just as they think proper

GU It is not right to injure anybody nor right even to dream of such a thing where a brother is concerned

ATR	Ius est in illo, quidquid in fratre est nefas	220
	Quid enim reliquit eumque intratum? aut ubi	
	Scelem pepercit? conjugem stupro abstulit,	
	Regnumque futo specimen antiquum imperii	
	Fraude est adeptus, fraude turbavit domum	
	Est Pelopis alius nobile in stabulis pecus,	225
	Arcanus arces, ducto opulenti gregis,	
	Cujus per omne corpus effuso comæ	
	Dependet auro, ejus e tergo novi	
	Aurati reges sceptrâ Tantalici gerunt,	
	Possessor hujus regnat hunc cuncta domus	230
	Fortuna sequitur tuta seposita sacer	
	In parte caput patet, quæ claudit hæris,	
	Iratæ sævo præcucum mureo tegens	
	Hunc, facinus ingens ausus, assumta in scelus	
	Consorte nostri perfidus thalamum veluit	235
	Hinc omne eladis mutæ fluxit malum	
	Per regna trepidus exsul eorum mea	
	Pars nulla generis tuta ab insidus varet	
	Corruptæ conjux, imperii quæssa est fides,	
	Domus ægra, dubius sanguis est certi nihil,	240
	Nisi fratris hostis quid stupes? tandem incipe,	
	Animoque fume Tantalum, & Pelopem aspice	
	Ad hæc manus exempla poseuntur meæ	
	Profare, durum quæ eripit matrem viri	
SAT	Ferro peremptus spiritum inimicum exspuat	245
ATR	De fine pœnæ loquens, ego pœnam volo	
	Perimat tyrannus lenis in regno meo	
	Mors impetratur SAT Nulla te pietas movet?	
ATR	Excede, pietas, (si modo nostræ in domo	
	Unquam fuit) dira Fururum cohors,	250
	Discorsque Erinnyes veniat, & geminis faces	
	Megæra quatiens non fatis magno meum	
	Ardet furore pectus impleri juvat	
	Majore monstro SAT Quid novi rabidus fluit?	

ATR Whatsoever has been unlawful in my brother towards me, is only justice on my part to recriminate. What has he left to be done, but what is already stamped with the seal of crime? or when has he spared crime? He has robbed me of my wife by his adultery, and stolen my kingdom (into the bargain). He has fraudulently possessed himself of the traditional emblem of our dynasty, and he has brought about endless disaster upon our royal house! There is in the royal mews of Pelops, a noble wool-bearing animal, a mysterious Ram, the bellwether of an illustrious flock, whose dense fleece hangs down over its entire body, and profusely loaded with gold, and from whose back the wool is taken, which adorns the golden sceptre, which every newly-appointed

king of the house of Tantalus dons when he ascends the throne. The possessor of this valuable heirloom is the man who rules the kingdom; the destinies of the house therefore are indissolubly connected with it. This sacred animal therefore in a spot set apart for that object is allowed to browse without molestation in a soft meadow which a stone wall shuts in protecting with its stony defence the feeding ground of this golden ram which directs the fate of the kingdom. My brother has been so daring in his unparalleled wickedness that he has perfidiously carried it away, my wife being accessory to this deed as well as being a partner in his guilt that of fouling my marriage bed! Hence every misfortune which has befallen me has been intermingled with the results of this terrible blow. Throughout my own kingdom I have tramped as a trembling outcast! Not a single part of that kingdom claims exemption from the traces of her insidious treatment! With a dishonored wife the strength of my authority crushed, my lineage impaired, my very offspring of doubtful paternity is there—can there be anything of which I can now be certain except that it is the hostility of Hyestes? Why then Atreus why shouldst thou hesitate as to what thou shouldst do. Begin at once inoculate thy mind with some of the temper of Tantalus and seek out Pelops as a fitting model for thy operations; they are properly requisitioned (in thy case). But say Atreus how wilt thou immolate that dreadful monster.

GU I suppose thou meanest that his death by the sword will be the only means of effectually rooting out finally and for ever his hostile spirit towards thyself.

ATR Thou wishest to speak of the mode of his punishment—death. I wish to discuss the punishment itself which I shall carry out. It is only a meek sort of king who merely kills in my kingdom; simple death is a luxury sought after!

GU Does no piety rule thy heart?

ATR Get away with thee! Religion indeed! If thou hast never been in our house thou shalt enter now! The dreadful troop of Furies—harsh Furies will be there and Megæra shaking in her hand torches doubled on my account. My breast does not sufficiently burn with the great rage within me; it would please me to be filled with greater monstrosities!

GU What new idea does thy infuriated mind present to thy thoughts?

- ATR Nil quod capiat affectu modum 255  
 Nullum relinquam facinus, & nullum est satis
- SAI Ferrum? ATR Parum est SAI Quid ignis? ATR Lignum  
 parum est
- SAI Quoniam ergo celo tritus utitur dolor?  
 ATR Ipso Ihyste SAR Major hoc ira est malum  
 ATR Fateor tumultus pectora attonitus quatit 260  
 Penitusque volvit raptor & quo nescio  
 Sed raptor imo mugit e fundo solum,  
 Tonat dies serenus, ac totis domus  
 Ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti hirc  
 Vertere vultum sibi hoc, sibi nescis 265
- Quod Diu timetis SAI Incere quid tandem paras?  
 ATR Nescio quid animus major & solito amplius,  
 Supraque fines moris humani timet  
 Instatque pigris manibus hirc quid sit scio  
 Sed grande quiddam est ira sit, hoc, anime occupat 170  
 Dignum est Ihyste facinus, & dignum Atreo  
 Uti que faciat vidit infandis domus  
 Odyssia mensas fateor, immo me est scelus  
 Sed occupatum major hoc aliquid dolor  
 Inveniet animum Daulis inspirata preens, 275  
 Sororque causa est similis assiste & manum  
 Impelle nostrum liberos avidus pater  
 Grudensque hceret, & suos artus edat  
 Bene est abunde est hic placet parva modus  
 Tantisper ubinam est? tam diu cur innocens 280  
 Versatur Atreus? tota iam ante oculos meos  
 Imago cædis errat, ingesta orbitas  
 In ora patris anime, quid rursus times?  
 Et ante rem subsidis? audendum est age  
 Quod est in isto sceleie precipuum nescis, 285

ATR Nothing, which takes the shape of ordinary hatred, I will leave no crime out of my calculations, and not one appears sufficient for me

GU There's the sword, thou knowest, the fashionable weapon!

ATR That is a miserable contrivance

GU What instrument of destruction, therefore, will thy anger allow thee to employ?

ATR Thyestes! Himself!

GU But that crime, would even be greater than any mere outburst of fury

ATR I confess thus much but the most unaccountable tumults convulse my soul, and reverse the very spirit

within me—I am carried away I know not whether but I am led on irresistibly<sup>1</sup> The very earth seems to groan from its lowest depths and although the day is ereen enough yet thunder is heard in the skies and my very abode cracks and creaks as if its roof were broken down and about to tumble upon me and my very household god in an excited state turn away their look from me but let my determination be carried out—let it if it be a crime be duly executed! What! Oh ye gods above! Are ye scared at my resolves?<sup>2</sup>

CU What then art thou ready to do ifter all?

ATU I know not exactly what impels my mind with

succeed but so far as I have dwelt upon it it appears to me a magnificent conception Come I shall think it over studiously the crime of Ihyestes is really deservin<sub>g</sub> of it and it does credit to the mind of Atreus Thus each of us will perform a part The palace of the Thracian King has been the scene of servin<sub>g</sub> up aforetime a most repulsive repast<sup>1</sup> I acknowledge frankly—it is a most rascally deed but it has been done before by others<sup>1</sup> But nevertheless my resentment must discover somethin<sub>g</sub> yet more severe Let me be inspired with resolution as an emulous imitator of that Daulian prototype Iro ne (of Iereus memory) and may that sister Ihusoinela assist me and encourag<sub>e</sub> my project as our cause is very similar (Atreus is seeking to imitate and to look up to Daulis as a child would to a parent and personifies Daulis as a parent<sup>1</sup>) A hungry father shall with a smiling face cut up into dainty morsels his own children and partake of them at his repast! This is well! This is a brilliant conception! For the present then this mode of punishing Ihyestes suits me exactly! But where am I?<sup>2</sup> But why does Atreus hesitate in his mind without promptly carrying out his designs? The entire picture of this contemplated carnage already flits across my vision! I can see in my mind's eye the very children of whom he has been deprived bein<sub>g</sub> devoured by their own father! Oh for this resolution of mine Why do I shrink back again from my task, and actually hang fire before the matter is taken in hand?<sup>2</sup> Let me take courage then the thing must be set about! And Ihyestes himself will carry out what will be the most abominable part of this criminal drama (eating his own offspring) What a parade of wholesale childlessness to exhibit before the eyes of a bereaved parent!

Hoc ipse faciet SAI Sed quibus captus dolis  
 Nostros dabit perductus in laqueos pedem-  
 Inimica credit cuncta AIR Non poterat capi  
 Nisi capere vellet regna nunc sperat mea  
 Hæc spe miranti fulmen occurret Jovi 290  
 Hæc spe subibit gurgitis tumidi murus  
 Dubiumque Lybææ Syrtis intrabit fratrum  
 Hæc spe quod esse maximum rectum malum  
 Fratrem videbit SAI Quis fidem pacis dabit-  
 Cui tanta credet AIR Credula est spes improba 295  
 Natus tamen mandata que patris ferat  
 Dabimus relicta exsul hospitibus regni  
 Regno ut miseris mutet atque Argos regat  
 Ex parte dominus, si nimis diuis præces  
 Spernet Ihyestes liberos ejus rudes 300  
 Malisque scissos gravibus, & faciles capi,  
 Præcommovebunt hunc vetus regni furor  
 Illinc egestas tristis, hinc domus labor  
 Quamvis rigentem tot malis subigent unum  
 SAI Jam tempus illi fecit ærumna leve 305  
 AIR Erras malorum sensus accrescit die  
 Leve est miseris serie perferre est grave  
 SAI Alios ministros consilii tristis lege  
 Pejora juvenes facile præcepta audunt  
 In patre facient, quidquid in patris docces 310  
 Sepe in magistrum scelera redierunt sua  
 AIR Ut nemo doceat fraudis & sceleris vias  
 Regnum docebit ne mali sint, times?  
 Nascuntur istud quod vocas frænum, asperum  
 Agique dire credis, & nimium impie 315  
 Fortasse & illic agitur SAI Hanc fraudem sciunt  
 Nati parari? AIR Træta tam rudibus fides  
 Non est in annis detegent forsam dolos  
 Træte multis discitur vite malis

GU But by what devices is he to be entrapped?  
 How will he be brought to wend his approach into our  
 toils? He will view everything with distrust!

AIR 'Tis true, he cannot be allured, unless he is willing  
 to be allured to serve his own purpose, but now, thou  
 knowest, he hopes to gain my kingdom from me, and  
 he is buoyed up with this desire. He would face the  
 threatening lightning of Jove himself, urged on by such  
 a hope,—he would brave the perils of the Libyan Syrtes,  
 or still further, what he would regard otherwise as the  
 direst of all earthly misfortunes, he would actually face  
 me, his brother!

GU Who will convey to him the flag of truce? Whom  
 will he trust, who promises such unlikely things?

ATR Wicked hope is generally credulous however we will send a message by my sons which they shall convey to their uncle to inquire whether he would not change his present condition of an outcast wandering from his own kingdom and from the miseries of his deserted home and reign as ruler in part over Argos If Hyestes himself obdurately spurns their entreaties these representations will encourage his clownish sons worn out by their grievous sufferings and they will be more easy to be cajoled! Whereupon his insane desire to rule again will prevail over everything for there must be where he is sad privation and hence great distress although these latter alone would suffice to tame down an ordinary mind unhardened by so much wickedness!

CL I have surely has enabled him to bear his troubles with some sort of resignation!

ATR Thou art mistaken he feels his sufferings increase in duty it is easy I admit to bear misery but to have to look forward to nothing else is much worse!

CV Do select other instruments for this woeful project than thy own sons young people give too ready an ear to worse counsels probably they may act as regards thee their father just in the same way as thou art instructing them to act towards an uncle so often is it that one's evil deeds recoil upon the authors thereof!

ATR When any one is unable to understand the ins and outs of frauds and crimes he that rules can very soon enlighten him Dost thou feel alarmed lest men should be made wicked? Nonsense! It is born in them! I know what thou thinkest of me—that I am cruel harsh and desirous that everything should savor of severity and thus done sometimes with too little reverence for the gods but the chances are that at this very moment Hyestes is getting up some plot against me!

GV Will not thy sons soon detect that thy plan is nothing but a fraud besides thou canst not expect, at their tender age that any secret will be indulged perhaps they might pretend that they were not being deceived To learn the full value of silence is only learned sometimes after fighting with evils and misfortunes arising out of the too free use of the tongue! and canst thou really suppose that thou canst hoodwink those whom thou simply employest to deceive others? Whether they do not often act quite opposite to thy views as regards being wilful accomplices in thy crimes and thy guilt!



SAT Ipsosue, per quos fallere alium cogita Palles, ut ipsi crimine & culpa vacent	320
ATR Quid enim est necesse liberos secleri meo Inferere per nos odia se nostri explerent Male regis recedis anime si patris tuis Parecs & illi consili Agamemnon mei	325
Sciens ministeriis sit, & patri sciens Menelaus adsit prolis incerte fides Ex hoc petatum seclere bella abnuunt Et gerere nolunt odia si patrum vocant, Pater est ceterum multa sed tepidus solet	330
Detegere vulnus, magna nolentem quoque Consilia produnt miserant quibus rei Fiant ministeriis nostra tu capta occule	
SAT Haud sum monendus ista nostris in pectore Fides innoque sed magis claudet fides	335

## CHORUS

A dissidiis fratrum qui ad tempus minus compositis sumpta  
occasione, Chorus regum ambitionem trahit quis vere  
rex sit docet utrum demum latentem collaudat

<b>T</b> ANDIM regis uobilis Antiqui genus Inachi, Fratrum composuit minus Quis vos exagitat finoi, Alterius dare sanguinem,	340
Et sceptrum sceleie aggredi Nescitis cupidi uicium, Regnum quo iaceat loco Regem non faciunt opes, Non vestis Tyre color,	345
Non frontis nota regie, Non uiso nitidæ fores Rex est, qui posuit metus, Et diu mala peccatoris Quem non ambitio impotens,	350
Et nunquam stabilis favor Vulgi præcipitis movet Non quidquid fodit Occidens, Aut unda Tigrus aurea	

ATR Why is it even necessary to mix up my children with this wickedness? Cannot my hatred work out its ends through my own agency? Thou art playing me false, soul of mine, thou art flinching—if thou sparest thy children, thou art sparing thyself! And Agamemnon shall know of, and be an instrument in, my scheme, and Mene

lans too shall be at his father's commands and be made acquainted with my project! Out of all this proposed combination of wickedness too my notion of mine respectin<sub>g</sub> the uncertainty of their birth (as to legitimacy) will be cleared up if they refuse to advocate war and are willing to endorse and carry out my hatred if they speak of me as Uncle then Thyestes is their father! Let us go on but a troubled countenance is apt to betray the secrets of the mind and will lay bare my unwillingness they may entertain to join in the execution of projects of such importance! Let them therefore be in ignorance of the nature of the enterprise in which they will be co-operators and let me conceal my real intentions!

(U) This advice is superfluous to me as thou must be aware. Thou knowest that thou possessest my fidelity and my only apprehensions are entirely as regards thy interests! But my fidelity above all will suffice to bury thy secrets in my innermost bosom!

### CHORUS

An opportunity is taken advantage of and is drawn from the feud between the brothers who keep down their anger for a time when the Chorus reproves the ambition of rulers and points out what a true king should be and lastly sings in praise of the amenities of a retired life

AT length the noble house of Inachus that ancient lineage has seen the rancorous feud of the brothers calmed down what fury agitates thy breasts that thou shouldst have carried on such mutual carnage merely to gain a sceptre wading to it in crime! Thou art ignorant. Thou who art greedy of attainment, power of what does a kingdom really consist? Riches do not constitute a king nor gaudy vestments dyed with Tyrian hues nor the blazing crown on a royal head nor gorgeous ceilings (of a palace) shining with their rich gilding. That man though is a king who assuages all those fears (and suspicions) so common with rulers and drives forth from his mind all his own evil passions whom weak ambition fails to inflame and of the unthinking herd does not what is due out of the earth or what the golden waters of the Tagus yield from its

Clivo devehit alveo	355
Non quidquid Labyris terit	
Fervens arer messibus	
Quem non concutiet ardens	
Obliqui ira fulminis	
Non Eurus raptiens mare	360
Aut furo rabidus fredo	
Ventosi tumori Adire	
Quem non lancea militis	
Non strictus domuit clavibus	
Qui tuto positus loco	365
Intra se videt omnia	
Occurritque suo libens	
Fato nec queritur mori	
Reges convolvunt licet,	
Qui spiratos agitant Danais	370
Qui rubri vadit litonis	
Et gemmis mare lucidum	
Late sanguineum tenent	
Aut qui Caspiorum fortibus	
Recludunt jugum Sarmatis	375
Certet, Danubii vadum	
Audet qui pedes ingredi	
At quocunque loco preceat	
Seres velleit nobiles,	
Mens regnum bona possidet	380
Nil ullis opus est equis,	
Nil armis, & meritis	
Telis, quæ procul ingerit	
Parthus, cum simulat fugas	
Admotis nihil est opus	385
Urbes sternere machinis,	
Longe saxa rotantibus	
Rex est, qui metuit nihil	
Rex est, qui cupiet nihil	
Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat	390
Stet, quicunque volet, potens	
Aulæ culmine lubrico	
Me dulcis futuriæ quies	
Obscurio positus loco,	
Leni perfruar otio	395
Nullis nota Quiritibus	
Ætas per tacitum fluat	
Sic cum transferint mei	
Nulla cum strepitu dies,	
Plebeius moritur senex	400
Illi mors gravis incubat,	
Qui notus nimis omnibus,	
Ignotus moritur sibi	

auriferous sands and who covets not all the abundant grain of the Libyan harvests threshed out on the heated floors (made warm by the continued trampling of the oxen used for that purpose) That man whom a passing flash of lightning seen at a distance would not drive out of his wits nor the sea disturbed by easterly gales nor the swelling waves which suddenly break forth in the dangerous straits of the stormy Adriatic Whom the lance of the furious soldier nor the drawn sword has not held in pusillanimous subjection who placed on a secure throne watches everything beneath him with serenity and willingly bows to his lot nor needs not to desire death! (as a relief to his earthly troubles) Let kings join themselves in vain against such a man! Those who lead the wandering Dæi those who hold in subjection the borders of the Red Sea and the sea in many places looking red as it were with bright gems nor those upon the Caspian mountain ridges at the approach of the brave Sarmatians and may they contend against him who with intrepid steps advance upon the glassy Danube (frozen) and wherever the Seres are found renowned for their particular thread (silk) they bring from that far off country—A king with a proper mind and disposition holds his kingdom securely—there is no need of armed horse men—no need of the sword and the darts which the Parthian shoots forth at a distance whilst he is pretending flight No need<sup>1</sup> of battering rams to lay cities in ruins nor for machines being employed in rolling on wards enormous rocks! He is a king who fears nothing—he is a king who desires nothing unjustly and this is the sort of royalty which he bestows upon himself! Any man who likes can reign powerful often with a tottering roof to his palace! May sweet tranquillity satisfy us and pitched in some obscure nook let us enjoy thoroughly our luxurious ease! Let our lives glide along silently our very existence not known to the Quirites (Citizens) so that when our days have passed away undisturbed by the carking cares of life we shall die like any other old individuals ignored and uncared for! Death lies heavily on the man who dies unknown by himself but too much known by the rest of mankind!

## ACTUS TERTIUS

THYESTES PLISTHENES  
TANTALUS junior & } Mutæ personæ  
FRATER æreus }

Thyesti fratre Atreo per filios Atrei revocato redeuntique in patriam non sine dispendio ac mente malum presagiente revertendi fiduciam addunt filii sui

**O**PTATA patriæ tectâ & Argolicas opes  
Miserisque summum ac maximum exsulibus bonum 405  
Tactum soli natalis & patrios Deos  
(Si sunt tamen Divi) cerno Cyclopium sacras  
Turres labore majus humano decus  
Celebrata juveni stadia, per quæ nobilis  
Palmam paterno non semel curru tuli 410  
Occurret Argos populus occurret frequens  
Sed nempe & Atreus repete silvestres fugis  
Saltusque densos potius & mixtam feris  
Similemque vitam clarus hic regni nitor  
Fulgore non est quod oculos falso auferat 415  
Cum quod datur spectabis & dentem aspice  
Modo inter illa, quæ putant cuncti aspera.  
Fortis fui læusque nunc contra in metus  
Revolvor animus hæret, ac retro cupit  
Corpus reterre moveo nolentem gradum 420  
PLIST Pigro (quid hoc est?) genitor incesso stupet.  
Vultumque versat, seque in incerto tenet  
THY Quid, anime pendes? quidve consilium diu  
Tam facile torques? rebus incertissimis  
Fratri atque regno credis? ac metuis mala 425  
Jam victa jam mansuetis? & æumnas fugis  
Bene collocatas? esse jam miserum juveni  
Reflecte gressum dum licet, teque eripe  
PLIST Quæ causa cogit, genitor et patria gradum  
Referre visa? cur bonis tantis sinum 430  
Subducis? ira frater abjecta revit  
Partemque regni reddit & lacere domus  
Componit artus teque restituit tibi

## ACT III

THYESTES — PLISTHENES

TANTALUS, (the younger), and the 1 *Mutæ*  
third brother } *Personages*

Thyestes being recalled by his brother Atreus through his sons returns to his country, not, however without distrust, and a mind foreshadowing disaster—his sons are tendered as hostages, that he will so return

## HIVESTIS

Oh! welcome habitations of my native land and chivalrous Argos! at last I see you again and what is the greatest and most deeply felt boon to a miserable exile I feel the contact of my natal soil and the God of my Father (if my eyes see in the present time) the sacred towers of the Cyclopes—glorious structure which never could have been built by ordinary human agency. The race course so celebrated when I was young on which I have more than once honorably earned the palm of victory in the paternal home. All Argos will be out to meet me and the crowding populace will rush to see me but Ares will be with them! Ah! let me seek the wood again which ever at least I retreat to the dense forests of the wild beasts. It is not this dazzling splendour of a kingdom that can entirely blink my vision to the silences of its brightness when I look around at what is given to me and when I behold the donor. I have usually had a courageous heart and I have felt joyful to a great degree even when mixed up with many things that every one else would regard as rough in the extreme. Now quite the contrary my mind is in a whirl of dread and my very soul recoils and I wish to take myself back again. I even move along with an unwilling step!

PLIS What is the father mine thou art filtering with thy gut feeble withal? Thou shiftest thy face about perplexedly and seemest quite distrustful of thyself!

THY Oh! My soul! Why am I wavering? Why should I torture myself so long about a matter which is simple. But yet can I place any confidence in matters teeming with uncertainties my brother and the kingdom. Do I still fear evils which are already overcoming and I already tamed down? And shall I fly from troubles which have been removed. Does it not suit my inclination to be miserable now? Let me turn back my steps whilst I can snatch myself away!

PLIS What reason father mine compels thee to turn back from thy country only just visited again? Why dost thou withdraw thy heart aside thou art returning as a brother and receiving a part of the kingdom and to set in order the distracting elements of the dynasty, and thy brother gives thee to thyself again so to speak!



THY Yes! When I am on the death roll!

PLIS Thy power as a king will be omnipotent

THY None at all to one to whom it is a matter of indifference

PLIS Thou canst transmit it to thy sons

THY A throne only requires one occupant

PLIS He who thinks he cannot be happy would prefer to be wretched than dost thou mean?

THY I rely on the grand things only tickle the imagination under the assumed proportions of imposingness. Poverty after all is not so distressing as it is represented when I sit on

feared  
Oh! w!

as they come—for a man to enjoy his food in security even when lying on the ground! Great crimes do not usually abound in the humble cot and one's food is appreciated and although served on a small table there is security with it. Poison is drunk out of the golden goblet! I speak from experience it is a more acceptable choice to prefer an indifferent lot—before a favorable one uncertain in its duration. The humble low lying hamlet exists in much greater serenity than the denizens of a mansion with all its majesty erected on the summit of some lofty mountain! Neither does the chaste ivory shine on the lofty ceilings for me nor does a watchful sentry mount guard to protect me during my slumber! I do not use entire fleets for the purpose of catching fish nor do I endeavour to keep the sea back by constructing piers or driving enormous piles. I do not fill my voracious stomach at the expense of the people. No hind is at my disposal beyond what the *Getæ* and *Parthians* make use of. I am not worshipped with incense nor are my altars adorned and Jupiter disregarded! No forest trees are planted on my elevated terraces waving to and fro nor many dried up lakes set on fire with great labor by the hand of man! I do not give up my entire day to sleep nor are my nights spent in protracted Bacchanalian carousals! But I am nevertheless free from inquietude my house is safe without defensive weapons and quiet of the most desirable kind extends to all the smaller details of my life! To be able to bear life contentedly without a kingdom represents to my mind a kingdom vast indeed!



PLISI	Nec abnuendum est, si dat imperium Deus	
IIIY	Nec appetendum PLISI Irater, ut regnes, rogat	
IIIIY	Rogat <sup>2</sup> timendum est errat hic aliquis dolus	
PLISI	Redire pietas, unde submotus est solet	
	Reparatque vires justus amissus amor	475
IIIIY	Amat Thyesten frater <sup>2</sup> utiareas prius	
	Perfundet Arcetos pontus, & Siculi raras	
	Consistet ætus undæ, & Ionio seges	
	Matura pelago suiget, & lucem dabit	
	Nos utra terris ante cum summis aquæ,	480
	Cum morte vitæ, cum mari ventus fidem	
	Fœdusque jungunt PLISI Quam tamen fraudum times <sup>2</sup>	
IIIIY	Omnem timori quem meo statum modum <sup>2</sup>	
	Tantum potest, quantum odit PLIST In te quid potest <sup>2</sup>	
THY	Pro me nihil iam metuo vos facitis mihi	485
	Atreæ timendum PLISI Decipi captus times <sup>2</sup>	
	Serum est cavendi tempus in medus malis	
IIHY	Eatur unum genitor hoc testor tamen,	
	Ego vos sequor, non duco PLIST Respiciet Deus	
	Bene cogitata perge non dubio gradu	490

ATREUS, THYESTES,  
TANTALUS F & } Mutæ persone  
TERTIUS frater }

Tacite sibi applaudit Atreus uretimum fratrem, cui obviam procedit,  
& simulata in gratiam reditione eum circumvenit

**P**LAGIS tenetur clusa dispositis seræ  
Et ipsum, & una generis invisi indolem  
Junctam puenti cerno iam tuto in loco  
Versantur odia venit in nostras manus  
Tandem Thyestes, venit, & totus quidem

495

PLIS But we should not decline to accept it, if a deity bestows it on us

THY Nor does it become us, to hanker after it

PLIS Thy brother invites thee to reign

THY But why does he so ask<sup>2</sup> that is the very reason I fear, some snare is mixed up with this!

PLIS Fraternal love often returns when it has only disappeared for a time, and an affection of this natural character soon makes up for former defection

THY Will Atreus ever love Thyestes again? I think it is more likely that the Polar stars will swoop down from the heavens and hide themselves in the broad ocean depths or that the impetuous waters of the Sicilian straits should calm down suddenly or the growing corn to ripen submerged in the Ionian seas. One would rather expect to see sombre *Nox* lighting up the Earth instead of *Phœbus* or to see water mixing kindly with fire. Life itself fraternizing amicably cheek by jowl with bitter *Mors* or for the winds to enter into some anomalous arrangement and treaty of peace with the ocean waves!

PLIS What fraud then dost thou fear?

THY Every fear in fact what bounds can I set on my fear? As great as is his power so is his hatred of me!

PLIS What can he do to thee?

THY For myself I entertain no fears thou art the object of my fears as regards Atreus!

PLIS Dost thou fear being taken prisoner? It is somewhat slow work to begin to fear mischief only when danger is far advanced.

THY Let things take their course let us go! At least my son I pledge my confidence in this idea by saying I follow thee but I am not leading thee to this business!

PLIS May the Gods bless thee for having decided so considerably. Come on father mine and advance with the step of confidence.

### ATREUS—THYESTES—PLISTHENES

TANTALUS SON	} <i>Mute personages</i>
and the	
THIRD BROTHER	

### ATREUS

LIKE some wild beast Thyestes is at last in my power entangled by the toils that have been laid for his capture and as I behold him side by side with his hateful offspring I detect the look of the parent clearly reproduced in the physiognomies of the sons. Now my revenge must be planned in a safe manner at last Thyestes has fallen into my hands and not only does he

Vix tempero animo, vix dolor frenos capit  
 Sic, cum feras vestigat, & longo sagax  
 Loto tenetur Umber, ac presso vias  
 Scrutator ore, dum procul lento fuem  
 Odore sentit, paret, & tacito locum 500  
 Rostro pererrat præda cum propior fuit,  
 Cervice tota pugnat, & gemitu vocat  
 Dominum motantem, seque retinenti eripit  
 Cum spirat uia sanguinem, nescit tegi  
 Tamen tegatui aspice, ut multo gravis 505  
 Squallote vultus obiuat mœstos comæ  
 Quam fæda jaceat barba præstatui fides  
 Fratrem iuvat videre complexus mihi  
 Redde expetitos quidquid uaium fuit,  
 Transierit ex hoc sanguis ac pietas die 510  
 Colantur animis odia damnata excidant  
 THY Diluere possem cuncta, nisi talis fores  
 Sed fateor, Atieui, fateor, admisi omnia  
 Quæ credidisti pessimam causam meam  
 Hodierna pietas fecit est priorus nocens, 515  
 Quicumque visus tam bono fratri est nocens  
 Lacrimis agendum est supplicem primus vides  
 Hæ te precantui pedibus intrictæ manus  
 Ponatur omnis ira, & ex animo tumor  
 Erasus abeat obsides fidei accipe 520  
 Hos innocentes ATR Frater, a genubus manus  
 Aufer, meosque potius amplexus pete  
 Vos quoque, senum præsidia tot juvenes, meo  
 Pendete collo, squalidam vestem eue,  
 Oculisque nostris parce, & ornatus cape 525  
 Pares meis, letusque fraterni impell  
 Capesse partem major hæc laus est mea,  
 Fratri paternum reddere incolumi decus  
 Habere regnum, casus est virtus, dare  
 THY Du paria, frater, pretia pio tantis tibi 530  
 Meritis rependant regiam capitis notam

appear, but his sons too, a regular family party! I can scarcely preserve my equanimity, and it is with great difficulty, that I can keep my anger in subjugation! Just as when the blood-hound is on the track, and is then being held in by a leather strap, at the same time that he is following up that track, with his nose pressing the ground, and is obedient, whilst he is detecting the boar's whereabouts with a feeble scent at a distance only, and wanders here, wanders there silently, but when his quarry draws nearer, he strains away at the collar, and sets up a loud bark, as if he would remind his master of his being kept back, and forthwith breaks away from the hand that held him! So when an angry man has made

up his mind to spill the blood of an enemy he knows not how to dissemble his intentions but however in my particular case they must be effectually concealed' (Aside) Behold Thyestes! how his locks covered with dirt hide up that woeful countenance of his—how hideous too his beard appears! (Approaching) Let our mutual oaths Thyestes be respected It delights me to see thee brother mine Come give me the long desired embrace whatsoever ill feeling has existed between us henceforth let bye-gones be bye-gones! From this day forth let the love of kindred and bonds of fraternal friendship be for ever cultivated by both of us Let any lingering ill will be dismissed from our minds as too odious to be countenanced

THY I could explain away everything satisfactorily even if thou didst not meet me in the kind spirit thou art now showing But I do confess Atreus I must confess the truth of everything thou hast given me credit for This day's noble conduct on thy part has only aggravated my offences in my own eyes—That man would be hopelessly bad who could feel anything but amicably towards a brother who has evinced towards me so much consideration—I really cannot refrain from shedding tears! First thou must regard me as thy suppliant and with these hands I now embrace thee on bended knees knees that have never genuflected to mortal man before—I let all traces of animosity be rooted out—let all uprisings of anger be kindled for ever here Atreus receive these sons of mine as hostages of my good faith and sincerity!

ATR Brother mine remove thy hands from my knees seek rather the brotherly embrace, and you so many youths (addressing the sons) as the natural guardians of our advancing years hang down with your arms round my neck! Remove thy squalid apparel Thyestes and spare me the pain of beholding them any more and put on these they are identical with those I am wearing myself and take likewise as a joyful pleasure to me half of the kingdom with them! The preponderance of glory in this matter is certainly in my favor the honor indeed of restoring a kingdom to a brother who has returned to me in safety from cruel exile To hold a kingdom is a matter of chance but to give one an act of virtue!

THY Oh may the Gods reward thee with similar benefits oh! my brother! to those which thou art now so lavishly showering down upon me but do let my present squalor decline to exchange itself for that diadem with which

Squallor ıceusat noster & sceptrum manus  
 Infausta refugit, hecat in media mihi  
 Latere tınba ATR Recipit hoc regnum duos  
 IHY Meum esse eredo, quidquid est frater tuum 535  
 ATR Quis influentis dona fortunę abıııt  
 IHY Expertus est quıenıque quam facile effluat  
 ANR Fratrem potiri glorię ingenti vıas  
 THY Iur jam peracta glorię est restat mea  
 Respucie certum est regur consilium mihi 540  
 ATR Meram relinquam nisi turam partem recipis  
 THY Accipio regni nomen impositi seram  
 Sed iura & arma seruient mecum tibi  
 ATR Imposita capiti vinela venerando gere  
 Ego destinatis victimis Supercis dabo 545

## CHORUS

Inserviens actui pręcedenti Chorus Atrę collaudat pietatem,  
 quę similitates & dissidia fratrum composuit non  
 secus ac serenitıs tempestatem secuta

CRĘDAT hoc quisquam? serus ille & acer,  
 Nec potens mentis, truculentus Atręus,  
 Fratris aspectu stupefactus hęc sit  
 Nulla vis maior pietate vera est  
 Jurgıa externis inimica durant, 550  
 Quos amor verus tenuit, tenebit,  
 Ira cum magnis igitur causis  
 Gratiam rupit, cecinitque bellum,  
 Cum leves frenis fonuere turmę,  
 Fulsit hinc illinc agıtatus ensis, 555  
 Quem movet crebro furibundus ıctü  
 Sanguinem Mavois cupiens recentem,  
 Opprimit ferrum, manibusque junctis  
 Ducit ad pacem pietas negıntes  
 Otium tanto subitum e tumultu 560  
 Quis Deus fecit? modo per Mycenę

thou art now proposing to dignify my head, and permit  
 these unlucky hands of mine to be excused the task of  
 carrying the sceptre! Let me rather go and hide myself  
 away, amongst the busy crowd of mankind!

ATR The kingdom is large enough for two

IHY What brother! am I to be made to believe that  
 to be mine which I know so well to be thine?

ATR Why dost thou refuse the gifts of Fortune as  
 they come to thee?

THY Whoever has had any experiences in such matters must know how easily they may be lost to one!

ATR Dost thou stand in my way then brother mine of gaining for myself great glory

THY Thy glory has already been acquired it is mine that is waiting to be arrived at but my own resolution is made up—namely to refuse the crown!

ATR I will give mine up altogether unless thou wilt accept a share

THY I agree I will bear the title of king which thou hast granted me but thou shalt have authority over my subjects my armies and myself

ATR Place on thy venerable head the diadem which awaits to be placed there—I will offer to the Gods the victims which I have promised them!

### CHORUS

The Chorus is entering into the spirit of the preceding act praises the fraternal affection of Atreus which has put aside the hatred and differences between the brothers in much such a way as the calm which follows the storm serves to illustrate

WHO would credit it? Here is Atreus that fierce cruel relentless man actually loses his presence of mind and appears perfectly dazed at the sight of his brother! Nothing after all is stronger than the affection arising out of blood relationship—whilst feuds carried on by those who are aliens in blood only grow more inveterate by time! When anger brought about by grievous events caused the rupture between these brothers the cry of war was heard! When the skirmish light horsemen were on the move amidst much clamping of bits here there everywhere the naked sword flashed as it was flourished about by ardent warriors whom fierce Mars urges on as with repeated onslaught the rival combatants seek out for fresh slaughter At length fraternal affection puts aside the sword of revenge and draws them together a hostile!—Now brought about Only quite late out Mycenæ in the heat of civil war—late distracted

Armæ civilis crepuere belli  
 Pallidæ natos tenuere matres,  
 Uxor armato timuit marito,  
 Cum manum invitus sequeretur ensis, 565  
 Sordibus pacis vitio quietæ  
 Ille labentes renovare muros,  
 Hic situ quassas stabilire turres,  
 Ferreis portas cohibere claustris  
 Ille certabat, pavidusque pinnis 570  
 Anxiæ noctis vigil incubabat  
 Pejori est bello timor ipse belli  
 Jam minæ sævi cecidere ferri,  
 Jam filet murmur grave clafficorum,  
 Jam tacet stridor litui strepentis, 575  
 Alta pax urbî recovata lætæ est  
 Sic ubi ex alto timuere fluctus,  
 Brutum Coro feriente pontum,  
 Scylla pulsatis refonat cavernis,  
 Ac mare in portu timuere nautæ,  
 Quod rapax haustum ievomit Charybdis,  
 Et feus Cyclops metuit parentem  
 Rupe ferventis residens in Ætnæ,  
 Ne superfusus violetur undis  
 Ignis æternis refonans caminis, 585  
 Et putat mergi sua posse pauperi  
 Regne Laertes, Ithaca tremente  
 Si fure ventis cecidere vires,  
 Mitius stagno pelagus recumbit,  
 Altra quæ navis timuit fecare 590  
 Hunc & hinc fufis spruosa velis,  
 Strata ludenti patuere cymbæ  
 Et vacat meifos numerare pisces,  
 Hic ubi ingenti modo sub procella  
 Cyclades pontum timuere motu 595  
 Nulla fors longa est dolor ac voluptas  
 Invicem cedunt brevior voluptas  
 Ima permutat levis hora summis  
 Ille, qui donat diadema fronti,  
 Quem genu nive tremuere gentes, 600  
 Cujus ad nutum posuere bella  
 Medus, & Phœbi propioris Indus,  
 Et Dæe Parthus equitem minati,  
 Anxius sceptrum tenet, & moventes  
 Cuncta divinat metuitque casus 605  
 Mobiles rerum, dubiumque tempus  
 Vos, quibus rector maris atque terræ  
 Jus dedit magnum necis atque vitæ,

mothers pressed their babes to their bosoms—wives went in fear for the fate of their husbands, armed for the fray, whilst the sword was held by a regretful hand, (and

which before being taken up) had become rusty from long disuse in the preceding times of peace! Now the whilom warrior on one side seeks to repair the ruined city now the warrior of the opposite faction is busy in rehabilitating the shattered towers and who quite lately, endeavoured to fortify his portals with iron bars and in a state of trepidation behind the niched battlements as the sentinel watched during the anxious hours of night! Thus the fear of war is sometimes more terrifying than the actual battle. Now the terrors of the sword have passed away and the sound of the shrill war trumpet is silenced and profound peace is restored to the rejoicing city of Mycenæ! So where the North West wind blows violently over the sea of Apulia the waves swell up from the lowest depths and Scylla emits a roaring response as they beat in upon the caverns and the scorners dread the seas in their very ports which the angry Charybdis receives and ejects again with terrible force—and the fierce Cyclops who inhabits the mountains of Ætna dreads his parents approach (Neptune) lest his forges the fire with its noisy wrath in those everlasting flames should be extinguished by the seas pouring down upon them and Laertes of mean resources every moment thinks that his little kingdom will be swallowed by the watery element whilst Ithaca trembles too lest the violence of the sea should overcome its powers of resistance whilst the waters surrounding it rest as quiet as a mill pond at ordinary times in the main seas whose waves the vessel fears to cut through with its sails set the smaller boats sail about plyfully when the sea has calmed down and it is possible to count the very fish swimming about here where not long ago the Cycloides tremblingly feared the sea when a terrific storm a storm of unusual violence raged around them! No condition of matter rests long in the same state even pain and pleasure visit us by turns inconstant Fortune changes the venue from the most lofty situation and substitutes one very much lower He that graces his head with the diadem and before whom the peoples tremble on bended knees at whose nod the Mede lays down his arms and the Indian a nearer neighbour of Phœbus (more easterly) and the Daci terrified at the Iarthian horsemen with anxious fear that the king holds the sceptre and he fore shadows all things and learns to dread the shifting and capricious tides of precarious Fortune and the uncertainty with which they arrive Thou therefore to whom the ruler of the sea and earth has given the power of deciding life or death hide away thy proud and inflated air whatever an inferior fears at thy hands thy superior



Ponite infatos tumidosque vultus  
 Quidquid a vobis minor extimescit 610  
 Major hoc vobis dominus minatur  
 Omne sub regno gravioie regnum est  
 Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,  
 Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem  
 Nemo confidit nimium secundis, 615  
 Nemo desperet meliora lapsis  
 Miscet hæc illis, prohibetque Clotho  
 Stare fortunam rotat omne fatum  
 Nemo tamen Divos habuit faventis,  
 Crastinum ut possit sibi polliceri 620  
 Res Deus nostras celeri citatas  
 Turbine versat

## ACTUS QUARTUS

### NUNTIUS, CHORUS

Crudele Atrei facinus & epulas nefandas, in quibus apponebantur  
 Ilyestæ sui liberi, digna, quæ ex oculis spectatorum sublata  
 intus gererentur, narrat nuntius facundia præfens,

NUNTI **Q**UIS me per iuras turbo præcipitem vehet,  
 Atque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas  
 Eripit oculis? o domus, Pelopi quoque 625  
 Et Tantalo pudenda CHOR Quid potas novi?  
 NUNTI Quenam ista regio est, Argos & Sperie pios  
 Sortita fruges? & maïs gemini premens  
 Fruces Corinthos? an feris Istei sugrum  
 Præbens Almis? an sub æternæ nive 630  
 Hæcæna tellus? an vici passim Scythæ?  
 Quis hic nefandi est consensus monstri locus?  
 CHOR Effrue & istud pande, quodcumque est malum  
 NUNTI Si steterit animus, si metu corpus iugens  
 Remittet virtus hæret in vultu truci 635  
 Imago facti ferte me infamæ procul  
 Illo procellæ, ferte, quo fertur dies

acting as thy master, threatens thee Every kingdom must  
 yield to one of greater power, and the man thou seest  
 proud and tyrannical at the early part of the day, may  
 be seen at night subdued and laid low Let no man  
 crow too much in his prosperity, let no one give way too  
 much in his adversity, let him take things as they occur,

thankfully Clotho forbids by virtue of her calling anything to stand still she is constantly rotating the fate of every mortal No one has ever yet found the Gods so propitious that he can with certainty promise himself anything as for to morrow The God that rules all things from his rapidly rotating wheel rolls forth our destinies exactly as they are pre ordered!

## ACT IV

### MESSENGER—CHORUS

A Messenger who was present reports the cruel deed of Atreus and how his own children were served up to Thyestes at the wicked feast and eloquently describes those matters which were very properly concealed from the eyes of spectators within the house

#### MESSENGER

**W**HAT whirlwind will transport me headlong into the air and envelop me in some sombre cloud that my vision may be spared to witness such revolting crimes Oh! The Dynasty! at which Ielops and Tantalus even would be abashed!

**CHOR** What news dost thou bring?

**MESS** In what region of the Earth am I? Is it Argos or is it Sparta the country of these two affectionate brothers? Or is it Corinth whose straits are between two seas? Or is it on the borders of the Danube which favors the savage Alani? Or the land of Hyrcania with its eternal snows Or am I amongst the wandering Scythians Or what place can it be that is the scene of wickedness too horrible to be mentioned?

**CHOR** Speak out man and tell us what the wickedness is whatever it may be

**MESS** I will when I can collect my mental faculties my mind is in a sort of standstill and when my stiffened limbs concealed with horror begin to thaw! The sight of the dreadful deed is still before my eyes! Oh! Wild hurricanes transport me far far from such a scene of horror! Let me be conveyed somewhere unvisited by the light of day!

Hinc raptus CHOR Animos gravius incertos tenes  
 Quid sit, quod horres, ede, & auctorem indica  
 Non quæro, quis sit, sed uter effræe ocuis 640  
 NUNT In arce summa Pelopææ pais est domus  
 Conversa ad Austros, cujus extremum latus  
 Æquale monti crescit, atque urbem premit,  
 Et contumacem regibus populum suis  
 Habet sub ictu fulget hic turbæ capax 645  
 Immæne tectum, cujus auratas trabes  
 Virius columnæ nobiles maculis feriunt  
 Post ista vulgo nota, quæ populi colunt,  
 In multa dives spatia discedit domus  
 Aicanæ in imo regio secessu patet, 650  
 Alta vetustum valle compescens nemus,  
 Penetræ regni nulla qua lætos solet  
 Præbere ramos arbor, aut ferro coli  
 Sed taxus, & cupressus, & nigra ilice  
 Obscuro nutat silva, quam supia eminens 655  
 Despectat alte queicis, & vincit nemus  
 Hinc auspicari regnæ Tantulidæ solent,  
 Hinc petere lapsis rebus & dubius opem,  
 Affixæ inhærent dona vocales tubæ,  
 Fractique currus, spolia Myrtoï maris, 660  
 Victæque falsis avibus pendent rotæ,  
 Et omne gentis facinus hoc Phrygius loco  
 Fivus tias Pelopis, hic præda hostium,  
 Et de triumpho pictæ barbarico chlamys  
 Fons stat sub umora tristis, & nigra piger 665  
 Hæret palude talis est dire Stygis  
 Desomnis undæ, que facit cælo fidem  
 Hic nocte cæca gemere feræles Deos,  
 Fama est cætenis lucus excussis sonat,  
 Ululantque Mænes Quiddid rudine est metus, 670  
 Illic videtur errat antiquis vetus  
 Emissa bustis turba, & insultant loco  
 Majori notis monstræ Quin tota solet  
 Micare strumma silva, & excelsæ trabes  
 Ardent sine igne sæpe hætuatu nemus 675  
 Tuno rcmugit sæpe simulacris domus  
 Attonitæ magnis nec dies fedat metum  
 Nov propriæ luco est, & superstitio inferum  
 In luce media regnat Hinc orantibus  
 Responsa dantur certæ, cum ingenti sono 680

CHOR Thou art keeping our minds, in considerable uncertainty which is very trying. What can it be? at what art thou in such a state of fright? Speak out, and tell us the cause—tell us the author of the crime! We do not ask thee simply, who did it, but which of the two brothers was it. Speak, man, speak quickly!

MESS There is on the highest fortress of the palace of Pelops a frontage having a southern aspect whose extreme side rises to a mountainous height almost and overlooks the holds the nables there volters below! In this palace is a huge saloon capable of holding large crowds of people (who flock thither for various purposes) where noble porphyry columns support the gilded roof behind these and quite open to the public who may assemble there the sumptuous palace is divided off into numerous departments but there is another hall the Sanctuary of the Palace which is visible only at the farthest end a mysterious retreat a time honored grove in a deep valley concealing it from the vulgar gaze, this is the royal sanctum where no trees afford their cheerful umbrage and where the pruning knife finds no employment!—but the yew the cypress and the obscure foliage rendered more so by the sombre flex wave listlessly at the undulations of the circumambient air upon all of which a lofty oak looks down from on high and rules the grove with its majestic imposingness Here the descendants of Tantalus repair to consult about their respective destinies—here to invoke aid when their affairs are in doubt or danger—Numerous spoils hang about sonorous trumpets broken chariots spoils and amongst them (an especial curio) the relics of that one fished out from the sea of Myrtilus and the disabled wheels are suspended from their treacherous axles—in fact traces of every phase of human wickedness In one place is seen the Phrygian Tiara of Pelops himself, in another the accumulated rapine taken from sundry conquered enemies—an embroidered cloak represented some triumph or other over some barbarian foe! A lugubrious fountain is observed under the shadow of this wood and the water remains steeped in a black marsh just such a marsh in appearance as the terror striking Styx which renders inviolable the oaths sworn to by the Gods It is reported here that the funereal deities set up their groans in the dead of the obscure night and the entire grove becomes convulsed with the clanking of chains and when the Manes commence their howlings! Whatever it is it is terrifying to hear but when it is brought into actual view a crowd of aged spectres emerging from their ancient tombs begin to wander about, and monsters of greater magnitude than any conception could picture leap about with mocking laughter! But suddenly the entire wood seems to burst into flames and the lofty trees look as if ignited but none

Lavantur adyto fata, & immugit specus Vocem Deo solvente Quo postquam fuitens Intravit Atrous, liberos firmitis trahens, Ornantur aere qui queat digne eloqui <sup>2</sup> Post terga juvenum nobiles ievocat manus,	685
Et maesta vitta capiti purpurea ligat Non thura defuncti, non frater Bacchi liquor Tangensve falsa victimam cultei mola Seivitur omnis ordo, ne tantum nefas Non vite fiat CHOR Quis manum ferro admovet <sup>2</sup>	690
NUNT Ipse est fraterdos ipse funesta prece Letale carmen ore violento canit Stat ipse ad aras ipse devotos neci Contractat, & componit, & ferro admovet Attendit ipse, nulla pars sacri perit	695
Lucus tremiscit toti succusso solo Nutavit aula, dubia, quo pondus daret, Ac fluctuantis similis e laevo aethere Atium cucurrit litem sidus trahens Libera in ignes vira mutato fluunt	700
Cruentis Baccho regium capiti decus Bis terque lapsum est, flevit in templis ebum Movere cunctos monstra sed solus sibi Immotus Atrous constat, atque ultro Deos Terret minantes jamque dimissa mora	705
Affluit vis, totum & obliquum intuens Iejuna silvis quibus in Gungeticis Inter juvenecos tigris erravit duos, Utriusque praedae cupidus, quo primos seriat Incertis morsus, flectit huc rictus suos,	710
Illo respicit, & fumem dubium tenet, Sic diuus Atrous capiti devota impre Speculatus ut quem prius tractet sibi, Dubitat, secunda deinde quem corde immolet Nec interist sed dubitat & ferum scelus	715

of the consuming results of positive ignition following that phenomenon—Oftentimes, the grove resounds with loud barking, as if coming from three throats simultaneously (Cerberus-like), and very often the palace is haunted with enormous and terrifying ghosts! Nor does the light of day, when it arrives, allay one's fright—for night is the peculiar feature of this grove, and superstitious alarms take a firm hold of the imagination, even in broad daylight! Here responses are given to earnest supplicants upon which they can depend, for from a wide entrance, with a loud sound the decrees are pronounced, and the cavern groans again, whilst the judicial Deity is delivering his sentence! Into this place we see furious Atrous enter, dragging with him the children of Thyestes, and

the altar is duly spread out with the sacrificial paraphernalia Oh! how can what I saw be adequately described? He then proceeds to bind the noble hands of the young princes behind their backs and he winds round their unfortunate heads a purple bandage (blindfolding them) And frankincense is not wanting nor the sacred liquor of Bacchus (wine) Nor is the sacrificial meal forgotten as the knife is applied to the victims—every formality is rigidly observed lest the enormity of the crime should be robbed of any of its ceremonial importance

CHOR Who applied the fatal sword what hand

MESS The presiding priest Atreus himself was there he chants forth some funereal hymn from his horrible larynx at the same time that he accompanies it with impious prayers He himself stands in front of the altar he alone manipulates upon those that are doomed for sacrifice arranges their position and applies the sword! He is in full presence and no minutiae of the wicked ceremony are omitted the grove trembles the palace totters with the shock that disturbs the earth and appears as if it were uncertain where it should deposit itself if condemned to fall On the left side of the heavens a star is seen shooting forth tracing its passage with a black streak—and the wine which is used so freely in the sacrifice mixes with the blood of the victims! and thus Bacchus is made to assume a new character! The regal diadem on the head of Atreus (the diadem) fell off two or three times the very ivory in the temples shed tears This monstrous deed moved the entire world convulsively but Atreus collected in his mind is alone true to himself and what is more actually terrifies the angry gods (with his audacity) and then without any delay he leaps upon the altar looking savage with his eyes rolling from side to side, and as the famished tiger of the jungle on the borders of the Ganges hesitates upon which of the two bulls he shall fasten whilst he longs only to seize them both at once but pauses as to which he shall insert his deadly fangs hither he bends his greedy jaws—thither he draws them back and actually holds aloof his voracity in this doubting mood! So dreadful Atreus speculates as to the victims which he has sacrificed to his impious wrath—He cannot make up his mind within himself as to which he shall immolate the first then he wonders whether he shall sacrifice the one intended for slaughter number one and substitute in its place that which he had marked as number two—not that it was a matter which concerned him much but only that he had doubted

Juvat ordinare CHOR Quem tamen ferro occupat<sup>2</sup>  
 NUNT Primus locus (ne deesse pietatem putes)  
 Avo dicatui, Tantalus prima hostia est  
 CHOR, Quo juvenis animo, quo tulit vultu necem<sup>2</sup>  
 NUNT Stetit sui securus, & non est preces 720  
 Perire frustra passus ast illi ferus  
 In vulnere enses abscondit, & penitus piemens  
 Jugulo manum commisit educto stetit  
 Ferro cadaver cumque dubitasset diu  
 Hac parte, an illa cideiet, in patrum credit 725  
 Tunc ille ad aras Plutem sævus trahit,  
 Adicitque fratri colla percussa amputat  
 Cervicæ cæsa truncus in pronum ruit  
 Querulum cucurrit murmure incerto caput  
 CHOR Quid deinde gemina cæde perfunctis fricit<sup>2</sup> 730  
 Puerone parcat, an scelus sceleri ingent<sup>2</sup>  
 NUNT Silva jubatus quibus Armenia leo  
 In cæde multa victor æmento incubat,  
 Cuiore rictus madidus, & pulsæ fame  
 Non ponit iras, hinc & hinc tauros premens 735  
 Vitulis minatur, dente jam lassio piger  
 Non aliter Atreus sævus, atque ira rumet,  
 Ferumque gemina cæde perfusum tenens,  
 Oblitus in quem rueret, infesta manu  
 Exegit ultra corpus ut pueri statim 740  
 Pectore receptus ensis, in tergo existit  
 Credit ille, & aras sanguine extinguens suo,  
 Per utrumque vulnus moritui CHOR O sævum scelus!  
 NUNT Exhorruistis<sup>2</sup> hæcenus sistat nefas,  
 Pius est CHOR An ultra magis aut atrocius 745  
 Natura recipit<sup>2</sup> NUNT Sceleris hunc finem putas<sup>2</sup>  
 Gridus est CHOR Quid ultra potuit<sup>2</sup> abjecit feris  
 Lanianda forsitan corpora, atque igne arcuit

and he felt a sort of pleasure in doing such an alarming deed with some regard to arrangement<sup>1</sup>

CHOR Which of the sons found occupation for the sword first<sup>2</sup>

MESS The first place was dedicated to the Grandfather, Tantalus (Thou dost not suppose that he was entirely wanting in family reverence) Tantalus was his first victim (because his name was Tantalus)

CHOR What was the demeanour of the youth<sup>2</sup> with what courage did he meet his death<sup>2</sup>

MISS He stood with great firmness, and confidence in himself, as if he were not willing that any entreaties he might make should pass unheeded, but Atreus, remorseless with pent up rage, seized with his hand the neck of his

victim and holding it tightly he stabbed him with the sword which he thrust into the wound as far as the hilt and when the weapon was withdrawn the body stood upright for several seconds as it were doubting for a long time whether it should fall here or there, it then fell upon the Uncle. Then with unabated wrath he drags Plisthenes towards the altar and places him by the side of his brother he severs his head from his body with a well directed blow—his headless trunk falls to the earth and the head gives forth something like a mumbling undefinable whispering!

CHOR What did he do after he had finished with this double slaughter? did he not spare one of the boys? Oh! What crime upon crime he has heaped up!

MESS As the maned lion of the Armenian forest contemplates with satisfaction his triumphs over the herds and flocks after much slaughter his jaws still dripping with their blood although his hunger is fully appeased does not lay aside his savage nature! From all sides he terrifies the bulls whilst he is chasing the calves although his teeth are tired out with their recent dental labors! Not unlike this Atreus maintains his rage at its maximum and fairly swells with his wrath and still holding his sword sprinkled with the blood of his nephews not knowing whither he was rushing—He evidently was thirsting with his cruel hand for another victim and darting upon the third son he forthwith stabbed him in the chest and the sword passing through his body emerged at the back—He fell and his blood extinguished the fire at the altar—he thus dies from his double wound! (wound at point of entry and that made by its exit)

CHOR Oh! What horrible wickedness!

MESS Why art thou so horrified if the crime rested at this point the piety of Atreus would have been an established fact?

CHOR Can human nature dost thou tell us devise anything more cruel or more atrocious (than what thou hast told us)

MESS Now dost thou suppose that what I have related is the finale of my story? it is only a link in the chain

CHOR What more could he do we ask perhaps it is that he has handed over the bodies to be devoured by the wild beasts and has deprived them of the ceremonial flames of the funeral pile (that is dishonoring their remains)



NUNT Utinam arcuisset, ne tegat functos humus  
 Ne solvat ignis! avibus epulandos licet 750  
 Ferisque triste pabulum fœvus trahat,  
 Votum est sub hoc, quod esse supplicium solet  
 Pater inséputos spectet o nullo scelus  
 Credibile in ævo quodque posteritas neget!  
 Erepta vivis exta pectoribus tremunt 755  
 Spirantque venæ, corque adhuc pavidum salt  
 At ille fibras tractat ac fata inspicit  
 Et adhuc calentes viscerum venas notat  
 Postquam hostiæ placuere, securus vacat  
 Jam fratris epulis ipse divisum secat 760  
 In membra corpus, amputat trunco tenus  
 Humeros patentes & lacertorum moras,  
 Denudat artus dirus atque ossa amputat  
 Tantum ora servat, & datas fidei manus  
 Hæc veribus hærent viscera, & lentis datæ 765  
 Stillant caminis illa flammatus latex,  
 Querente alieno jactat impositas dapes  
 Transluit ignis, inque trepidantes focos  
 Bis ter regeſtus, & pati jussus moram,  
 Invitus ardet stridet in veribus jecur 770  
 Nec facile dicam, corpora an flammæ magis  
 Gemuere piceus ignis in fumos abit  
 Et ipse fumus tristis, ac nebula gravis,  
 Non rectus exit seque in excelsum levans,  
 Ipsos penates nube deformi obsidet 775  
 O Phœbe patiens, fugeris retro licet,  
 Medioque ruptum merferis cœlo diem  
 Sero occidisti lincinat natos pater,  
 Artusque mandit ore funesto suos

MESS Oh! I wish that he had thus interposed his veto and had ordered that the earth should cover their remains and that fire should not destroy them! then it would have been possible that they would have been feasted on by the birds of prey, or have attracted the wild animals to the tristful repast! But the point desired to be arrived at in all this, was that what was always considered a great punishment, should now be allowed to transpire! (What pleasure to Atreus) that the father should gaze on the unburied remains of his sons! Oh! Atrocity not yet accredited, of any time, past or present, so bad indeed, that posterity will never believe it to have been done! The entrails quiver, they are torn out of the bodies, only just dead, and the muscular coat of the veins (arteries) still acts (with the blood oozing) and the hearts as yet only having been quivering (as the result of the first impression of fear) now give'a sudden leap! But Atreus carefully turns the entrails about, and seeking to invoke

the Fates, he examines critically for some clue as to what their divination might reveal he observes that those viscera are still retaining some amount of animal heat and soon after he satisfies his judgment that the sacrifices offered up were pleasing to the Deities and persuaded himself that the augury boded success and that the brothers' feast was now only anxiously waiting for the human remains to perform their part of the business! He then cut up the prominent parts from from the arms from connected them with

He strips off the flesh from the various limbs and chops up the different bones—he keeps back the heads however and those very hands which had once signalized their confidence in him (the handshake)! The viscera with some other portions hang on the spit and what escapes during the roasting drips slowly down from the stove—the remainder received into the hissing caldron (which seemed to utter tones of remonstrance at the monstrosity of the deed) is soon tossed about by the impetuosity of the boiling water—the fire in jerking flames leaped in disgust about the terrible feast which was placed above it and threw itself two or three times upon the trembling altars (but was kept down by the weight of the caldron) and being thus constrained temporarily by some inscrutable impulse to submit to such an interruption begins to burn again but in a very surly mood! (The Poet here

real truth, I cannot tell thee the sound which groined the more the bodies or the flames! The fire becoming as black as pitch passes off in dense fumes and the mournful smoke as a heavy cloud does not ascend but hovers around the altar and oppresses the Penates themselves with its abnormal blackness and density. O patient Phoebus it would have been merciful if thou hadst expunged this day out of the calendar of time and immured it unseen in the middle of the Heavens! Thou hast disappeared below the Horizon only too late! The father Thyestes carves up his own sons, served up on the platter and chews with a relish in his unfortunate mouth his own offspring. His appearance is smart with his locks extravagantly anointed with perfumed grease but he feels rather oppressed (qualmish) with the wine with which he has washed down his own flesh and blood!

Nitet fluente madidus unguento comam 780  
 Gravisque vino sicut preclusa cibum  
 Tenuere fruces in malis unum hoc tuis  
 Bonum est, Thyestes, quod mali ignoras tui  
 Sed & hoc peribit, verterit currus huius  
 Sibi ipse Itram obvium ducens iter 785  
 Lenebrisque frenus obruit tetrum novis  
 Nox missa ab ortu tempore alieno gravi  
 Tamen videndum est tota presentem mala

## CHORUS

Videns Chorus solem retrocedere obstupescit veritus ne dissolutio  
 mundi machina omnia in antiquum chaos recidant

**Q**uo terrarum superumque parens  
 Cujus ad ortus noctis operæ 790  
 Pæcis omne fugit quo vertis iter  
 Medioque diem perdis Olympo?  
 Cui, Phœbe, tuos rapis aspectus?  
 Nondum fere nuntius horum  
 Nocturna vocat lumina vesper 795  
 Nondum Hesperie flexura rota  
 Jubet emeritos solvere currus  
 Nondum in noctem vergente die  
 Tertium misit buccina signum  
 Stupet ad subitæ temporis cœnæ 800  
 Nondum fessis bubus irator  
 Quid te ætherio pepulit cursu?  
 Quæ causa tuos limite certo  
 Dejecit equos? numquid aperto  
 Carcere Ditis victi tentant 805  
 Bella gigantes? numquid Tityos  
 Pectore fesso renovat veteres  
 Saucius iras? num rejecto  
 Latus explicuit monte Typhoeus?  
 Numquid struitur via Phlegæos 810  
 Altera per hostes? & Thessalicum  
 Thressi premitur pelion Ossa?  
 Solite mundi periere vices  
 Nihil Occasus, nihil Ortus erit  
 Stupet, Eoos assuetæ Deo 815

Frequently during the meal, his throat seems to rebel and refuse a passage to the wicked viands, but there was one redeeming feature, one favorable point, connected with all this wickedness, oh! Thyestes! and it was this, thy ignorance of what was being done! But even this

remaining consolation will soon disappear. It was possible that Phœbus himself could have reversed his chariot and changed his course to an opposite direction and thus have buried this cruel crime in darkness such has never been known before—the darkness of a night issuing from the Palace of the glorious Orient at an opposite hour would be awful however we shall all see all these crimes will one day be known to thee

### CHORUS

The Chorus observing the going down of the Sun become alarmed fearing lest the whole fabric of the universe dissolved into fragments should lapse into eternal chaos

OH where oh thou parent of the Earth and chief of the Gods above at whose rising all the luminous accessories of opaque night disappear where dost thou direct thy way Why hidest thou a day in the middle of Olympus Why oh Phœbus! dost thou avert thy face? Not as yet does Vesperus the herald of approaching night summon the stars to thy dark celestial vaults! Not as yet surely does thy declining course on the Hesperian track (the far West) induce thee to unyoke the steeds of thy chariot which have finished their diurnal duties efficiently! Not as yet has the third trumpet sounded the signal of day verging onwards towards night (third part of the day) The ploughman with his oxen not yet tired out is wonderstruck at his supper time arriving with such unlooked for suddenness! What has driven thee away from thy æthereal path? What has diverted the horses of Ithœbus from their regular rounds? We wonder whether the giants their prisons in the realms of Pluto being burst open are warring against the Gods again? Or if Ictyus with his inside worn out by the rapacious vultures is impotently renewing any of his ancient animosities? Whether Typhœus has released himself from the mountain which has been pressing him down? Or is there a road being built up high for Phlegæan Giants to renew their attempts on the Gods? Or is it Thracian Ossa being pressed down on Thessalian Pelion? The harmonious system of the universe seems upside down! There never will be again the regular rising and setting of Phœbus Aurora the harbinger of dewy morn is at her wits end with this disturbed system of illumination of her kingdom accustomed as she is to hand over the horses of the Sun to Phœbus himself for

Iradere frenos, genitrix prima  
 Rosenda lueis, perversa sui  
 Lumina regni nescit scissos  
 Tingere currus, nec fumante  
 Sudore iubar mergere ponto 820  
 Ipse insueto novus hospitio  
 Sol auroram videt occidens  
 Tenebrasque jubet surgere nondum  
 Nocte pariter non succedunt 825  
 Astra, nec ullo micat igne polus  
 Nec Luna graves digerit umbras  
 Sed quidquid id est utinam nox sit!  
 Trepidant, trepidant pectora matrona  
 Percussa metu ne fati  
 Cuncta ruma quassata labent 830  
 Iterumque Deos hominesque premat  
 Deforme chaos iterum terras,  
 Et mare & ignes & arva picta  
 Sidera mundi Natura tegit 835  
 Non æternæ facis exortu  
 Dux astrorum secula ducens  
 Dabit æstatis brumæque notas  
 Non Phœbeis obvia strammis  
 Demet Nocti Luna timore  
 Vincetque sui fratris habentis, 840  
 Curvo brevius limite eurrens  
 Ibit in unum congesta sinum  
 Turba Deorum  
 Ille, qui fieris pervius astris  
 Secit obliquo tramite zozas, 845  
 Flectens longos signifer annos  
 Lapsa videbit sidera labens  
 Ille, qui nondum vix benigno  
 Reddit Zephyro vela tepenti,  
 Aries præceps ibit in undas, 850  
 Per quas pavida vexit Hellen  
 Ille, qui nitido Taurus cornu  
 Præseit Hydras, secum Gemmos  
 Trahet, & curvi brachia Cancri  
 Leo stammiferis æstibus ardens 855  
 Iterum e cœlo erdet Heiculeus  
 Cadet in terras Virgo relicta,  
 Justæque erdent pondera Libræ,  
 Secumque trahent Scorpion æciem 860  
 Et, qui nervo tenet Æmonio  
 Percussa senex spicula Chiron,  
 Rupto perdet spicula nervo  
 Pigræ referens hiemem gelidus  
 Cadet Ægoceros, stangetque turam,  
 Quisquis es, Urnam tecum excedent 865  
 Ultima cœli sidera Pisces  
 Monstraque nunquam perfusa mari

she knows not how to dip the already weary steeds nor how to immerge their manes foaming with sweat in the refreshing sea Sol himself about to set unexpectedly finds Aurora installed in an unaccustomed quarter (his) and he commands the darkness to appear Nox not as yet prepared to obey no stars show themselves nor does the sky afford a glimpse of anything approximating light nor does Phœbe dissipate any of this awful gloom! Whatever can all this mean? Would that real night might show itself—They tremble and their minds are struck down with intense fear lest every conceivable thing should be involved and lapse shattered in one fatal ruin and that again inexplicable chaos should overwhelm both the Gods and mankind and again render undistinguishable the Earth the Seas and the fiery element and nature hide the wandering planets and the stars of the painted heavens—Nor will the ruler of the stars Sol when he rises directing the seasons with his eternal torches ever afford us again any clearly defined Summer and Winter! Nor will Phœbe who reflects the light of Phœbus, ever remove the fears inspired by night (darkness) and following a shorter course from her curved tracks will disregard the government of her brother as she is traversing the oblique paths of the Zodiac (that is her revolution) a regular  
 pace with the Sun s of Gods  
 [constellations] will is Zodiac  
 formed of constellation  
 stars divides the Zone  
 length of the years  
 group will witness the  
 This Aries who at the  
 navigators the blessing  
 their sails—will fall  
 ocean over which aforesaid he transported the timid  
 Helle! This Taurus who supports the Hyades on his  
 golden horns will drag down with him the Gemini and  
 Cancer with his curved claws The Nemean Leo burnt  
 up with the flammigerous heat will fall again from his  
 celestial habitut Virgo will fall upon the lands she  
 formerly left behind disgusted with the wickedness of  
 mankind—and the Libræ (the balance) those punctilious  
 arrangers of day and night will drag down with them  
 the venomous Scorpion and aged Chiron who drives the  
 winged arrows from his Thessalian bow shall see that  
 bow broken and his arrows dispersed Cold Capricorn  
 (who frightened the very Giants with his ugliness) shall  
 tumble bringing back his tedious winter and whoever  
 thou art Aquarius Deucalion Cecrops Hylas or Ganymede

Merget condens omnia Guiges Et qui medias dividit Urfas, Fluminis instar, lubricus Anguis	870
Magnoque minor junctura Draconi Frigida duro Cynosura gelu Custosque sui tardus pluvio	
Jam non stabili ruet Aëtophylla Nos e tanto visis populo	875
Digni, premeiet quos evulso Cudine mundus	
In nos ætas ultima venit O nos dura sorte cætos, Seu perdidimus solem miseri,	880
Sive expulimus! Abert questus Discede, timor Vitæ est avidus, Quisquis non vult, mundo secum Peiteunte, mori	

## ACTUS QUINTUS

## ATREUS

Exultans impius Atreus nefariam de fratre vindictam sibi  
gratulatur, dirisque appositis corporibus de natorum  
sanguine præbendo deliberat

<b>Æ</b> QUALIS astris gradior, & cunctos super Altum superbo vertice attingens polum Nunc decora regni teneo, nunc solum potris Dimitto superos summa votorum attingi Bene est, jam fat est etiam mihi Sed cur satis sit pergram, & implebo patrem Funere suorum ne quod obstaret pudori, Dies recessit perge, dum cælum vacat Utinam quidem tenere fugientes Deos Possẽ, & coactos trahere, ut ultionem dapem Omnes viderent! quod fat est, videat pater Etiam die nolente discutiam tibi Tenebras, miseræ sub quibus latitant tuæ Nimis diu conviva securo jacet Hilarique vultu jam satis mensis datum est, Satisque Baccho sobrio tanta ad mala	885     890    895  900
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will break thy urn with thee, and the Pisces disappear, the last constellation of the Zodiac<sup>1</sup> and those monsters, which have never been in contact with the sea, shall be swallowed up by the Great Gulf, the sea which hides all things, and the Serpent shippery and as large as a river,

which divides the two Bears and the Cynosure bitterly cold with its severe frost and small comparatively is joined with the great dragon and Arctophylax (Bootes) the slow driver of his waggon already not very firm in his position shall fall also from the heavens. And we miserable mortals out of all the numerous peoples of the world are thought to be deserving of such a fate that fate will overwhelm us all—the very hinges of the universe being broken (the seasons being scattered). We have arrived at our last stage of time oh miserable! that we should have ever been created for such a hard lot whether we have lost the Sun without our own faults or whether we have driven away that Sun by our own crimes! But away with useless wailings away with fruitless fears—we are fond of life but who would not wish to die if the world would only perish with him!

## ACT V

### ATREUS

Wicked Atreus crowingly congratulates himself on his cruel revenge towards his brother and deliberates on the dreadful feast which had been prepared and the serving up of the blood of the sons of Thyestes.

I WALK abroad now on an equality with the deified stars and am attaining with my proud head the highest pinnacles a place in the lofty heavens as it were looking down upon all the mortal world below me at my feet! I am in possession of the regalia of power and the throne of my father—I must now dismiss from my mind the Gods above. I have reached the summit of my desires thus so far is good and appears even ample already it looks enough for me but what shall I say it will be later on? I shall persevere with my revenge and I will cause the father to partake to repletion of his own offspring and lest by any means misgivings should prevail fortunately the day time has passed away—push on I say whilst the heavens are void of light! I wish indeed that I could prevent the Gods from retiring and keep them here even against their will that they might all witness this revengeful entertainment! What would be enough now however for the present is denied me. That I must see the father face to face even if daylight be denied me at all events I will banish the mental darkness from him and under which his



Opus est Thyeste turba famularum fore  
 Templi relaxa, festa preceat domus  
 Libet videre, capita uatorum intuens  
 Quos dei colores uerba que prius dolor  
 Lfundat aut ut spiritu expulso stupra  
 905  
 Corpus rigeferat fructus hic operi mei est  
 Miserrum uidero nolo sed dum he miser  
 Aperta multa tecta collueant frax  
 Resupinus ipse purpura atque uero melior  
 Vno gratatum sulcens lura caput  
 910  
 Fructu o me exultum excellentissimum  
 Regnumque regem! uota transcendere mea  
 Satur est, caprei ducit argento merum  
 Ne parec potu, restat cinnamum cruor  
 915  
 Tot hostiarum ueteris hunc Bacchi color  
 Abscondet hoc hie mensa clauditur scyphus  
 Mixtum suorum sanguinem penitor bibit  
 Meum bibisset, ecce jam erantus ciet  
 Ictasque uoces, nec sitis menti imperat

## T H Y E S T E S

Thyestis epulantis erantus quo inuitit se ad lecturam, quam  
 tamen mens ejus precega mihi non admittit

**P**ROXA longis hebetata malis,  
 Jam sollicitis ponite euras  
 Fugiat mceror, fugiatque pavor  
 Fugiat trepidi comes casili  
 Tristis egestas, rebusque grauis  
 Pudor afflictis magis unde cadis,  
 925  
 Quam quo, refert magnum, ex alto  
 Culmine lapsum, strabilem in plano  
 Figere gressum magnum, ingenti  
 Strage malorum pressum, fracti  
 Pondera regni non inflexa  
 930  
 Cervice prii, nec degenerem  
 Victumque malis, rectum impositas  
 Feire ruinas, sed jam serui

miserics are now concealed from himself Thyestes, thou art posing for much too long a time, as a guest with a contented and merry countenance, thou hast taken by this time enough of the solid viands and drunk quite enough wine, it is necessary that Thyestes should be in his sober senses to feel his misery properly! Come, all ye servants, open every door of the palace, I wish the place to put on a festive look, I wonder what sort of a visage he will have, whether it will be pale or red with surprise! What words will convey his first cries of grief,

or whether his breath will be taken away with astonishment or his body become rigid with the shock when he beholds the heads of his three sons! This is the reward of my labor I do not enjoy so much seeing him miserable but the pleasure to me is to watch him whilst it is being brought about. The open porches are lighted up with a profusion of lamps and Thyestes lies down effeminately on the purple couches ornamented with gold and supporting his head now growing heavy (with the repast) with his left hand and amidst frequent hiccuping and eructations he exclaims! I think oh! I think myself nobler than any of the folks in heaven I feel a very king of kings I have transcended my wildest desires! He has made a heavy repast and he drinks his wine out of a silver goblet! Don't be sparing with the wine as yet there remains plenty of the blood yielded by the three victims the color of the old wine will soon disguise it. This repast will be suitably wound up with the contents of this jug—the father shall drink the blood of his children mixed with it. He would have drunk mine (with gusto) Listen he is now indulging in little snatches of songs and utters merry remarks nor does he seem to me to have full command over his senses!

### THYESTES

The song of Thyestes at the feast where he gives himself up to merriment although his inner mind foresees some mischief looming in the future which is not quite in keeping with such jollity

O! soul of mine! recently soured by chronic misfortunes now lay aside anxious care let grief vanish and fear leave me for ever let sad privation the twin sister of trembling exile and disgrace heavy with troubles forsake me it concerns a man more from what height he may fall than the place he may reach as the result of such a fall but it is a great point when a man of importance falls from a lofty eminence to be able at the very least to place his feet firmly on the ground it is a great thing too for a man to bear up with a head not bowed down and the weight and cares of a kingdom broken up and divided and himself overwhelmed with the direst disasters quite as much as it is for a man faint hearted and subdued by misfortunes to bear with some amount of equanimity the fresh reverses which have befallen him. But let me banish the dark shadow of my former cruel fate and dismiss the memory of the miserable portion of my life and let a joyful countenance reflect itself on my present

Nubila fati pelle, ac miser  
 Temporis omnes dimitte uotas 935  
 Redeant vultus ad læta boni  
 Veterem ex animo mitte Thyesten  
 Proprium hoc miseros sequitur vitium,  
 Nunquam rebus credere lætis  
 Redeat felix Fortuna licet, 940  
 Tamen afflictos gaudere piget  
 Quid me ievocas, festumque vetas  
 Celebiare diem? quid flere iubes  
 Nulla surgens dolor ex causa?  
 Quis me prohibet flore recenti 945  
 Vincere comam? prohibet, prohibet  
 Vernæ capiti fluxere rosæ,  
 Pingui madidus crinis amomo  
 Inter subitos stetit horrores,  
 Imber vultu nolente cadit 950  
 Venit in medias voces gemitus,  
 Mœror lacrimas amat assuetas  
 Flendi miseris dira cupido est  
 Libet infaustos mittere questus  
 Libet & Tyrio saturas ostro 955  
 Rumpere vestes ululare libet  
 Mittit luctus signa futuri  
 Mens, ante sui prælagi mali  
 Instat nutus feri tempestas,  
 Cum sine vento tranquilla tument 960  
 Quos tibi luctus, quosve tumultus  
 Fingis demens? credula præstet  
 Pectori fratri jam quidquid id est,  
 Vel sine causa, vel fero times  
 Nolo infelix, sed virgus intus 965  
 Terro oberrat, subitos fundunt  
 Oculi stetus, nec causa subest  
 Dolor, an metus est? an habet lacrimas  
 Magna voluptas?

### ATREUS, THYESTES

Atreus, festivitatem simulans, fratrem ad poculum invitat Cupienti  
 illi videre liberos, quo plenius graderet, ostendit caput  
 & palmam, & quid actum sit aperit, hinc dolor,  
 ut, conviciis, execrationes oritur

**F**ESTUM diem, germane, consensu parum  
 Celebramus hic est sceptrum qui firmet meum, 970  
 Solidamque patris alliget certæ fidem

lucky position Let Thyestes, as he is now, cease to be  
 Thyestes of the past! This peculiar fault always character-  
 izes the miserable, that they lose all faith in the possibilities  
 of prosperity, let fortune return to me whilst in a happy

mood although it would distress me to ignore the sufferings of the afflicted Dame Fortune why dost thou recall me or why shouldst thou object to my celebrating this auspicious day? Why shouldst thou bid me to weep when grief springs out of nothing within my knowledge? What should prevent me from encircling my locks with flowers of recent date? There is a reason why! This much is against it the roses of spring once fall from my crown (alluding to his coronation roses) My hair although besmeared with perfumed grease (an unguent scented with the amomum) is still prone to stand on end amidst sudden terrors and the tears trickle down my unwilling face (not willing to betray the weakness which gives rise to them) irrepressible sighs interrupt my utterance grief delights in tears to which it is no stranger (as a relief to pent up sorrow) Over the miserable the desire to weep assumes an imperious sway—surely I am at liberty to indulge in my  
 liberate myself from  
 dyed with the Ty  
 be allowed to fit

inspires me with a warning of coming grief foretelling some calamity some sad presentiment! A violent storm often overhangs the mariner, even whilst the dearest of calms prevail over the surface of the ocean, with no appearance of wind! Ah! but what grief am I insanely picturing to my mind or what racking thoughts are taking possession of me? Shall I let my trustful heart go forth to my brother? But whatever is it? Either only the fabric of my own imagination or that it appears late in the day to begin to cultivate fear! I am however unwilling to make myself miserable but still a vague alarm hovers within my breast my eyes pour forth tears on a sudden nor does the cause of such tears show itself in any definite form! Is it then merely sorrow or is it my fear? Which is it? But is not excessive joy sometimes accompanied with tears?

#### AIRIUS—IHYLSIES

Atreus feigning hilarity invites his brother to partake of the wine and in order that he might rejoice more fully of seeing his children on asking for them Atreus shows him their heads and hands and tells him all that had been done hence arises an outburst of grief anger reproaches and curses!

#### ATPUS

**O**H my brother, let us  
 this auspicious day  
 strengthen the secur  
 a solid guarantee between us of inviolable peace!

THY Satis dapis me, nec minus Bacchi tenet Augere cumulus hic voluptatem petest, Si cum Meis gaudere felici datur	975
ATR Heic esse natos crede in amplexu patris Heic sunt, eruntque, nulla prius proles tuæ Tibi subtrahetur ora, quæ exoptas dabo, Totumque turba jam furi implebo partem Satiaberis, ne metue nunc mixti meis, Jucundæ mensæ facit juvenilis colunt Sed accientur poculum infuso cape Gentile Baccho THY Capio fraternæ dapis Donum paternis vina libentur Deis, Tunc hauriantur Sed quid hoc? non vult manus Paiere crescit pondus, & dextram gravat	980 985
Admotus ipsi Bacchus a labris fugit, Circaque rictus ore decepto effluit En, ipsa trepido mensa subsiluit solo Vix lucet ignis ipse quin æther gravis Intei diem noctemque desertus stupet Quid hoc? magis magisque concussi labant Conveia cœli spissior densis coit Caligo tenebris, noxque se in noctem abdidit Fugit omne sidus quidquid est, fratri, precor, Natisque parcat, omnes in vile hoc caput Abeat procella redde jam natos mihi	990 995
ATR Reddam, & tibi illos nullus eripiet dies THY Quis hic tumultus viscera eripiat mea? Quid tremuit intus? sentio impatiens onus, Meumque gemitu non meo pectus gemit Adeste, nati, genitor infelix vocat Adeste, visis fugiet hic vobis dolor Unde obloquuntur? ATR Expedi amplexus, pater Venite natos ecquid agnoscis tuos?	1000 1005
THY Agnosco fratrem sustines tantum nefas Gestare, tellus? non ad infernam Styga Te nosque mergis? rupta & ingenti via	

THY Thou hast feasted me to satiety, nor hast thou been niggardly with the wine This overflowing hospitality will afford me still greater pleasure, if it be permitted me, already happy, to share that felicity with my children

ATR Hearken to me, believe me for a certainty that thy sons are practically at this moment in the arms of their father—there they are and will remain! No portion of thy offspring shall be withheld from thee! I will duly present to thee the faces of thy children! I shall fully account for every one of them, to a father so solicitous too, about his progeny! Thou shalt be satisfied, do not fear at this minute, in the presence of my own children,

they are contributing to the delightful ceremonies of the juvenile feast! But they shall be sent for in the mean time, take up this goblet the goblet of our ancestors! drink copiously of the wine it contains!

THY I accept the bestowal of this fraternal feast but let the wine be first offered to our paternal gods then I will drink what is left (lifting it to his mouth) But what is this? My hand refuses to obey my will the weight of it seems to increase and completely tires out my right hand and the wine strives to recede from my lips and flows away from my disappointed mouth and disperses itself around my jaws! Behold! the table too is losing its steadiness on the trembling floor! The lamps are scarcely yielding any light! And more than that the oppressed sky itself is growing dazed deserted as it is by the sun moon and stars during the interregnum between day and night—But what is this? The heavens shaken more and more appear to totter the darkness unites with darkness still blacker and the night hides itself away in a night more intense in its blackness! Every star has vanished! Whatever is it I pray spare my brother and my children O ye Gods! let the whole brunt of the tempest fall upon my head only! Now Atreus restore to me my sons!

ATR I will restore them to thee and no great length of time shall elapse before I do so

THY What is this disturbance which is agitating my inside? How I do tremble internally! I feel a load which I cannot bear—my chest is moaning with a moaning that surely cannot be my own Come to me my sons thy unhappy father calls thee—Oh! Come! this uneasy feeling will vanish when I behold thee! Whence come their voices?

ATR Get ready to embrace them (Here Atreus returns and shows Thyestes the children's heads) father thou! They have come thou seest! Whether or not dost thou not at this moment recognize that they are thy sons whose moaning thou art now hearing!

THY I recognize thee! my brother as always impious and cruel! Oh! Earth! how canst thou permit thyself to bear such abominable wickedness? Why dost thou not plunge thyself and us into the infernal Styx Why! that great gulf being opened dost thou not snatch away the kingdom and the king along with it and consign us to the



flow violently above us<sup>1</sup> in this place of our eternal exile  
 Oh! motionless Earth! Why dost thou rest as an idle  
 mass<sup>2</sup> After all this the Gods even have fled<sup>1</sup> (Hæbus  
 I hæbe and the Stars)

ATR But it is better that thou should accept than  
 fully thy long-desired sons thou shalt have the full enjoy-  
 ment of them no obstacle lies in thy way on the part of thy  
 brother kiss them divide thy carcases between the three<sup>1</sup>

TIV Oh! this horrible wickedness! Is this thy reconcili-  
 ation<sup>2</sup> Is this a brother's sincerity<sup>2</sup> Is this the way thou  
 markest thy hatred (revenge) I do not ask that as a  
 father I should naturally expect to receive my children  
 safe and sound or that it is now possible for them to be  
 given up to me free from  
 and revenge) but as a  
 that he may be permitt  
 own children or what re  
 remains to me and thou shalt be an eyewitness that  
 they are burnt and as their father I crave thou perceivest  
 not that I should have them to preserve but that I  
 should have them to destroy (burn)

ATR Whatsoever is left of thy children thou shalt have  
 but whatever does not remain thou possessest already

TIV Whether are they lying as food for the terrible  
 birds of prey Are they preserved for the benefit of the  
 fishes Or to serve as a repast for the wild beasts<sup>2</sup>

ATR Thou thyself hast feasted on them at thy impious  
 banquet

TIV Really! this must put the very Gods to the blush!  
 This is the crime then that has made the light remain  
 in the east and kept back the day! (Hæbus refused to  
 yoke his steeds) Oh! what cries shall I vent in my misery<sup>2</sup>  
 What wailing shall I display<sup>2</sup> What words are sufficient  
 to record my feelings<sup>2</sup> I perceive, now that their heads  
 have been cut off and their hands wrenched from their  
 sockets and the remains torn away from their broken  
 legs This is what a father however hungry could never  
 sacrifice to his voracity—My very entrails are working  
 round and round within me and without any means of  
 exit my misery is struggling in my inside and is seeking  
 some way out of its imprisonment! Give me thy sword  
 brother it has plenty of my blood on it already I shall  
 effect a way out for my children<sup>1</sup> Shall the sword be



Negatui enfis <sup>2</sup> pectori illiso sonent	1045
Contusa planctu sustine, infelix, manum,	
Parcamus umbris tale quis vidit nefas <sup>2</sup>	
Quis inhospitalis Caucasii rupem asperiam	
Heniochus habitans <sup>2</sup> quisve Cecropius metus	
Terris Procrustes <sup>2</sup> genitor en natos premo,	1050
Premorque natis sceleris est aliquis modus <sup>2</sup>	
ATR Sceleri modus debetur, ubi facias scelus,	
Non ubi reponas hoc quoque evignum est mihi	
Et vulnere ipso sanguinem calidum in tur	
Diffundere ora debui, ut viventium	1055
Biberes cruorem verba sunt iræ dicit,	
Dum propero, ferro vulnere impresso dedi	
Cecidi ad aras, crede votiva focos	
Placavi & artus, corpore exanimò amputans,	
In parva carpi frustra & hæc ferventibus	1060
Demersi ahenis illa lentis ignibus	
Stillare iussi membra, nervosque abscidi	
Viventibus gracilique trajectis veiu	
Mugire fibras vidi, & aggressi manu	
Mei ipse flammæ omnia hæc melius pater	1065
Fecisse potuit cecidit incassum dolor	
Scidit ore natos impio, sed nesciens,	
Sed nescientes THY Clusa litoribus vagis	
Audite maria vos quoque audite hoc scelus,	
Quocunque, Di, fugistis, audite, Inferi	1070
Audite Terræ Noque Tartarea gravis	
Et atra nube, vocibus nostris vaca	
Tibi sum relictus sola tu miserum vides,	
Tu quoque sine astris vota non faciam improba,	
Pro me nihil precabor ecquid jam potest	1075
Pro me esse <sup>2</sup> vobis voti prospicient mea	
Tu, summe cœli rector, ætheriæ potens	
Dominatur ulæ, nubibus totum horridis	
Convelte mundum, bella ventorum undique	
Committe, & omni prute violentum intona	1080
Manuque, non qua tecta & immeritas domos	
Telo petis minore, sed qui montium	
Tergeminæ moles cecidit, & qui montibus	
Strabant præres gigantes, hæc arma expedi,	
Ignesque torque vindicæ amissum diem	1085

denied to me<sup>2</sup> My breast shall then resound, with self-inflicted blows! (In the midst of the blows) Oh! miserable man, that I am, stay my hand, let me spare the Manes of my sons! Whoever saw such abominable wickedness<sup>2</sup> What any of the Heniochi dwelling in the rough wilderness of the inhospitable Caucasus<sup>2</sup> What Procrustes, the terror of that Cecropian country (Attica)<sup>2</sup> Here, I, a father, am squeezing my own children in my interior! And

they are tearing away at my internal organs! Is there no limit to human wickedness?

ATR A limit is certainly due to crime when thou art merely committing crime as a crime but not when thou art associating that crime with vengeance—and this vengeance appears small to my mind I ought to pour out from their wounds before thy very eyes that thou mightest drink their reeking blood whilst life still remained within them! I am simply trifling with my anger whilst I hurry matters on with idle words—I inflicted the wounds with the thrusts of my sword—I slew them before the altar—I pacified the Lares with the slaughter which I vowed should be offered and cutting up the limbs of their dead bodies I divided them myself into small portions and plunged some of them into the hissing caldron other portions I decided should be roasted the fluids therefrom dripping down before a slow fire I cut the limbs away from the bodies before life was quite extinct I watched the entrails as they crackled whilst transfixed on a delicate spit (skewer) and I kept the fire up with my own hands their own father could not have managed the business with greater culinary skill! My anger after all fell short of the mark for in ignorance the father munched his sons flesh in his impious mouth but the pity is that they were incognizant of what that father was doing with them!

TRU Hear O ye seas shut in by winding shores! hear also ye Gods whithersoever ye have fled of this dreadful list of crimes—listen O ye regions below listen all corners of the earth! O thou night oppressed with black Tartarus like clouds give ear to my voice! I am destined for thee thou longest to see me miserable although thou art not deprived of the stars I will not offer up any unbecoming prayers for myself nor in fact will I solicit anything for myself or ask whether anything is possible to be done for me let my prayers be regarded as for thee! Oh! thou ruler of lofty heaven thou sovereign of the ethereal palaces surround the entire universe with frightful tempests on all sides let there be war amongst the winds themselves and let the whole world in every part resound with thy terribles  
 not such as thou selectest  
 undeserving homesteads  
 but that sort which broil  
 mountains Pelion Ossa and  
 mountains Pelion Ossa and dispersed the  
 giants which equalled those mountains in height! Hasten with thy armaments! Let me behold the lightnings which thou canst hurl and make up for the missing day!

Jaculare flammis, lumen ereptum polo  
 Fulminibus exple cœtera, ne dubites diu,  
 Utriusque mala sit si minus, mala sit mea  
 Me pete trifulco flammæram telo facem  
 Per pectus hoc trans mitte si natos pater 1090  
 Humare, & igni tradere extremo volo,  
 Ego sum cremandus si nihil superos movet,  
 Nullumque telis impios numen petit,  
 Æternæ nox permanet, & tenebris tegræ  
 Immensa longis scelera nil Titan queror, 1095  
 Si perseveras ATR Nunc meus ludo manus,  
 Nunc paræ vera est palma perdideram scelus,  
 Nisi sic doleres liberos nati mihi  
 Nunc credo, castis nunc fidem reddi toris  
 THY Quid liberi mei uere? ATR Quod fuerant tui 1100  
 THY Natos parenti? ATR Fiteor, &, quod me iuræ,  
 Certos THY Piorum præfides testor Deos  
 ATR Quid conjugales? THY Scelere quis pensat scelus?  
 ATR Scio, quid queraris scelestæ prærepto doles 1105  
 Nec, quod nefandis hauseris, tangit, dapes  
 Quod non pararis fuerat hic unum tibi  
 Instruere similes infcio fratri cibos,  
 Et adjuvante liberos matre aggredi,  
 Similique leto sternere hoc unum obstitit,  
 Tuos putasti THY Vindices aderunt Dei 1110  
 His puniendum vota te tradunt mea  
 ATR Te puniendum liberis iuræ tuis

Shoot forth thy flames, and superadd to thy lightnings,  
 all the light which can be drawn away from the heavens,  
 so as to intensify them! The culpability of each of us  
 is great, do not hesitate for long, if there be any difference  
 in our guilt, let it be mine, which shall be adjudged the  
 greater! Select me, send through my breast, the flaming  
 fires of thy three forked lightning if as a father I only  
 wish to bury my sons and deliver them over to "fire"  
 at last? I myself must be burnt, if nothing moves the  
 Gods, and no deity is willing to search out the wicked  
 for punishment with his lightnings, let eternal night  
 remain to us, and hide these tremendous crimes with its  
 prolonged darkness! O! Titan! I shall complain of  
 nothing then, if thou wilt only persevere in lying hidden  
 away

ATR Now I congratulate myself upon my operations,  
 now a real victory is achieved I should have been deprived  
 of the chief advantages of my crime, unless thou grievest as  
 thou hast been doing—I believe, that those children were  
 destined to be born for me (for my designs) and thus it  
 is, that I have dealt out justice to such chaste nuptials!

THY What had the children done to have deserved all this?

ATR Simply that they were thine!

THY That children should suffer for their parents misdeeds?

ATR I acknowledge this and what gives me equal pleasure the unmistakability of their origin!

THY I call to witness the Gods who preside over the innocent the Conjugal Gods!

ATR Dost thou mean Hymenæus?

THY What dost thou argue that crime should be punished by crime of greater intensity?

ATR I know what thou wouldst have endeavoured to carry out—thou art regretting that thou wert forestalled in thy wickedness. Nor does it so much affect thee that thou hast actually partaken of the feast dreadful as it is (confessedly) but that it was not thy hand that was concerned in its preparation—it was in thy mind to get up a similar entertainment for thy unsuspecting brother! and aided by the mother to have made an onslaught on my children and lay them low with a fate of like character but there was only one thing that deterred thee—Thou thoughtest they might be thy own!

THY Ah! the revengeful gods will appear on the scene my desire is to deliver thee over to be punished by them!

ATR I consign thee to be punished through the fate of thy children!



P H Œ N I S S Æ

QUÆ VULGO

T H E B A I S

## DRAMATIS PERSONA.

ŒDIPUS  
ANTIGONE  
NUNTIUS

JOCASIA  
POLYNICUS

## ARGUMENTUM

ŒDIPUS sibi oculis ubi scelus suum (de quo vide argumentum Œdipi) agnovisset, eratis, in exilium spontaneum profectus, amolitur et se filium Antigoneæ quæ patri vitales vires percussio ducem se viæ offert, utque mortis cupidinem deponat, multis precibus orat, tandem exorat Cujus interea filios Læoclem & Polynicem, violato regnandi per vias fœdere, impia moventes armis, incertum laborat mater Jocasta in gratiam reducere Desunt mutilæ huic Fragmētis cetera

## ACTUS PRIMUS

## ŒDIPUS, ANTIGONE

Œdipum ab instituta morte revocat persuadetque filia  
Antigone, dux patris erca

ŒDIP CÆCI parentis regimen, ac fessis unicum  
Patris levamen, vitæ, quam tanti est mihi  
Genuisse vel sic, desere infauftum patrem  
In recta quid deslectis erantem gradum?  
Permitte labi melius inveniam viam 5  
Quam quæro solus, quæ me ab hac vita eximat,  
Et hoc nefandi capitis aspectu levct  
Cœlum atque terras quantulum hac ego manum?  
Non video noxæ conscium nostræ diem  
Sed videor hinc jam solve inhærentem manum, 10  
Et patere cæcum, qui volet, ferri pedem  
Ibo, ibo, qui prærupta protendit iugum  
Meus Cithæron, qua peragrato celer  
Per saxi monte jacuit Actæon, suis  
Nova præda canibus, qui per obscurum nemus, 15  
Silvamque opacæ vallis instinctis Deo  
Egit forores mater, & gaudens malo,  
Vibrante fixum prætulit thyrsu caput,  
Vel qua cucurrit corpus invisum trahens  
Zethi juvenis, qua per horrentes rubos 20  
Tauri ferocis sanguis ostentat fugas,  
Vel qua alta maria vertice immenso premit  
Inora rupes, qua scelus fugiens suum,

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ŒDIPUS  
ANTIGONE  
MESSENGER

| JOCASTA  
| POLYNICES  
|

## ARGUMENT

When Œdipus had discovered his crime he caused his own eyes to be put out concerning which see the Argument to Œdipus he separates himself from his daughter Antigone who offers herself as guide to her father who is tired of his life and that he might more readily abandon his desire for death she begs of him with strong entreaties at last succeeding in her persuasions in the meantime his sons Eteocles and Polynices engage in impious strife the treaty binding them to reign alternately being violated Jocasta the mother labors in vain to bring about a reconciliation between them (The rest of this imperfect tragedy is wanting)

## ACT I

## ŒDIPUS—ANTIGONE

Antigone the daughter becomes guide to her blind father and prevails on Œdipus to relinquish his determination to die

## ŒDIPUS

**O**h! daughter guide of thy blind parent and the only prop of a worn out father what great happiness is there  
into the world  
I am now  
parent! I e  
way I am seeking alone,—that way which will remove me from the world and thus relieve both heaven and earth of the unpleasantness of beholding my criminal face How little have I done with this hand of mine to remedy my condition! I cannot (being blind) though conscious of my offence look on the day but yet the day sees me



Novumque faciens, mater insiluit freto  
 Mersura natum, seque felices, quibus 25  
 Fortuna melior tam bonas matres dedit!  
 Est alius istis noster in silvis locus,  
 Qui me reposcit, hunc petam cursu incito  
 Non hesitabit gressus, huc omni duce  
 Spoliatus ibo quid moror sedes mæras? 30  
 Mortem, Cithæron, redde & hospitium mihi  
 Illud meum restitue, ut expirem senex,  
 Ubi debui infans recipe supplicium vetus  
 Semper cruenta sæve, crudelis, ferox  
 Cum occidis, & cum parcis olim jam tuum 35  
 Est hoc cadaver perage mandatum patris,  
 Jam & matris animus gestit antiqua exsequi  
 Supplicia quid me, nata, pestifero tenes  
 Amore vinctum? quid tenes? genitor vocat  
 Sequor, sequor jam parce sanguinem gerens 40  
 Insigne regni Laus iacti fuit  
 Et ecce manes manibus infestis petit  
 Goditque vultus nata genitorem vides?  
 Ego video tandem spiritum inimicum expue,  
 Desertor animi, fortis in partem tui 45  
 Omittite pœnas languidas longæ moræ,  
 Mortemque totam recipe quid segnis traho?  
 Quid vivo? nullum facere jam possum scelus  
 Possum miser predico, discede a patre  
 Discede, virgo timeo post matrem omnia 50  
 ANT Vis nulla genitor, a tuo nostram manum  
 Corpore resolvet nemo me comitem tibi  
 Eripiet unquam Labdaci clavam domum,  
 Opulenta ferro regna germani petant,

withdraw thy hand which thou art thus holding in mine, and suffer my steps with their uncertain foot-hold to be borne where they will! I must go—I must go, for my refuge, where Cithæron stretches out into the rugged heights—across those rocks, where fleet Actæon fell, after being chased far and wide on this mountain, as an unexpected prey to his own dogs! Or where the mother (Agave) conducted her sisters, urged on by Bacchus, into the obscure grove and the woods of the shaded valley, and rejoicing at her ferocious crime carried the head of her son Pentheus fixed to the point of her trembling thyrsus! Or where the ferocious bull of Zethus ran wild, dragging at its tail the hateful body of Dirce, and where her blood showed the track of the savage animal through the terrible brambles—Or shall I go where the rock of Ino looks down on the deep sea from its wide summit—where she, flying from the crime of Athamas [who had

slain one of his sons Learchus] and committing a fresh one herself, that mother who bent on drowning herself with her other son Melicerta leaped into the sea) Happy are they for whom a more auspicious fortune provided with such accommodating mothers! There is yet another place in those woods which would suit my case and which still has a right to claim me I will seek it with hurried steps nor shall my pace be slackened there I will repair and cast aside all leadership why should I dally thus about a final resting place? Cithæron let me select thy loftiest summit and afford me that asylum which belongs to me that I may die as an old man where by good rights I ought to have died during my infancy! Cithæron resume thy time honored punishment always savage bloodthirsty cruel unmerciful both when thou sacrificest and when thou showest clemency! Formerly this carcass of mine was thine—it is thine now—carry out the injunction of my father and mother my inclination will now rejoice that I should receive the punishment as of old! Why daughter dost thou hold me fast with such objectionable care? Why dost thou retain me thus? My father is calling me I am coming I am coming oh! spare me! and wearing the blood stained symbol of royalty stolen from him by me! see Laus! he is raging with anger! he is seeking me and plunging his cruel fingers into my orbits and tries to tear out my eyes! Daughter! dost thou not see my father? I see him although I am blind! Oh my craven soul let me rid myself of my troublesome existence and not rest contented with being courageous towards only a portion of my miserable self (meaning putting out his own eyes) Let me put an end to the slow punishment of protracted delay and die thoroughly at once! Why do I lingeringly drag on a life like this? Why should I live? There are no more crimes for me to commit! Ah! miserable! Yes there are I acknowledge! Depart from thy father Oh my daughter! depart whilst thou art still a virgin after my incestuous affair with thy mother I fear everything and distrust myself!

ANT No power father shall ever detach my hand from thy personal protection no one shall ever snatch me away from thee me thy only companion—My brothers may contend with the sword for the opulent kingdom and the brilliant palace of Labdacus but the most important part out of the kingdom of my noble father (to my eyes) is mine the father himself No brother shall take thee from me nor any one else who wields the Theban sceptre and leading the battalions of Argos not

Pais summa magni patris e regno mea est	55
Pater ipse, non hunc ruferei frater mihi,	
Thebana rapto scepra qui regno tenet,	
Non hunc ceteris alter Argolicis gens	
Non si revulso Juppiter mundo tonet,	
Mediumque nostros fulmen in nexu cadat,	60
Manum hanc remittam proluberis, genitor licet,	
Regam abnuentem, dirigam in voti gradum	
In plura tendis? vado praeupta expectis?	
Non obsto, sed precedo quo vis utere,	
Duce me duobus omnis eligitur via	65
Peius sine me non potes, mecum potes	
Haec alta iupes arduo surgit jugo,	
Spectatque longe spatia subjecti maris	
Vis hanc petamus? nudus haec pendet silex,	
Haec scissa tellus faucibus ruptis hauri	70
Vis hanc petamus? haec irarum torrens cadit,	
Partesque ipsi montis exersis rotat	
In hunc ruramus dum prior, quo vis, eo,	
Non deprecor, non hortor extinguere cupis,	
Votumque, genitor, maximum mors est tibi?	75
Si moreris, antecedo si vivis, sequor	
Sed flecte mentem, peccus antiquum advoca,	
Victasque magno robore rurnas doma	
Resiste, tantis in malis vinci mori est	
ŒDIP Unde in nefanda specimen egregium domo?	80
Unde ista generi virgo dissimilis suo?	
Fortuna, credis? aliquis est ex me pius?	
Non esset unquam (fata bene novi mea)	
Nisi ut noceret Ipsa se in leges novas	
Natura vertet, regeret in fontem citas	85
Revolutus undas amnis, & noctem asseret	
Phœbea lampas, Hesperus faciet diem	
Ut ad miseras aliquid accedat mea,	
Pu quoque erimus unica Œdipodæ est salus,	

if Jupiter himself should send forth his lightning till the world was literally ploughed up for them, then his lightning would have to pitch on the very part, where our hands are joined! Thou mayst try and hinder me, Father, but I will never relax this hand of mine I will guide thee although, against thy will, I will direct the steps of my unwilling father! whether we approach the plain, or whether thou climbest the rocks, I go with thee, I do not prevent thee, I go in front of thee, whichever thou wishest to do with me as thy guide Every way that is chosen by thee, will be acceptable with me Thou canst not perish without me, thou canst with me! Here is a lofty rock, rising out of the ridge of a steep mountain, and

commands the view for a long distance of the sea at its foot hast thou a mind that we should go thither? Here a naked rock hangs down! There the Earth divided by a rugged entrance gapes wide with its gulf below! Art thou desirous that we shall go there? Here is a rapid waterfall which rolls in its path the disintegrated masses of a mountain which it undermines! Shall we throw ourselves into it? Whilst I go in front we will go wherever thou wilt Mind! I am not blaming thee I am not advising thee Oh! Rather! is death thy chief desire is it the greatest consideration to thee If thou art to die I go before thee if thou art to live I shall live too! But pray change the current of thy mind call up some of thy ancient courage and subdue thy troubled thoughts which are to be brought under control by great efforts Act otherwise for it is simply a worse misfortune to die overcome by such misfortunes however great!

ŒDIP How is it that there springs such an admirable example of human virtue from such a wicked stock? How is it that this spotless virgin so belies the race of Œdipus Oh! The Fates! Can I believe it That any thing good could emanate from me? That there should exist any thing (and I have watched my own career closely) that was not calculated to operate against me—Nature surely has changed her system and has invented fresh laws for her own guidance! The river rolling along with its rapid streams will recede into a simple fountain! Phœbus with his fiery brightness will produce darkness instead! Hesperus will perform the duties of the Sun! That something however should tend by good rights to augment my misery! For lo! we now observe Virtue in our family! but the one redeeming consolation for Œdipus is that he will not attain any benefit arising out of it Why do I in this listless manner refrain from exacting that punishment with my right hand which I deserve is it not right that I should revenge my as yet unavenged Father? Whatever thou hast already done has been to avenge the mother! (Pulling out his eyes) Let go the hand of thy father courageous virgin! thou art only prolonging my death and art conducting the funeral rites of a living father! Prepare at last to cover my odious body with earth! Thou sinnest with an honest intention Thou callest it affection to drag about an unburied parent it amounts to the same thing he who compels an unwilling man to die and he that hinders him from dying when he is hastening to arrive at it! to forbid a man to die who wishes for death is practically

Non esse saluum liceat ulcisci patrem	90
Adhuc inultum dextra quid cessas iners	
Evigere pœnas <sup>3</sup> quidquid exactum est adhuc,	
Mati dedisti mitte genitoris manum,	
Animosa virgo funus extendis meum,	
Longasque vivi ducis exsequias patris	95
Aliquando terra corpus invisum tege	
Peccas honesta mente pietatem vocas,	
Patrem insepultum trahere qui cogit mori	
Nolentem, in æquo est, quique properantem impedit	
Occidere est, vetare cupientem mori	100
Nec tamen in æquo est alterum gravius reor,	
Malo imperari, quam eripi mortem mihi	
Desiste cœpto, virgo jus vitæ ac necis	
Meæ penes me est iegna deseiui libens,	
Regnum mei retineo si fida es comcs,	105
Ensem parenti trade, sed notum nece	
Ensem paterna tradis <sup>3</sup> an nati tenent	
Cum regno & illum <sup>3</sup> faciet, ubicunque est, opus,	
Ibi sit relinquo natus hunc habent meus	
Sed uterque flammis potius & visum aggerem	110
Compone in altos ipse me immittam rogos	
Erectam ad ignes funebrem cscendam struem,	
Pectusque solvam diuum, & in cineres dabo	
Hoc quidquid in me vivit ubi sævum est mare <sup>3</sup>	
Duc, ubi sit altis prorutum faxis jugum,	115
Ubi tota rapidus ducat Ismenos vada	
Duc, ubi feræ sint, ubi fietum, ubi præceps locus,	
Si dux es illuc ire morituro placet,	
Ubi sedit alta rupe semiseio dolos	
Sphinx ore nectens dirige huc gressus pedum,	120
Hæc siste patrem dira ne sedes vacet,	
Monstrum repone majus hoc faxum insidens	
Obscura nostræ verba fortunæ loquar,	
Quæ nemo solvat quisquis Assyrio loca	
Possessa regi scindis, & Cadmi nemos	125
Serpente notum, sacra quo Dirce latet,	
Supplex adoras, quisquis Euiotam bibis,	
Spartenque fratre nobilem gemino colis,	
Quique Elm & Prunafon, & Bœotios	
Colonus agros uberis tondes soli,	130
Adverte mentem sæva Thebarum lues	

killing him! Nor, however, is there quite an equality in the two alternatives but I think that one cruelty is greater than the other to forbid a man to die, who wishes for death! I would rather that a sentence of death should be passed on me, than that I should receive a reprieve (that death should be taken from me). Abandon then, thy undertaking, daughter, the choice of life or death as regards

myself is within my own discretion! I have of my own free will left my kingdom but I still retain the kingdom of my individual self if thou art a faithful companion to me give thy parent a sword but it must be the very sword that is branded with a father's slaughter wilt thou give it to me? Or have the sons taken possession of it as well as the kingdom? But wherever it is crime is its appointed mission let it remain where it is as I abandon sole claim to it one son may have it but both may use it! (used between them against each other) I reprove rather a high pile and apply the blazing torches and I will cast myself forthwith into the burning mass (pile) or I will with intrepid step ascend the funeral mound till I reach the flames in their full activity and thus do away with my cheerless thoughts and hand over whatever is living and dwells within to be converted into ashes! Where is the relentless ocean Conduct me where the mountain is broken up into lofty rocks Where the swiftly flowing Ismenus threads its course in winding streams—If thou art my guide lead me where wild beasts abound where the sea is treacherous—where there are precipitous rocks to one of such places it pleases me to go and die! Or where the Sphinx sits on an elevated rock (that insidious serpent of the enigmatical) and invents the deceitful enigmas which issue from its seniferous mouth (half human half animal) hither direct the course of my steps here stop thy father and let not that insidious serpent be disengaged (if it be) let me take up the post and replace the vacancy with a monster more horrible than the Sphinx! Where I sitting on that stone could recite in obscure conundrums my own miserable career which no one would ever be able to interpret! Whoever thou art that ploughest the lands of the Assyrian king or whatever suppliant thou art that offerest up thy adorations at the grave rendered famous by the serpent of Cadmus by whose shade the fountain sacred to Dirce is hidden from the vulgar gaze Whoever thou art who imbibest the water of the Lurota or that who dwellest in Sparta rendered famous by the twin brothers (Castor and Pollux)—Whoever thou art who invest in Elis or Parnassus—or thou inhabitant who reapest thy harvests from the Bœotian fields Thou denizen of a fruitful soil give me thy earnest attention the savage monster (Sphinx) of Thebes in delivering his disaster—foreboding utterances in obscure language what could he have propounded like this or what so incapable of being unravelled—The son-in-law of a grandfather the rival of his own father the brother of his own children and the parent of his brothers a grandmother who brought forth children to a man and grandchildren to him at

Luctifica cæcis verba committens modis, Quid simile <sup>2</sup> posuit <sup>2</sup> quid tunc inexticabile <sup>2</sup> Avi gener, patrisque rivalis sui, Frater suorum liberum, & fratrum parens,	135
Uno avia partu liberos peperit vno, Ac sibi nepotes, monstrum quis tanta explicet <sup>2</sup> Ego ipse, victæ spolia qui Sphingis tuli Hæbebo, fati tardus interpretes mei	140
Quid perdis ultra verba <sup>2</sup> quid peccus ferum Mollne tentas precibus <sup>2</sup> hoc animo sedet, Effundere hanc cum morte luctantem diu Animam, & tenebras petere nam sceleri hæc meo Parum alta nox est Tartaro condid juvat, Et si quid ultra Tartarum est tandem libet,	145
Quod olim oportet morte prohiberi haud queo Ferrum negabis <sup>2</sup> novitas lapsa viri Cludes & arcus colla laqueis inferi Prohibebis <sup>2</sup> herbas, quæ ferunt letum, auferes <sup>2</sup> Quid ista tandem cura perficiet tua <sup>2</sup>	150
Ubique mors est optime hoc curvit Deus Eripere vitam nemo non homini potest, At nemo mortem mille ad hanc aditus præsent Nil quaero dextra noster & nuda solet Bene animus uti dextra nunc toto impetu,	155
Toto dolore, viribus totis veni Non destino unum vulnere nostro locum Totus nocens sum qui voles, mortem exige Effringe corpus, coique tot scelerum curia Evelle, totos viscerum nuda sinus	160
Fractum incitatis ictibus guttui sonet, Laceræve fixis unguibus venæ fluant Aut duige iras, quo soles hæc vulnere Rescissa multo sanguine ac tæbe irriga Hac extrahe animum, duram, inexpugnabilem	165
Et tu, parens, ubicunque pœnatum ubitei Adstas mearum (non ego hoc tantum scelus Ulla expiari credidi pœna fati Unquam, nec ista morte contentus fui, Nec me redemi parte membratum tibi	170
Volui perire) debitum tandem exige Nunc solvo pœnas, tunc tibi inferias dedi Ades, atque inertem dexteram introitus preme, Magisque merge timida tum parvo caput Libavit haustu, virque cupientes sequi	175

one and the same parturition! Who could unravel such monstrous facts? Why I myself should pose as the one who bore off the palm from the vanquished Sphinx! the tardy interpreter of my own destiny! Why do I indulge in empty words? Why do I endeavour to assuage my troubled soul with vain prayers? A resolution takes pos-

session of my mind to do away with that life which has been so long struggling with death and to search for eternal darkness (death) for this ordinary darkness of night (his blindness) is as naught compared with my wickedness—it would please me to be hidden away in Tartarus and if there be any place beyond Tartarus so let that be my destination! I am not willing to be prevented from seeking death the fate which was my due long ago! Thou persistest in denying me the sword! Thou shuttest out my path from the dangerous precipices into which I might otherwise fall thou preventest me from placing round my neck the tightened cord (strangulation) Thou placest out of my reach the poisonous herbs which bring about death so easily and with such certainty! What is to be arrived at finally from all these precautions of thine? (addressing Antigone) Death is everywhere! A beneficent God has taken care of mortals thus far! There is no one living that cannot rob thee of life but no one can rid thee of death! A thousand ways are at our disposal I do not ask for any special one. My own resolute will aforesaid enabled me with this right hand of mine and without the adventitious use of surgical or other weapons to employ it to some purpose! (Crepus means putting out his eyes which he did with his own fingers) Come now then Oh! right hand of mine with all thy

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choose Break up my whole body tear out my heart that has been capable of so many crimes lay bare the entire coverings of my entrails let my bare chest resound again beaten forcibly with a rapid succession of blows! let my veins torn by my nails dug into them flow freely with my blood! Or let me direct my anger where I showed it aforesaid (the eyes) and inundate the ancient wounds being opened up with the gushing blood and corruption! And let me remove with it (What the hand brings about) my own obdurate indomitable soul! And thou, oh! Parent wherever thou art come forward as the arbitrator of my punishment I have always been of opinion that my crimes could never be sufficiently expiated—by any punishment! Neither have I been contented with my present kind of death (Blindness) nor that I should be redeemed by any part of me that was left behind I have desired to die giving to thee (his father Iacus) every part of myself piece by piece pray demand thy full rights at last! I now wish to receive the extreme punishment and then I shall have given thee the sacri



Eduxit oculos hæret etiam nunc mihi Ille unicus, hæret, cum recensentem manum Pressere vultus iudicis verum, Q dipe Minus cruxi lumina iudicet tua Quam præstitisti nunc manum cerebro iudice	180
Hæc parte mortem perage, que cepit mori ANŒ Præca o parens magnanime miseranda peccor Ut veiba utræ mente placita audias Non te ut redueam veteris ad specimen domus Habitumque regni flore pollentem inclito	185
Peto, ut ut iras, tempore aut ipsa mora Fractas, remisso pectore ac placido seras Læ hoc decedat roboris tanti virum Non esse sub dolore, nec victum malis Dare terga non est, ut putas, virtus, pater,	190
Iamere vitam, sed malis iugentibus Obstare, nec se vertere, ac retro dire Qui fata proculerunt, ac vitæ bonæ Proiecit, atque abscedit, & cruxus suos Oneravit ipse, cui Deo nullo est opus,	195
Quare ille mortem cupiat, aut quare petat Ut utrumque timidi est nemo contempsit mori, Qui concupivit cuius laud ultra mala Evare possunt, in loco tuto est situs Quis jam Deorum (velle sic) quidquam potest	200
Malis tuis adicere? jam nec tu potes Nisi hoc, ut esse te putes dignum necesse Non es, nec ulla peccatis hoc culpa attingit Et hoc magis te, genitor, insontem vocæ, Quod innocens es, Dis quoque iuvatis quid est	205
Quod te efferauit, quod novos suffixerit Stimulos dolori? quid te ad inferas agit Sedes? quid ex his pellit? ut carere dic? Cares ut altis nobilem muris domum, Patrumque fugas? patria tibi vivo perit	210
Natos fugis, matremque? ab aspectu omnium Fortuna te submovit & quidquid potest Aufferre cuiquam mors, tibi hoc vitæ abstulit Regni tumultus, turba fortunæ prior Abscessit et te iussa quem, genitor, fugas?	215

fices due to the Infernal Deities (who preside over those ceremonies amongst the Manes) Come, and force thy hesitating right hand inwards, and bury it the more deeply, the last time thou timidly sacrificedst the head, with a small wound, and with difficulty drewest forth thy eyes which were only desiring to second thy efforts<sup>1</sup> Even now, thy courage hesitates, hesitates, even when thy face presses down towards thy unwilling, vacillating hand<sup>1</sup> Thou must hear the truth Œdipus, thou didst pull o thy eyes with less courage, than thou didst find the

display in being removed! Now try thy hand upon thy brain thou canst easily bring about death to that part where death has already et in (a mind dead to everything)

ANT Oh! magnanimous I parent! I pray thee that thou wilt listen in a calm spirit to a few words from thy wretched daughter I do not ask that I should bring thee back as a noble ornament of thy ancient dynasty with all thy regal power and clad in all the pomp of thy kingdom amidst abundant floral displays! but that thou shouldst bear up against thy angry passions whilst they are being toned down by time and resignation and that being so with thy mind restored to a state of composure and is it not becoming to a man of thy strong natural powers that he should not be under the tyranny of grief nor turn his back upon misfortunes and acknowledge himself mastered—It is not valor father as thou imaginest to hold life in contempt but to oppose great troubles with fortitude and not avoid them by flying from them or idly turning thy back on them The man who treads under foot his destiny and disregards and casts aside the good things of this life only makes his misfortunes more difficult to bear—that man requires no useless assistance from the Gods! Why should any man wish for death or go in search of it both of these things are the sign of a dastardly spirit no one has ever looked upon death with contempt who has longed for it—That man is placed in a safe position whose misfortunes cannot extend beyond that point which they have already attained! Which one of the Gods even if he wished it could add anything to thy calamities? Now do not think of anything but this thou shouldst be able to consider that thyself is undeserving of death! Thou art not deserving of death Nor has any crime ever entered thy heart and father! more than this consider thyself innocent because thou art really innocent in spite of the Gods!

What is it  
stings to  
infernal ab  
ones? I

not to  
from a  
itself,—

Dost thou fly from thy sons or thy mother? Fortune has removed thee from the sight of all of them and whatever death can take from any one that life has taken away from thee! The troubles of a kingdom and thy former subjects in the times of thy prosperity has ceased to be ruled by thee! From whom then father dost thou flee

ODI Me fugio, fugio confesum feclerum omnium  
 Pectus, manumque hanc fugio & hoc caelum & Deos  
 Et diu fugio feclera, quæ scilicet innoens  
 Ego hoc solum, frugifera quo surgit Ceres,  
 Pectus<sup>2</sup> has ego raris ore pestifero traho<sup>2</sup> 220  
 Ego latens haustu fatior aut ullo fruor  
 Alme parentis munere ego crastin manum  
 Nefandus, incestuosus, execrabilis  
 Attrecto<sup>2</sup> ego ullos raris concepio sonos,  
 Per quos parentis nomen, aut nati iudicium<sup>2</sup> 225  
 Uturam quidem rescindere hinc quidem vix  
 Mambusque adactis omne, qua vocis meruit  
 Aditusque verbis tramite angusto patet,  
 Eruere possem, nati iam sensum tuu,  
 Quæ pars meorum es criminum, infelix pater 230  
 Fugissem inhareret re recrudesceret nescis  
 Subinde, & rures ingerunt, quidquid mihi  
 Donastis oculi eur eripit tenebris grave  
 Non mitto ad umbras Ditis æternas<sup>2</sup> quid heie  
 Mores meos detineo<sup>2</sup> quid terram gravo<sup>2</sup> 235  
 Mixtusque superis erro<sup>2</sup> quid restat mali<sup>2</sup>  
 Regnum, parentes, liberi, virtus quoque,  
 Et ingenii sollertis æmulum decus  
 Penere euncta fors mihi infesta abstulit  
 Lærimæ supererant hinc quoque eripuit mihi 240  
 Absiste nullas animus admittit preces,  
 Novamque penam fecleribus quarit penam  
 Et esse par quæ poterit insanti quoque  
 Decreta mors est sciri quis tam tristis  
 Sortitus unquam<sup>2</sup> videram nondum diem, 245  
 Uterique nondum solveram clusi moras,  
 Et iam timebar protinus quosdam editos  
 Non occupavit, & novæ luci abstulit  
 Mors me antecessit aliquis intra viscera  
 Materna letum præcequis sciri tulit 250  
 Sed numquid & peccavit<sup>2</sup> abstrusum, abditum,  
 Dubiumque an essem, fecleris insandi reum  
 Deus egit illo teste damnavit parens,  
 Calidoque teneros tranfuit ferro pedes,  
 Et in alta nemora pabulum misit sevis, 255  
 Avibusque sævis, quas Cithæron noxius

OEDIP I fly from myself—I fly from a mind conscious  
 of every crime I fly from this parricidal hand, from this  
 sky around us, and the Gods—and I fly, as a criminal  
 from the terrible wickedness which I have committed!  
 Why am I now treading this very ground, from which  
 Ceres causes the fruits of the earth to spring up? Why  
 do I exhale the very air I breathe, from my poisonous  
 mouth? I am cloyed with the very water which I imbibe,  
 or why am I allowed to enjoy any benefit arising from

Mother Earth? Why do I touch this pure hand of thine I that am wicked incestuous accursed? Why do I catch any sounds with my ears by which I should recognize the name of Parent or Son? I wish that I was able to break down those passages to the ears and those out of which the voice issues and my efforts brought to bear that I could pluck out everything the very orifice for the transmission of the words I am now uttering and which lies open with such a narrow approach! Oh! my daughter! I thy miserable father would a long time ago have avoided anything that reminded me of thee who art a part of my crimes! (The incest with thy mother) Every now and then that crime hangs about me and seems to be re enacted and my ears appear to rehearse whatever ye oh! my eyes! have freed me from realizing! Why do I not hand over this head of mine already afflicted with darkness (loss of sight) to the eternal shades of Pluto? Why am I still here? a Ghost of Humanity! Why do I pester this Earth? Why do I wander about with those above the earth (the living) what other calamity awaits me My kingdom my parents my children my virtue also and the crowning distinction of a clever intellect as shown in solving the enigma of the Sphinx have all disappeared! My unhappy lot had deprived me of everything but my tears remained and these have now been taken from me (with the loss of the eyes the lachrymal glands) Desist, daughter my inclination does not respond to thy entreaties—it seeks some fresh but adequate punishment for my crimes but where or what is the penalty which shall be a condign one? Death also was predestined for me when an infant what man has ever been dealt with in this way by such a cruel destiny? I had not as yet seen the light of day nor concluded my retention in a mother's womb (period of gestation) and before my entry into this world I became an object of terror! Death often claims children directly they are born and robs them of their new form of life! Death preceded me! Death has reached some by a premature fate death in their mother's womb! But is there anything in that? Had they even sinned as yet? The God Apollo condemned me as one marked out—for some abominable crime and whilst I held a difficult place for him to determine such a matter hidden away as I was in my mother's womb and whilst every doubt existed (whether I should be born dead or alive of what sex I should be or whether I should be turned out as an unviable abortion (one that cannot live) or as a foetus fully developed! With such testimony as this my parent prejuged me he pierced my tender feet with red hot

Cruore sæpe regio tinctas igit	
Sed quem Deus damnavit, abiecit patet,	
Mors quoque refugit præstiti Delphis fidem	
Genitorem aditus impri stravi nece	260
Hoc igit pietas redimet occidi patrem,	
Sed matrem amavi proloqui hymenæum pudet,	
Tredasque nostras his quoque invitum pati	
To eoge pœnas scienus ignotum, efferum,	
Innitutum effere, quod populi horrerant,	265
Quod esse factum nulla non veritas neget,	
Quod paternitatem pudeat in paternos totos	
Tuli paterno sanguine aspersis manus,	
Scelerisque pretium majus accepi scelus	
Leve est patrum facinus in thalamos meos	270
Deducta mater, ne parum scelerum foret,	
Fœcunda nullum crimen hoc majus potest	
Natura serie si quod etiamnum est tamen,	
Qui scere possent, dedimus abjeci neis	
Pretium paternæ sceptrum, & hoc iterum manus	275
Armavit alias optime regni mei	
Fatum ipse novi nemo sine scero feret	
Illud cruore magna præfigit mala	
Paternus animus iuncta jam sunt femina	
Cicidit futuræ spernitur pacti fides	280
Illic occupato cedere imperio negat	
Jus ille, & icti fœderis testes Deos	
Invocat, & Argos exsul atque urbes movet	
Gryps in arma non levis seffis venit	
Rumit Thebis tela, flammæ, vulnera	
Instant, & istis si quod est majus malum,	285
Ut esse genitos nemo non ex me ferit	
AN SI nulla, genitor, causa vivendi tibi est,	
Illic una abunde est, ut præter natos regas	
Graviter furentes tu impu belli minas	290
Avertere unus, tuque vecordes potes	
Inlubere juvenes, civibus pacem dare,	
Patre quietem, fœderi læso fidem	
Vitam tibi ipse si negas, multis negas	
GRIP Illis parentis ullus tui equi est amor,	295
Vidit cruoris, imperii, armorum doli,	

skewers, and sent me into the thick forest, as food for the wild beasts, and the fierce birds of prey which destructive Cithæron has often nourished when drenched with the blood of Kings! But the father cast off, whom the God condemned and death has even turned its back upon me! I have fulfilled the Delphian Oracle I have risen against and laid low my father with a cruel death, the deep reverence to the oracle may somewhat extenuate the crime! I slew the father, but I loved the mother! I

am ashamed to talk of the marriage and the hymeneal ceremonies Let me insist however unwilling that I shall undergo adequate punishment for all this—It covers me with shame to speak of such unusual cruel unprecedented crimes which make the people to shudder at and that a crime which no age would acknowledge could be perpetrated and one which would call for universal execration—the Stigma of Parricide! I actually installed myself in my own father's marriage bed with my hands imbued with a father's own blood! And I entered upon a second crime greater is a set off for the first! The pregnant mother was decoyed into a marriage with me lest there should not have been the requisite amount of crime! Nature herself could not tolerate an offence of greater turpitude If there is anything still however to be done those that can do it I have provided in the shape of sons! I have abdicated the throne as the price of parricide and this agun has enabled others to arm themselves for crime (The sons at war with each other) I know very well the destiny of my kingdom—No one can hold that sceptre without detestable slaughter my paternal mind predicts great calamities already the seeds of coming slaughter are sown broad cast the observance of all treaties is set at naught—one refuses allegiance to him who occupies the throne the other quotes his claim and invokes the Gods as witnesses to the broken treaty and being banished from power stirs up Argos and the Grecian cities to take up arms—The ruin is not a light one which is now overtaking Thebes! The Sword Fire and Slaughter are imminent and if there is a greater misfortune than all this it is that nobody suspects that they are my sons!

ANT If no other reason for living is presented to thy mind father this is over and above ample to prove it to thee that thou as their parent shouldst bring these raging sons into subjection thou art the only one to avert the dangers arising out of this important strife and thou canst restrain these mad boys! give peace to the people tranquillity to thy own country and insist on the observance of the violated treaty—if thou art so persistent in denying life to thyself surely thou wilt be robbing many others if it!

ŒDIP Is there any sense of justice or love for a parent in these sons thirsting for blood power war and treachery and as I can sum up briefly in a word they must be cruel and criminal to be worthy of such a father as myself!—They vie with each other for crimes of every sort and they take no thought where their rage may drive them

Diris, scelestis, bicviter ut dicam, meis<sup>3</sup>  
 Certant in omne facinus, & penſi nihil  
 Ducunt ubi illos ira præcipites igit  
 Nefasque nullum, per nefas nostri putant 300  
 Non patris illos tangit infuſi pudor,  
 Non patri regno peſtus attonitum furit  
 Scio, quo feruntur, quanti moliri parent  
 Ideoque leti quæro maturi viam,  
 Morique propeio, dum in domo nemo eſt mea 305  
 Nocentior me nata, quid genibus meis  
 Fles advoluta? quid prece indomitum domus?  
 Unum hoc habet fortuna, quo poſſim capi,  
 Invictus aliis ſola tu affectus potes  
 Mollire duros, ſola pietatem in domo 310  
 Docere noſtra nil grave aut miſerum eſt mihi,  
 Quod te ſciram voluiſſe tu tantum impera  
 Hic Cædipus Ægrea trahabit freta,  
 Jubente te, flammæque, quas Siculo vomit  
 De monte tellus igneus volvens globos, 315  
 Excipiet ore, ſequæ ſerpenti offeret,  
 Quæ ſæva ſuito nemoris Herculeo furit,  
 Jubente te præbebit alitibus jecur,  
 Jubente te vel vivet

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

## NUNTIUS, CÆDIPUS, ANTIIGONE

Nuntius, a Thebanis miſſus, Cædipum obſecrat, ut rediens  
 componat filios & abnuſit Cædipus, & in ſilvas ſe  
 recipiens filius diras impreatur

**E**NUNTIUS **E**MPLEUM in ingens regia ſurpe edite, 320  
 Thebæ paventes arma ſiſterna invocant,  
 Rogantque tectis arceas patriis faces  
 Non ſunt miſæ jam propius acceſſit malum  
 Nam regna repetens frater, & patriis vices,  
 In bella cunctos Græciæ populos igit, 325

precipitately, and being born in crime, they deem nothing they can do, a crime at all! It is not any diſgrace reflecting on their afflicted father, nor any love of their country which affects thoſe ſons in the ſlighteſt degree but their unaccountable minds that urge them on to anger and thirſt, ſimply for power I know exactly, to what their thoughts are leading them, and what they will dare to accompliſh with their deſires, and thus it is, that I am more eager to ſelect the road for my own final deſtruc-

tion that I am in such a hurry to die so that I may do so whilst I can regard r  
 more criminal than the  
 ter why dost thou weep  
 knees? Why dost thou strive to subdue one that is in accessible to all thy entreaties? My condition still presents one feature by which I could be softened although my adamantine resolution resists all others. Thou alone canst calm down my afflicted soul. The only one in our wicked house who can boast of any virtue! Nothing is dreadful or insupportable to me now whatever I may learn that thou wilt be willing for me to carry out—! Thou hast but to command me! First may *Œdipus* swim along the waves of the *Ægean* Sea or at thy command shall he inhale the flames which the Earth ejects from the Sicilian Mount (*Ætna*) and the balls of fire, which are rolled forth from it or shall *Œdipus* offer himself to that serpent which still in its anger rages at the theft of the golden apples by *Hercules*? or will it please thee better that like *Tityus* I should hand over my liver and entrails to the vultures? Or wilt thou order me to do the most terrible thing of all—that I should live! (And this would be the greatest punishment of all)

## ACT II

### MESSENGER—ŒDIPUS—ANTIGONE

A messenger sent from Thebes beseeches *Œdipus* that he should return and reconcile his sons *Œdipus* refuses and betaking himself to the dismal forests lavishes his execrations upon those sons

#### MESSENGER

O! thou descendant from a royal race Thebes trembling with alarm at the war between the brothers invokes thee as an admirable example of the changes of Fortune and implores thee that thou wilt drive away the flames of war which are threatening their native homesteads and these are not mere alarms, already the dogs of war are loose and at their very thresholds—For the brother that is seeking to gain back the kingdom and to disturb the order of succession (reigning by turns) has drawn the entire population of Greece into this war seven military camps have pitched themselves around the walls! Help us! Prevent alike war and crime!



Septena muros castra Thebanos premunt  
 Succurre, prohibe pauciter & bellum & nefas  
 ÆDIP Ego ille sum, qui scelera committi vetem,  
 Et abstineie fanguine a curo manus  
 Doceam magister juris & amoris pui 330  
 Ego sum meorum facinorum exempla appetunt  
 Me nunc sequuntur laudo, & agnosco libens  
 Exhortor, aliquid ut patre hoc dignum gerant  
 Agite, o propago clara, generosam indolem  
 Probate factis, gloriam ac laudes meas 335  
 Superate, & aliquid facite, propter quod patrem  
 Adhuc iuuet vixisse facietis, scio  
 Sic estis orti scelere defungi huius levi,  
 Haud usitato, tanta nobilitas potest  
 Ferte arma, facibus petite penetrales Deos 340  
 Fugemque flamma metite natalis foli  
 Miscete cuncta rapite in exitium omnia  
 Dejicite passim mœnia, in plenum date  
 Templis Deos obruite, maculatos hares  
 Conflate ab imo tota confidat domus 345  
 Urbs concremetur primus a thalamis meis  
 Incipiat ignis ANT Mitte violentum impetum  
 Doloris, ac te publica exorent mala,  
 Auctorque placidæ liberis pacis veni  
 ÆDIP Vides modestæ deditum menti fenem? 350  
 Placidæque amantem pacis ad partes vocas?  
 Tumet animus iræ, feruet immensum dolor,  
 Majusque, quam quod cæsus & juvenum fuor  
 Conatur, aliquid cupio non fatis est adhuc  
 Civile bellum frater in fratrem rnat 355  
 Nec hoc sit est quod debet, ut fiat nefas  
 De more nostro, quod meos decet toros,  
 Date arma patri nemo me ex his eruat  
 Silvæ latebo rupis evasæ cavo,  
 Aut sepe densæ corpus absconditum tegam 360  
 Hinc aucupabor verba rumoris vagi,  
 Et sæva fratrum bellæ, quod possum, audiam

ÆDIP Am I to be the man, who can take upon himself to forbid crimes to be committed, and to advise men to stay their weapons from the shedding of the blood of others, however dearly it may be cherished? Am I the administrator of Justice's laws and the champion of legitimate love? Why! they are only too desirous of taking me as an example for their guidance in the cause of crime! Why! they are only following in my footsteps! I commend them for it and I recognize their operations most gladly, and I exhort them, moreover, that they should acquit themselves, in a way worthy of such a "sire" as myself! Push on! Oh! my illustrious progeny, and establish

a claim to thy noble origin by thy deeds—outstrip me in my glorious exploits and in my triumphs and mind to do something yet on account of which it may give me pleasure to find that I have lived to witness it thou wilt do this I am persuaded for thou wast born for it! (Composed of the exact materials) Such a nobility as thou possessest can only faithfully perpetrate any crimes any unheard of wickedness (and thus support thy dignity) Carry on thy war enter into the sanctums even of thy paternal gods with thy blazing torches gather in the harvests of thy natal soil with flames instead of the sickle (that is burn them down) throw everything into confusion—hand over everything to destruction—destroy the city walls everywhere and level them all to the ground—bury  
 temples pull  
 the entire cit  
 of their own  
 y Lares—let  
 ground and  
 let the conflagration be initiated by the destruction of my marriage bed!

ANT Dismiss these violent transports of rage and let the bad tidings (misfortunes) which have been reported to thee have some weight with thee Come father be thou the means of establishing the blessings of peace between thy sons

ÆDII Dost thou regard me as an old man abandoned to mental serenity and moderation that thou shouldst invite me as one loving the blessings of peace (as thou callest them) and desirous to encourage others to follow out a similar course? Why! My own very soul is swelling out with wrath—a deeply rooted hatred rages within me and much greater than any undertakings or furious experiments that the ardor of those boys could bring about! I still crave for my something civil war is not as yet enough for me—let brothers fly at brothers throats nor is that enough! What ought to be is that some crime should be done worthy of my own formula something that shall be consistent with that incestuous bed of mine! Supply thy father with defensive weapons and no one shall ever rescue me from these forests! I would hide in the hollow rock or I would conceal dense thickets and there to the words of flying rumors and should hear with my own ears of the savage warfare of the brothers! What could I do better?

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

'Ανέφραδος

IOCASTA, ANTIIGONE, NUNTIUS

Jocasta, audito in proximâ stare utramque rem, propere fertur, filios (si fieri possit) in gratiam reductura

**F**ELIX Agave, facinus horrendum, manu  
 Qua fecerat, gestavit, & spoliis tulit  
 Cruentâ nati Mœnâs in partes dati  
 Fecit scelus, sed misera non ultra suum  
 Scelus hoc cucurrit hoc leve est, quod sum nocens  
 Feci nocentes dederat ærummis meis,  
 Pperi nocentes dederat ærummis meis,  
 Ut & hostem amorem Bruum ter posuit nives,  
 Et tertia jam falce decubuit Cœtes,  
 Ut exsul errat natus, & patria cœtes,  
 Profugusque regum auxilia Græcorum rogat  
 Gener est Adrastus, cujus imperio mare,  
 Quod cingit Isthmum, regitur hic gentes fars,  
 Septemque secum regna ad auxilium trahit  
 Generi quid optem, quidve deceam, hunc scio  
 Regnum reposcit causa repentis boni est,  
 Mala, sic petentis voti quæ faciam parens?  
 Utrumque natum video nil possum pie  
 Pietate salva facere quodcumque alteri  
 Optabo nato, fiet alterius malo  
 Sed utrumque quavis diligam affectu pari,  
 Quo causa melior, forsque deterior trahit,  
 Inclinat animus, semper infirmo favens  
 Miseros magis fortuna conciliat suis  
 NUNT Regina, dum tu flebiles questus cœtes,  
 Terisque tempus, tota nudatus stetit  
 Acies in armis æra jam bellum cœtes,  
 Aquilaque pugnam signiferi motu vocat  
 Septena reges bella dispositi parant  
 Animo pari Cadmea progenies subit  
 Cursu citato miles hinc illinc ruit  
 Vide, ut atra nubes pulvere abscondat diem,  
 Fumoque similes campus in cœlum erigat  
 Nebulas, equestri fracta quas tellus pede  
 Submittit &, si vera metuentes vident,  
 Infesta fulgent signa subreptis adest  
 Frons prima telis aurea clipeum nota  
 Nomen ducum vexilla præscriptum ferunt  
 I, redde amorem fratribus, pacem omnibus,  
 Et impia arma mater opposita impedi

365

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## ACT III

Part of this tragedy is lost—(the commencement)

## JOCASTA—ANTIGONE—MESSENGER

Jocasta from the report that the armies of the brothers are drawn up against each other in battle array is summoned hastily and if it were possible to be done tries her utmost to reconcile the brothers

## JOCASTA

**A** GAVE in a happy mood enough carried her abominable crime in the hand that had committed it and she (a Maenad of Bacchus) the sanguinary mother, held up as a trophy affixed to her Thyrsus the mangled remains of her Son (Pentheus) (See First Act line 16 et seq) She committed a crime in the first instance but this one crime of hers did not lead on to others—this is trivial compared with mine! Because I am criminal myself I make others criminal this likewise so far is a light offence but I was the means of bringing forth criminals but this much was wanting in my budget of misery that I should even love my enemy (Polynices) Winter has deposited her snows three times and the third year's harvest has been laid low with the sickle since my son Polynices wandered abroad as in exile and vanished from his native soil and now that same exile is enlisting the Grecian kings as auxiliaries. He is a son in law of Adrastus by whose sway the sea which girts the isthmus of Corinth is governed—this king is drawing in an alliance with his own subjects those of seven other kingdoms to reinforce the army of this son in law! What I wish for and what I shall determine to do I know not. Polynices seeks for the kingdom again the reason for seeking for it thus is excusable enough but obviously reprehensible as to the mode in which he seeks to attain his object! How can I as a parent wish either of them success on each side of me I behold a son I can do nothing conscientiously which could render justice to both what I would desire in favor of one son would resolve itself as an injury towards the other! But although I love them both with equal affection my heart which always takes the side of the weaker inclines me towards the one whose cause is just at the same time that it attracts me to that one whose lot is the harder! Fortune induces us to sympathize with the miserable and all the more when associated with the ties of kindred

ANT Perge, o parens, & concita celerem gradum, Compeſce tela, fratribus ferrum cæute Nudum inter enſes pectus inſeſtos tene	405
Aut ſolve bellum, mater, aut prima exiſpe JOC Ibo, ibo, & riuus obuium opponam eripit Stabo inter arma petere qui fratrem uolct, Petat ante matrem tela, qui fuerit prius, Rogante ponat matre qui non eſt prius	410
Incipiat & me ſeruidos iuuenes tuus Ienebo nullum teſte me ſict uctis Aut ſi aliquod & me teſte committi poterit, Non fiet unum ANTI Signa collatis morant Vicina ſignis clamor hoſtilis ſcruit	415
Scelus in propinquo eſt occurræ, mater, preces Et ecce motos ſletibus eredis meis Sic regmen armis ſegue compoſitur uent Procedit acies tarda, ſed properant duces	420
JOC Quis me procellæ turbine intrare uictus Volucer per auris uentus ætheris æget Que Sphinx, uel atra nube ſubtexens diem Stymphialis, uidis præpetem pennis feret? Aut quæ per altis æris irpict uis Hæpyriæ, sæuæ regis obſeruas famem?	425
Et inter acies projiciet raptam duras? NUNT Vadit furenti ſimilis, aut etiam furit,	

MESS Oh! Queen! Why doſt thou trouble thyſelf, with theſe mournful reflections, and fritter away the time—The entire army is marching onwards with their glittering ſwords—already the war-trumpet rouses them to action, and the ſtandard bearers with the Eagles waving to and fro in the air give notice of the impending battle. The ſeven kings having ſo diſpoſed their battalions, are getting ready, as it were, for the ſeven-ſtrong encounter—the ſons of Cadmus have entered upon the campaign with equal martial determination! Here, there, everywhere, the ſoldiers are ruſhing on precipitately with a rapid advance! Obſerve how the ſky is becoming black with the whirl winds of duſt and how the day light is becoming obſcured, and the field of battle raiſes volumes of clouds like ſmoke, towards the heavens, which, the ground being broken up, by the hoofs of the cavalry, is made to ſend up, and if thoſe that are timid or flurried will only take the trouble to obſerve attentively, they can behold the warlike banners which are being proudly diſplayed—The front rank is advancing with their arrows half raiſed, and the ſtandards bear the names of the generals, inſcribed on them, accompanied with ſome ſort of glaring device ſet forth in gold! Go thou and induce a feeling of fraternal love with the

belligent brothers and thus insure peace for all and as a mother standing forth with unflinching courage between thy sons stay their impious strife!

ANT Go Oh! I rent hurry onwards thy departure and appease their angry strife and putting aside their weapons dash them from the hands of the brothers and present thy naked breast between their angry swords put thou an end to this war or be thou a sacrifice!—first!

JOC I will go—I will go and present my head as they deal their strokes and I will stand between their hostile swords so that the one that is seeking the brother for a target shall make a target of his own mother! The one who proves his affection will put aside his weapon at his mother's earnest entreaties—the one who proves himself the reverse shall begin with me! As an old woman I will hold back the raging boys and no fratricidal crime shall have me as an eyewitness or if any work of slaughter is capable of being committed with me for an eyewitness it shall not be limited to that solitary deed for I myself will perish too!

ANT The standards are now closing in! they are joining battle! The warlike din of the hostile forces is distinctly heard as the opposing armies clash! Crime is not now far off mother let them give ear to thy prayers and take my word for it thou must rely on their being wrought upon by thy tears! The army is tardy in its advance is now meeting with the opposing battalions—The battle is progressing slowly but the generals seem to be hurrying forward impetuously!

JOC What wind & tempest will hurry  
What Sphinx will be representative from  
the day as with a black cloud will swiftly bear me hence on its eager wings? or which of the three Harpies that take such morbid delight at the craving hunger of the cruel King Phineus will conduct me along the paths of the lofty sky and after seizing me up will eventually throw me forwards between the two armies?

MESS She Jocasta is starting off like a mad woman or she is in reality mad just as the swift arrow shot forth by some Parthian marksman is urged on to its destination, or as the ship is caught in a heavy squall and is pressed

Sagitta qualis Parthica velox manu  
 Excussa fertur qualis infans ratis  
 Premente vento rapitur, aut qualis cadit  
 Delapsa caelo stella, cum stringens polium 430  
 Rectam citatis ignibus rampit vium,  
 Attonita cursu fugit, & hinc statim  
 Diduxit acies victa materna proci  
 Haesere belli, namque in alteram necem 435  
 Illuc & hinc miscere cupientes manum  
 Vibrata dextra telis suspensa tenent  
 Proci saevetur omnium ferrum hinc  
 Cessatque telum vibrat in fratrum manu  
 Annata curis mater ostendit comas, 440  
 Rogat abnuentes irrigat siccis genas  
 Negare matri, qui diu dubitat, potest

## ACTUS QUARTUS

### JOCASIA, POLYNICES, EILOCIUS

Jocasta utrumque filium serio precatur, ut similitate posita  
 in gratiam & amorem redire velint Polynices  
 impie respondit

**I**N me arma & ignes vertite in me omnis ruit  
 Unam juvenus, quæque ab Inachio venit  
 Animosa muro, quæque Thebana sero 445  
 Descendit arce civis atque hostis simul  
 Hunc petite ventrem, qui dedit fratres viro  
 Hæc membra passim spargite, ac divellite  
 Ego utrumque peperit ponitis ferrum oculus  
 An dico, & ex quo dexteris matri date 450  
 Date, dum pro sunt error invitos adhuc  
 Fecit nocentes omne Fortunæ fuit  
 Peccantis in nos crimen hoc primum nefas  
 Inter scientes geritur in vestra manu est,  
 Utrum velitis sancta si pietas placet, 455  
 Donate matrem proci si placuit scelus,

onwards through the waves, or as a meteor, (falling star) descending from the skies approaches the earth with extreme velocity, and the igneous matter thrown off, brushes the air, as it forces its progress, in any direction it may take, so Jocasta quite beside herself flies along will all speed and immediately places herself between the two opposing armies, which being prevailed upon by her maternal entreaties, the fighting ceases<sup>1</sup> just as they were most bent on dealing their blows right and

left for each other's destruction and now they hold their weapons aloof balanced in their right hands—All are in favor of peace! Every one else assumes a pacific attitude and sheathes his sword but they are still flourished menacingly in the hands of the brothers and the mother tearing down her hair displays her hoary locks—she implores them but they refuse to listen—she bathes her face with tears to think that where hesitation once seemed to prevail at first should at last end in a mother's being denied any efficacy arising out of her entreaties!

## ACT IV

### JOCASTA—POLYNICES—FLOCLÉS

Jocasta entreats the brothers most suppliantly, that they should put away their mutual hatred and return to the paths of reconciliation and affection Polynices gives an unnatural reply

#### JOCASTA

**T**URN the fire and sword on me let all the brave young warriors make a rush at me alone and what ever combatants have marched from the city of Inachus or whosoever else led on by their youthful ferocity have come down from the Theban citadel—armed citizens and soldiers alike seek out my body the body that has borne such brothers to a husband scatter and tear asunder these limbs of mine in every direction—I brought forth both of you but shall I tell you by whom? therefore insert thy swords quickly!—Give thy right hands to thy mother give them whilst they are yet unpolluted by a brother's blood! Blind ignorance hitherto has made us (thy father and myself) the unconscious instruments of crime all the evils of an unjust lot have been visited upon us! this crime have committed  
The crime is at t  
but if the sacre  
both make thy  
ready at thy hand  
thee either stop the war or kill me who am now delaying thy warlike doings! To which son shall I the anxious mother first address my alternate entreaties? Which of you shall I wretched as I am embrace the first? I am attracted towards both of you with equal love! One of



Magnus paratum est mediis se opponit parcis  
 Prounde bellum tollite, aut belli moram  
 Solliciti nunc enim mater alterius prece  
 Verba admovebo? misera quem amplectar prius 160  
 In utramque partem ducor affectu pari  
 Hic absuit sed pacta si fratrum valent  
 Nunc alter abest ergo iam nunquam duos,  
 Nisi sic, videbo? iunge complexus prior  
 Qui tot labores totque perpessus mala 165  
 Longo parentem scissis exilio videt  
 Accede propius clude vagina impium  
 Ensem, & timentem iungue cupientem exitu  
 Hæstam solo desige matrem tuam  
 Corre pectus pectori clypeus velat 470  
 Hunc quoque reponit vincto frontem caue  
 Tegumenque capitis triste belligeri leua  
 Et ora matri redde quo vultus refert  
 Acieque prouida fratris observas morum  
 Affusa totum corpus amplexu tegam 175  
 Tuo euori per memum fiet via  
 Quid dubius hæres? an times matris fidem  
 Por Timeo nihil iam iura naturæ valent  
 Post ista fratrum exempla, ne matrem quidem  
 Fides habenda est hoc Redde iam expulso matrem 180  
 Adstringe guleram, hæc se clypeo ingerat,  
 Dum frater armatur, armatus matrem  
 Tu pone ferrum, cuius qui es ferri prior  
 Si preis odium est, furere si bello placet  
 Inducis te mater exiguis rogat, 185  
 Ferat ut reuerso post fugam nato osentæ,  
 Vel prima, vel suprema dum preem peto,  
 Audite inermes ille te, tu illum times,  
 Ego utrumque, sed pro utroque quid strictum abhorreo  
 Recondere enses? quolibet gruide mora 190  
 Id gerere bellum cupitis, in quo est optimum  
 Vincti vereris fratris infestis dolos?  
 Quoties necesse est fallere, aut falli a suis,  
 Patiare potius ipse, quam facias, scelus  
 Sed ne verere mater insidias & hinc, 495  
 Et rursus illinc abiget exore, an patri  
 Invideo vestro? veni, ut uicerem nefas,  
 An ut viderem propius? hic ferrum abdudit

you has been absent (Polynices), if the treaty between the brothers is still to hold good, the other will now go away I wonder therefore, if I shall ever see you two brothers otherwise than I see you now, in open warfare with each other! Let the one, therefore, who has undergone so many difficulties and misfortunes and who now sees his mother, wearied out with his long exile! be the

first to meet my embrace come nearer return thy wicked sword to its sheath and put aside that trembling spear already eager to be employed and stick it into the ground thy shield too prevents my maternal bosom from meeting thine in affectionate conjunction put that aside also Remove thy helmet relieve thy warlike head of that awful appendage and turn thy unencumbered face to wards thy Mother! Why dost thou direct thy glances and watch the hand of thy brother with such an anxious look! I will cover thy entire body with my close embrace and the road to thy blood shall be that shall pass through mine! Why dost thou hesitate as if thou doubt edst it? Or dost thou question a mother's sincerity?

POL I do doubt the laws of Nature are now of no avail after the example shown by two brothers no trust can be reposed even in a mother!

JOC Turn thy hand now towards the hilt of thy sword fasten on thy warlike helmet and arrange thy shield on the left side and remain accoutred whilst thy brother casts aside his military appendages Thou Eteocles put aside thy blade for thou art the original cause of this appeal to the sword if thou entertainest such an unconquerable dislike for peace and nothing pleases thee but fighting thy mother asks thee for a short truce and that my son having returned from his mother's exile may receive a mother's kisses for the first or perhaps the last time! Whilst I am seeking for a temporary peace listen to me both of you unarmed! Eteocles Polynices fears thee and thou <sup>in</sup> <sup>both</sup> that is I fear for y <sup>use to</sup> restore that drawn <sup>in thy</sup> reluctance as much as thou likest thou dost want it I see to continue the struggle in which in sooth it will redound to thy advantage to be overcome rather than to be victorious Dost thou fear any treasonable designs on the part of thy brother As often as there must be a necessity for perfidy or to suffer from perfidy at the hands of others it is far better to suffer from its effects than to commit another great crime in order to correct it but do not fear thy mother will shield thee from treachery Thou on the one side and the brother as well on the other am I to obtain what I ask by these entreaties of mine? am I to envy the lot that has fallen to thy father? I have come that I may banish crime and not that I should see it drawing nigher to me! (To Polynices) Eteocles has sheathed his sword and leaning on his spear is merely idly watching the arms he has

Reclinis h[ab]itæ, & am[er] defixa meubant  
 Ad te preces nunc, n[ost]re, maternas feram, 500  
 Sed ante herimas teneo longo tempore  
 Peti[er]i votis ora te, profugum solo  
 Patrio, penates regis externi tegunt  
 Te maria tot divers[er], tot casus vagum  
 Egere non te duxit in thalamos parens 505  
 Comitatu primos, nec sua festas manu  
 Ornavit edes, nec sua lætas faces  
 Vitæ revolvit dona non tui & graves  
 Gravis foecer, non urva, non urbes dedit  
 Dotale bellum est hostium es factus gener, 510  
 Patria remotus, hospes alieni h[ab]itis,  
 Externi consecutus, expulsus tuus,  
 Sine crimine exsul ne quid e fati tibi  
 Deesset paternis, hoc quoque ex illis habes,  
 Errasse thalamis n[ost]re, post multos mihi 515  
 Remisse solis, n[ost]re, suspensæ metus  
 Lt spes parentis, cujus aspectum Deos  
 Semper rogavi, cum tuus reditus mihi  
 Tantum esset erepturus adventu tuo,  
 Quotum daturus, quando pro te desinam, 520  
 Dixi, timere dixit irridens Deus,  
 Ipsum timebis nempe, nisi bellum foret,  
 Ego te carerem nempe, si tu non fores,  
 Bello carerem triste conspectus datur  
 Pretium tui, durumque sed matri placet 525  
 Hinc modo recedunt arma, dum nullum nefas  
 M[er]i[is] scelus videt hoc quoque est magnum nefas,  
 Nam prope fuisse stupeo, & sanguis tremo,  
 Cum stare fratres hinc & hinc video duos  
 Sceleris sub icu membra quarantur metu 530  
 Quam p[ro]nc mater inq[ui]s asp[er]i nefas,  
 Quam quod miser videre non potuit pater!  
 Licet timore fremoris tui vocem,  
 Videtamque jam nil vale, sum infelix tamen,  
 Quod p[ro]nc vidi per decem mensium graves 535  
 Uteri labores, perque pietatem inelita  
 Precor sororis & per irati sibi  
 Gravis parentis, scelere quis nullo nocens,

And aside—It is to thee now, Oh! my son! that I tender  
 my entreaties as well as the tears I have shed before, I  
 now behold the face, which for so long a time, has been  
 my eager wish to see thee, an exile from thy native  
 country, the household gods of a strange king have given  
 thee an asylum, thou hast passed thy time as a wanderer  
 over many seas and through many misfortunes No  
 mother at thy side, regulated the preliminaries of thy

marriage—No mother to conduct thee to the nuptial  
 chamber no mother adorned thy dwelling with festive  
 decorations no mother has affixed the sacred wreaths to  
 the nuptial torches which usually crown with joy the  
 marriage ceremony! Thy father in law has given thee no  
 presents of gold or other valuable treasures no lands  
 no city even as a dowry but war simply war has been  
 thy only marriage settlement thou hast been made the  
 son in law of our enemy transported from thy own country  
 the guest of an alien household and expelled from thy  
 own family thou hast allied thyself with the fortunes of  
 strangers an exile without any fault of thine own and  
 lest anything should be spared thee arising out of thy  
 paternal destiny thou certainly canst lay claim to this  
 particular one I thou hast made a great mistake in marriage!  
 (like the marriage of herself with *Edipus*) Oh! my son!  
 returned to me after so long a time Oh! my dear son  
 the hope and anxious care of thy parent for a sight  
 of whom I have often prayed to the Gods when lo! thy  
 return ———— ay when thou didst  
 return— ———— cease to entertain  
 apprehensive ———— in a jeering tone  
 only reason to fear on  
 his account! In effect unless this war had arisen I should  
 still have not seen thee but as it has taken place if thou  
 wert not here I should not witness this war a sad cruel price  
 is being paid for seeing thee but cruel as is this awful  
 price it pleases me so long as I do see thee! Only let  
 arms be in abeyance now whilst cruel Mars dares to  
 incite no more crime! It is however a great crime in  
 itself for things to have been so nearly approaching  
 crime even! I am quite stupefied and I tremble and  
 turn pale when I see two brothers standing face to face  
 on the brink of crime my limbs are paralyzed with  
 fear—How nearly I as a mother have witnessed a crime  
 more heinous even in my eyes than that which their  
 miserable father could not tolerate to look upon! It is  
 only just that I should escape being an eye witness to  
 such abominable wickedness and I should never have  
 beheld the like I am miserable at the thought of how  
 nearly I did see it! Oh! *Polymces*! I conjure thee by  
 the ten months I carried thee with pain and suffering  
 in my womb (they reckoned utero gestation at ten months  
 then ———— of thy sister  
 —by ———— by his think  
 innocent tore  
 out c ———— exacting them as a cruel penance  
 for an imaginary offence avert these cruel flames from  
 thy native city turn back the standards of thy bellicose

Erronis a se diua supplicia exigens, Hansit, nefandas mœnibus patrius faces	540
Averte, signa bellici retio agminis Flecte ut recedas, magna pars sceleris tamen Vestri paracta est vidit hostili grege Campos repleri patria, fulgentes procul Armis catervas vidit equitatu levi	545
Cadmea frangi prata, & excellos rotis Volitare proceres, igne flagrantes trabes Fumare, cineri quæ petunt nostras domos, Fratresque (facinus quod novum & Thebis fuit) In se ruentes totus hoc exercitus,	550
Hoc utrinque populus omnis, hoc vidit foror, Genitrixque vidit nam patri debet sibi, Quod ista non spectavit occurrat tibi Nunc Cœdipus quo iudice, erroris quoque Pœnæ petuntur ne, precor ferro erue	555
Patriam, ac penates, neve, quas regere expetis, Evertè Thebas quis tenet mentem furo? Patriam petendo perdis ut fiat tua Vis esse nullam? quin tuæ causæ nocet Ipsum hoc, quod armis uris infestis solum,	560
Segetesque adustas sternis, & totos fugam Edis per agros nemo sic vastat sua Quæ corripì igne, quæ meti gladio jubes, Aliena credis? rex sit e vobis uter, Manente regno, quærite hæc telis petes	565
Flammisque tecta? poteris has Amphionis Quassare moles? nulla quis struxit manus, Stridente tardum machina ducens onus, Sed convocarus vocis & citharæ sono Per se ipse tuus venit in summis lapis	570
Hæc saxa fringes victor? hinc spolia auferes, Vinctosque duces patris æquales tu? Matres ab ipso conjugum raptis sinu Sevus catenari miles imposita trahet? Ut adulta virgo mixta captivo gregi Thebana nuribus munus Argolicis eat?	575
An & ipsi palmis vincta post tergum datas Mater triumphu præda fraterni vehat? Potesne cives lætus exitio datos Videre passim? mœnibus curis potes	580
Hostem admovere? sanguine & flamma potes	

followers, but although thou recedest, a great portion of the mischief has already been perpetrated—thy country beholds the fertile plains overrun by hostile bands, at a distance, the troops proclaiming their presence with their glittering arms, it beholds the Theban meads, broken up, trodden down by the light horsemen, the Chiefs and

Nobles dashing along in their chariots the houses smoking from conflagrations already set in and which threaten to destroy the homesteads and reduce them to ashes! And the brothers rushing madly upon each other but alas! What crime can be a novelty to unhappy Thebes! The assembled forces have witnessed all this and the entire population and thy sister have seen it and I the miserable mother am included amongst the spectators! For the father is indebted to himself (loss of his sight) that he has not seen these things and Œdipus it will now occur to thy mind by what dispensation the punishment of an error even is sometimes visited! Do not I entreat thee ruin thy country and thy household gods nor destroy that Thebes which thou art now aspiring to govern! What madness possesses thy mind that in thy endeavours to gain a country thou must destroy it in order that a country may be thine dost thou wish that it should not exist! But all this kind of thing only injures thy own cause in as much as thou burnest up the soil wherever thy destructive soldiery go thou throwest down the standing corn just as it is getting ripe and thou bringest about a universal flight throughout the entire land no sensible man devastates his own property or is it that what thou believest belongs to another thou must order to be destroyed by fire or mown down by the sword! Seek to decide which of the two is to be the king whilst there remains anything at all in the shape of a kingdom! Shalt thou search out for the palaces with fire and sword? Canst thou possibly desire to demolish the walls raised by Amphion? Which no hand of man struggling with the burden slowly moved even by loud sounding machinery could ever have built up! But the stones themselves wrought upon by the enchanting influence of Amphion's voice and the sweet melodies from his lyre of their own accord mounted to the loftiest towers! Wilt thou as the conqueror dare to destroy those walls? Dost thou propose to retire loaded with spoils and with chiefs as old as thy own father manacled as prisoners? Will the merciless trooper drag along bound in chains mothers torn away from the arms of their husbands? Will the Theban Virgin of ripe age mixing indiscriminately with the rougher captives go forth to be presented to the matrons of Argos? Or shall I as a mother be carried off bound with my hands behind my back together with the other booty resulting from a brother's triumph? Is it possible that thou canst witness with exultation the carrying off at every turn of the citizens into exile? Canst thou placidly allow the enemy to encamp within those sacred walls Is it thy wish to

Implere Thebas<sup>2</sup> tam ferum & durum geris  
 Sævumque in uas pectus, & nondum impeias<sup>2</sup>  
 Quid scepra facient<sup>2</sup> pone vestros, precor,  
 Animi tumores, teque pietari refer 585  
 POL Ut profugus errem semper<sup>2</sup> ut patria arcear,  
 Opemque gentis hospes externæ sequar<sup>2</sup>  
 Quid paterer aliud, si sefellissem fidem  
 Si pejerasssem<sup>2</sup> fraudis alienæ dabo  
 Pœnas, at ille præmium sceleum feret<sup>2</sup> 590  
 Jubes abire matris imperio obsequor  
 Da, quo revertar regia frater mea  
 Habitat superbus, parva me abscondat crisa  
 Hanc da repulso liceat exiguo lare  
 Pensare regnum conjugii donum datus 595  
 Arbitria thalami diua felicitis feram,  
 Humilisque focerum liva dominantem sequar<sup>2</sup>  
 In seruitutem cadeie de regno, grave est  
 JOC Si regna quæuis, nec potest sceptrio manus  
 Vacare sævo, multa, quæ possunt peti 600  
 In orbe toto, quælibet tellus dabit  
 Hinc nota Baccho Tmolus attollit juga,  
 Qua lata terris spatia frugiferis jacent  
 Et qua trahens opulenta Pactolus vada  
 Inundat auro rura nec lætis minus 605  
 Mæandros arvis flectit errantes aquas,  
 Rapidusque campos fertiles Hebrus secat  
 Hinc grata Cereri Gargara, & dives solum  
 Quod Xanthus ambit nivibus Idæis tumens  
 Hinc, qua relinquit nomen lonu maris, 610  
 Fauces Abydi Sestos oppositæ premit  
 Aut, quæ latus jam propior Orienti dedit,  
 Tutamque crebris portibus Lyciam videt  
 Hæc regna ferro quære in hos populos serat  
 Socer arma fortis has paret scepro tuo 615  
 Tradatque gentes hoc adhuc regnum puta  
 Tenere patrem melius exilium est tibi,  
 Quam reditus iste crimine alieno exulas,  
 Tuo redibis melius istis viribus  
 Nova regna nullo scelere maculata appetes 620  
 Quin ipse frater, arma comitatus tur,  
 Tibi militabit vade, & id bellum gere,  
 In quo pater materque pugnanti tibi  
 Frivere possunt regna cum scelere, omnibus  
 Sunt exilis grauiora nunc belli mala 625  
 Propone, dubias Martis incerti vires

fill Thebes with slaughter and conflagrations<sup>2</sup> Dost thou possess a heart so truculent and callous, so cruelly thirsting for revenge, which as yet thou hast not tried to subdue<sup>2</sup> Is all this, what sceptres can bring about<sup>2</sup>

Cast aside I conjure thee thy maddened swelling rage  
and betake thy heart to piety!

POL Shall I always wander as an exile? shall I be  
driven away from my native land and as a stranger seek  
the assistance of an alien country what more could I  
undergo even if I had broken my faith if I could have  
perjured myself as my brother has done Shall I be  
punished for the fraud of another whilst that other will  
be reaping an absolute reward for his own wickedness!  
Thou commundest me to depart I am ready to obey thy  
mandate Tell me to what place shall I return? Shall  
my proud brother dwell in my palace and I hide myself  
away in some humble cottage—arrange this for me thus  
driven away from my rights—let me set up as an equivalent  
for a kingdom a small fire side and shall I have to bear  
the odious tyranny of a well to do wife and be handed over  
to a spouse as a mere matrimonial appendage? and as  
a humble scullion serve under a domineering father in  
law? It is a sorry fate to fall from the height of a  
kingdom into the depths of slavery!

JOC If thou art in search of a kingdom and it be  
impossible that thy hands can rest unless they are holding  
a sceptre stained with blood—Any country will afford  
thee many things to gratify thy ambition and which can  
be arrived at in every part of the globe—not far from  
here for instance Tmolus raising its tempting summits  
noted for its wine and saffron—producing resources (dear  
to Bacchus) where broad expanses of land are to be  
seen in the most fertile districts then again thou canst  
turn to the rich plains where the Pactolus stretching  
its opulent streams enriches the banks with its golden  
sands! Nor does Nature direct the wandering course of  
the Meander over less fruitful fields nor does the rapidly  
flowing Hebrus divide less fertile plains! Then again  
there is the Gargara famous for its corn (dear to Ceres)  
and the rich land which is watered by the winding  
Xanthus swollen with the melted snows of mount Idal  
or thou mayst seek that part where the Ionian sea  
changes its name to the Hellespont where Sestos on the  
European side opposite to Abydos on the Asiatic shore  
encloses the straits! (Dardanelles) or to that part which  
presents itself nearer to the East and where Lycia is  
seen to afford harbours—  
thy brave  
these people Adrastus will prepare them for thy sceptre  
and deliver such countries over to thy sovereignty, suppose



Licet omne tecum Græciæ iobur trahis  
 Licet arma longe miles ac late explicet,  
 Fortuna belli semper incipiti in loco est  
 Quodeunque Mars decernit exurgunt duos, 630  
 Licet impares sint, gladius & spes & metus  
 Sors cæca versat præmium incertum petis  
 Certum scelus Fuisse sine votis Deos  
 Omnes tuis cessere, & versi fugam  
 Petiere cives elude funesta parent 635  
 Obtevit agros miles Exsultes licet,  
 Victorque fratris spolia dejecti geras  
 Frangenda palma est Quare tu id bellum putas  
 In quo exsecrandum victori admittit nefas,  
 Si graudet<sup>2</sup> hunc, quem vincere insolui cupis 640  
 Cum viceris, lugebis infustras, age,  
 Dimitte pugnas libera patrum metu  
 Luctu prientes proi Sceleris & fraudis fur  
 Patris nefandus frater ut nullas serat<sup>2</sup>  
 JOC Ne mctue, pœnas, & quidem solvet graves 645  
 Regnabit POL Hæcne est pœna JOC Si dubitas ago  
 Patruque crede Cadmus hoc dicet tibi,  
 Cadmique proles sceptrâ Thebarum fuit  
 Impune nulli gerere, nec quisquam fide  
 Rupta tenebat illa jam numeres, licet, 650  
 Fratrem inter istos POL Numero & est tanti mihi  
 Cum regibus iocere JOC Te turbæ exsulum  
 Adscribo regnâ, dummodo invisus tuis

it is thy father, who still rules at Thebes (holds the kingdom) Exile is better for thee, than such a return from exile, as thou hast made thine! Exile thyself from the criminal usurpation of another Thou wilt then be returning, parading a crime, towards thyself, instead of towards another! It is better with such advantages in thy favor that thou shouldst search out for a fresh kingdom uncontaminated by indelible crime! But assuredly in that case, thy brother would join himself to thy forces, fight in thy interests! Go thou, Polynices, and wage such a war as that, thy father and mother could then aid and abet thy warlike ambition Kingdoms arrived at by criminal means are far more onerous than the terrors of exile—Now on the other side, think to thyself, of the evils connected with war, and the doubtful chances of uncertain warfare it might be that thou couldst manage to attach to thy standards all the strength of Greece, it might be, that thou wouldst, as a soldier, display thy military tactics, far and wide, but the fortune of war is always precarious and everything depends upon the caprices of Mars! the sword may raise two combatants

to an equal footing althou h one might be very much inferior to the other and one unforc en circumstance might convert fear into hope and confidence into despair No! In war thou eekt in an certun reward but thou attune t a certainty in the crime which characterize it Supposin<sup>r</sup> that all the Gods had favored thy view that the fellow citizens havin<sup>r</sup> been forced to yield t havin<sup>r</sup> been driven back had ought refuse in sh it there thou are—involved in a terrible crim<sup>t</sup> the elder then bid the ground from our right with in pte rate Gods (massacred by the conqueror Th n m hie t exult if it pleased thee as a conqueror to take t thy off the peil eized from thy overthrown brother but the victory would be a sullied conquest In what light can t thou regard a conte t in which the victor own that it represent an execrable crime and then glori ver hi triumph? When thou hadst vanquished the brother whom thou in an unhappy state of mind wishest to do thou wouldst be orry for it! Come dismiss all this fighting free thy country from the e intine alarms and thy parents from the sorrow cau ed thereb<sup>t</sup>!

101 Dost thou mean that I tacle should suffer no christisement for his wickedness and fraud

102 Don't thou be alarmed he will suffer punishment heavy enough! He will reign!

103 Is that then to be his only punishment

104 If thou hast any misgivings on that score perhaps thou wilt be inclined to believe what thy grandfather and thy own father would say about it Cadmus would inform thee that the entire tribe of the house of Cadmus that the Theban sceptre has never been held by anyone without his counn<sup>r</sup> to grief—Nor has anyone ever held it without violating the compact (alternately reigning) How is it given to you to enrol yourselves as rival brothers

105 I do reckon myself amongst that number and it is of great moment to me to rank as a king amongst the others

106 I hand thee over to the rank and file of my exiled subjects

107 Thou mayst reign but it will be with the hatred of those over whom thou dost reign!

POL Regnare non vult, esse qui inuisus timet  
 Simul ista mundi conditor posuit Deus, 655  
 Odium atque regnum regis hoc magni reor,  
 Odium ista premere multa dominantem verat  
 Amori suorum plus in iratos licet  
 Qui vult amari, languida regnet manu  
 Inuisa nunquam imperii retinentur diu 660  
 JOC Præcepta melius imperii reges dabunt,  
 Evilia tu dispone POL Pro regno velim  
 Patriam, penates, conjugem flammis dare  
 Imperia pretio quolibet, constant bene

*Deest, et magna pars hujus Tragediæ intercidit*

ET To be one who dreads to reign, because he is hated is certainly no particular inducement to sigh for a throne, but the God, the creator of the universe, has so arranged these matters, that hatred and power go hand in hand, I deem it the function of a powerful King, to crush out every thing that opposes his will, The love of his subjects forbids a King to rule as he ought, in many respects, but their hatred gives him greater power to act—He who lays himself out to be loved, must rule with a very forbearing hand!

POL Detested rulers seldom retain their power long

ET Kings will, with greater success, lay down a code to regulate their power Thou, Polynices, canst take in hand the management of exiles, to retain my kingdom, I am willing to sacrifice my country, my household gods and my wife with them to the flames—a Kingdom is worth buying, no matter what it costs!

*(The rest of this Tragedy is wanting)*

HIPPOLYTUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HIPPOLYTUS	NUNTIUS
PHÆDRA	NUTRIX
THESEUS	FAMULI
CHORUS CIVIUM ATHENIENSIVM	

## ARGUMENTUM

HIPPOLYTI, Thesei ex Antiope Amazone filii, Dianam virginem ac ventricem colentis, absente apud inferos Theseo, noverca Phædra castitatem oppugnat, nec expugnat Repulsa impudica mulier Theseo reduci pivignum oblata per vim stupri insinuat Ille credulus, filio, qui jam domum impudicam fugerat, e votis quod testatur tertio iretus, absenti mortem impiecurat iratum facit votum Neptunus, emisso truo marino, qui equos Hippolyti conserinat, unde per repres & sava distractus virgri dilinrtur Quod ubi rescivit male sibi conscia mulier, scelus suum falsamque crimen apud matrem confessi, gladio se transfigit Theseus innoxii filii casum lugens, iramque suam detestatus, collectos passim rtus componit

## ACTUS PRIMUS

## HIPPOLYTUS

Hippolytus vna loca & munera ministris & venationis comitibus dispertit, Dianamque venationis Deam invocat

**I**TE, umbrosas cingite silvas,  
Summaque montis juga Cecropii  
Celeri planta lustrate vrgi  
Quæ sarsoso loca Parnethi  
Subjecta jacent, & quæ Thriasus  
Vallibus annis rapida currens

5

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HIPPOLYTUS	MESSENGER
PHÆDRA	NURSE
THESEUS	ATTENDANTS
CHORUS of ATHENIAN CITIZENS	

## ARGUMENT

Phædra, the step-mother of Hippolytus the son of Antiope the Amazonian Queen, whilst Theseus was away in the

infernal regions endeavours to overcome the chastity of Hippolytus who has devoted his life to celibacy and  
 Phædra fails in her  
 unchaste step-  
 son in law had  
 violently attempted to force her to commit adultery. Theseus believing her story invokes the God (Neptune) to visit his absent son with death for he had already fled from his immoral home. Theseus trusts to the third of his vows into which he had entered and Neptune confirming that vow caused a sea Bull to show itself on the shore as Hippolytus was passing—this frightened the horses of his chariot and they rushed madly on and Hippolytus who is driving them is dragged over rocks and briers precipitately and meets his death. But when Phædra was informed of this conscious of the mischief she had brought upon him she confessed to Theseus her own guilt and the false charge she had made and then stabs herself with a sword. Theseus bewailing the misfortunes of his son and despising himself for the anger he had so unjustly shown pieces together the scattered fragments of Hippolytus collected from every source—(to give them becoming burial)

## ACT I

## HIPPIOLYTUS

Hippolytus points out the various places eligible for the sportsman and instructs his attendants and fellow lovers of the chase in the various functions appertaining to hunting pursuits and he invokes the kind interest of the Goddess of Hunting (Diana)

SET out my sporting companions surround the shady woods with nets snares and dogs with a keen scent and as thou wanderest forth scour with eager strides the lofty summits of the Cecropian mountain and those plains which lie at the foot of rocky Parnes and where the river running in a rapid stream beats upon the banks of the Thracian valley climb the hills which are always white with the Rhiphean snows some go here others go there wherever a grove is seen with its lofty alders—Wherever smiling meadows are to be found—Where the gentle Zephyr with its dewy breath favors the growth of the vernal grass—Where too the smooth Ilissus slides

Verberat unda, scandite colles  
 Semper cynos nive Riphæa  
 Hac, hac alio, qua nemus alta  
 Textur alno, qua prata jacent, 10  
 Quæ rorifera mulcens aura  
 Zephyrus veinas evocat herbas  
 Ubi per glacies lenis Ilissus,  
 Ubi Mæander super æquales  
 Labitur agros piger, & steriles 15  
 Amne maligno radit arenas  
 Vos, qui Maiathon tramite lævo  
 Siltus aperit, qua comitatæ  
 Gregibus parvis nocturna petunt  
 Pabula foetæ vos, qui tepidis 20  
 Subditus rufus, figura mollit  
 Durus Acharum alius rupem  
 Dulcis Hymetti parvis alius  
 Calcet Aphidnas pars illa diu  
 Vacat immunis, qui curvati 25  
 Litora ponti Sunion urget  
 Si quem tingit gloria silvæ,  
 Vocat hunc Phlyeus hic verfatur  
 Metus agricolis, vulnere multo  
 Jam notus aper At vos hinc 30  
 Crinibus tricitis mittite lichenas  
 Teneant acres lora Molossos  
 Et pugnares tendant Cressæ  
 Fortia trito vincula collo  
 At Spartanos (genus est audax 35  
 Aviumque feræ) nodo cautus  
 Propiorc lora veniet tempus,  
 Cum lustratu cava fava sonent  
 Nunc demissi rure fugati  
 Captent iuras, lustraque plesso 40  
 Querant rostro dum lux dubia est,  
 Dum signa pedum rosca tellus  
 Impressa tenet, rursus ruras  
 Cervice gravi portare plugas,  
 Alius trectes properet laqueos 45  
 Picra rubenti linea penna  
 Vano cludat terrore feris  
 Tibi libretur missile telum  
 Tu grave dextra lævaque simul  
 Robur lato dirige ferro 50  
 Tu precipites clamore feris  
 Subfessor ages tu jam victor  
 Cuius solves viscera cultro

slowly along near the barren fields, or where the Mæander, in its tardy serpentine course, approaches places of similar

character and skims over the sterile sands deposited by that sluggish river (throwing up sand instead of mud)—Wend thy way to where the Marathon to the left of thee opens out its forests or in those spots where the wild animals having recently brought forth seek for their nightly food accompanied by their little flocks—or turn to that side where subjected to the warm South West wind the hardy Acharnæ is able to tone down the severity of the cold (assisted by the rocky mountains near it)—Another detachment must explore the mountain heights of sweet Hymettus (famous for its thyme and honey)—and another will take the small places about Aphidna but that part has for some time been exempt from our sporting raids where the promontory Sunion stretches out its shores to the winding sea—If any of you are attracted by the excitement of the chase then the woods of Phlyeus will satisfy thee here the wild boar so well remembered by those who have been wounded by his tusks still incites the fears of the natives (husbandmen) But some of you let loose dogs which do their work without alarming the game with their barking or other canine noises but thou must hold in with stout thongs the fierce Mastiff breed and the fiery Cretan hounds Blood hounds will strain even strong chains which hold them in and wear away the hair of their strong necks with their energy—but when you are using the Spartan hounds they are courageous dogs and very eager for blood—you must hold them in with a shortened cord, (give them less latitude) the time will soon be here when they will make the hollow rocks and caves resound again when they give tongue after that with their noses to the ground they will catch the scent and with their heads verily pressing the earth they will search out every spot even whilst it is yet twilight and whilst the dewy surface still retains the imprint of the game that have traversed it another portion of you will carry the larger nets a great load though for the shoulders! Another will get ready with the finer sort of nets large feathers painted over with red marks you will find have a tendency to shut in some of the wild animals frightening them with their novelty! then will be the time for you to discharge your arrows—you will at the same time have to aim your blows vigorously with your broad sword, right and left! Another division of you will hide in ambush and scare the wild animals in all directions with the human voice (plentiful shouting) Then thou as a conqueror wilt with thy curved hunting knife cut them open and remove the viscera (the thorax and abdominal contents)—behold! Dianal courageous goddess thou art always at hand for





(never failing) thou layest low the Libyan Lions (Gretulian)—thou who overtakest the Cretean Stag wilt at one time bring down with thy nimble hand the swift fallow deer—then the striped tiger will offer its breast to thy weapon as it advances to the attack—the shaggy bison will lend their backs for thy certain aim and the wild buffaloes with their wide spreading horns avail thyself also of anything that is seeking its food in the deserted plains—Whatever is noticeable in the country of the poor wandering Garamantes or anything which the Arab can offer in his woods abounding with spices or on the summits of the wild Pyrenees or those regions which are obscured by the Hyrcanian forests and where the wandering Scythian in his uncultivated plains fears thy quiver! Oh! Mighty Dianal if any grateful hunter who invokes thy aid and if thou art propitiously inclined ventures into the forest the nets he prepares will hold the wild animals securely confined no struggling efforts with the feet will break through the snares and the spoil is safely borne away on the creaking waggon—then it is that the dogs have their noses freely tinged red with the blood of the animals they had fastened upon with their teeth and the rustic party will return to their cottages with protracted demonstrations of joy—Behold! the Goddess is favorable to the cause! Hark the knowing dogs are sending forth a signal for us they are barking! We are invited to the woods this way! Companions all this way! our journey will be shortened by taking this route! (signifying the direction they were to take)

## PHÆDRA—NURSE

Phædra confesses to her nurse—that she is ardently in love with Hippolytus and the nurse exhorts her in vain to desist from such a wicked amour

## PHÆDRA

OH! Crete! thou important ruler of a vast sea whose innumerable ships command the ocean beating on every shore wherever Nereus carves a path for the various tracks of the navigators as far as the Assyrian shores—Why dost thou compel me handed over as a species of hostage to repugnant household gods married tied up to an absolute enemy and doomed to pass my life in misery and tears! Behold! my exiled husband remains away from me and Theseus is still keeping faith

Tellure Nereus pervium rostris fecat,  
 Cur me in penates obsidem invisos datam,  
 Hostique nuptam, degere ætatem in malis 90  
 Lacrimisque cogis<sup>2</sup> profugus en conjux abest,  
 Præstatque nuptæ, quam solet, Theseus fidem  
 Fortis per altas invii retro lacus  
 Vadit tenebras miles audacis proci,  
 Solio ut revulsam regis inferni abstrahat, 95  
 Pergit furoris socius haud illum timor,  
 Pudorque tenuit supra & illicitos toros  
 Acheronte in imo quærit Hippolyti pater  
 Sed major alius incubat mœstæ dolor  
 Non me quies nocturna, non altus sopor 100  
 Solvere curis alitur & crescit malum,  
 Et ardet intus, quævis Ætnæo vapor  
 Exundat antro Palladis telæ vacant,  
 Et inter ipsas pensa labuntur manus 105  
 Non colere donis templa votivis libet,  
 Non inter aras, Athidum mixtam choiris,  
 Jactare tacitis conscias facis faces,  
 Nec adire castis precibus aut ritu pio  
 Adjudicatæ præsidem terræ Deam 110  
 Juvat excitatas consequi cursu feras,  
 Et rigida molli gæsa jaculari manu  
 Quo tendis, rime<sup>3</sup> quid furens saltus amas<sup>3</sup>  
 Fatale miseræ matris agnosco malum  
 Peccare noster novit in silvis amor  
 Genitrix, tui me miseret infando malo 115  
 Correpta, pecoris efferri sævum ducem  
 Audax amasti torvus, impatiens jugi,  
 Adulter ille, ductor indomiti gregis  
 Sed amabat aliquid quis meas miseræ Deus,  
 Aut quis juvare Dædalus flammæ queat<sup>3</sup> 120  
 Non, si ille remeet arte Mopsopia potens,  
 Qui nostra cæca monstra conclusit domo,  
 Promittat ullum casibus nostris opem  
 Stirpem perosi Solis invisæ Venus,  
 Per nos catenis vindicat Martis sui, 125  
 Sursumque probris omne Phœbeum genus  
 Onerat nefandis nulla Minois levi

with his wife after the old fashion, promising to come back<sup>1</sup> As the valiant companion of a venturesome love-making adulterer Pirithous, he starts off through the realms of darkness to that relentless river, whence there is no return (The Styx) in order that he may forcibly abduct Proserpine from the throne of the King of Hell—the conspirator in this mad scheme is persevering—No fear possesses him—no sense of shame, and this father of Hippolytus

is on the look-out in the depths of Acheron for an opportunity to practise his lustful propensities and to overcome the chastity of Proserpine—But another distress still greater sits on my troubled mind—quiet— repose— know me not—no welcome sleep is it to me to relieve my oppressed mind bowed down by my anxieties and the mischief is being nursed and is waxing stronger and I am burning inwardly much in the same way that the smoke of Itha is nourished by the flaming caverns below! The knitting and weaving work as taught by Minerva is completely set aside and the woollen sooner than they are taken up ship from my fingers. It is not allowed to me to propitiate the Goddess of Chastity in her temples and mixing in the company of the Attic Matrons at the altars to brandish my guilty torments amid the Eleusinian ceremonies nor to approach with chaste prayers and pious observance the Deity that presides in the realms subject to her jurisdiction—No! it pleases me more to pursue the terrible wild animals as they take to flight in the company of Hippolytus and to hurl the weighty javelin from my gentle hand—But why rave I thus Oh! my soul! Why do I bicker so madly after the forests it calls to my mind the fatal misfortune which befell my miserable mother our criminal iniquities were both conducted in these fatal woods! Oh my mother! as thy daughter have compassion on my crimes! for thou incited by some criminal passion wert bold enough to be enamoured with the fierce leader of the herd (The Bull given to Minos by Neptune) but thou, so fierce and impatient of restraint that practical adulterer although only the head of an indomitable flock was susceptible of the influence of the fatal passion! What deity art thou who comest to me in my misery? Or what Dædalus will be able to assist me in restraining the consequences of my ardent passion? Not even if he were to come to my aid with all the contrivances and labyrinths arising out of the Mopsopian skill (Dædalus hailed from Attica where Mopsopus was King) although he did shut up far from mortal gaze the monster that emanated from our race! Could even he alas! Venus assist us? she who hates the entire progeny of Iphæus and who is only too ready to venture herself upon us as a set-off for her own amorous entanglements with Mars she saddles  
 race of  
 an amo  
 character  
 always a

Defuncta amore est jungitur semper nefas NUR Thesei coniux, clara progenies Jovis, Nefanda casto pectore exturbata oemus	130
Exstingue strammis, neve te dire spei Præbe obsequentem Quisquis in primo obstitit Populitque amorem, tutus et victor fuit Qui blandiendo dulce nutrit vitulum, Sero recusat ferre, quod subit, jugum	135
Nec me fugit, quam durus, & veri insolens, Ad recta seclæ regius nolit tumor Quemcumque dederit exitum casus feram Fortem fœit vicem libertatis senem Obstrare primum est velle nec tibi vir	140
Pudor est secundus, nosse peccandi modum Quo, misera, pergis quid domum infamem aggravas, Superasque matrem magis est monstro nefas Nam monstra fæto, moribus scelera imputes Si, quod maritus supera non erant loer,	145
Tutum esse facinus credis, & verum metu Eris tenei crede Letifero abditum Thesei profundo, & ferre perpetuam Styga Quid ille, lato maris qui regno premit, Populisque reddit iura centenis pater	150
Latere tantum facinus occultum sinet Sagra parentum est cura credimus tamen Astu doloque tegere nos tantum nefas Quid ille rebus lumen infundens suum Matris prensus quid ille, qui mundum quatit,	155
Vibrans coruser fulmen Atræum manu, Sator Deorum quid credis hoc posse effici, Inter videntes omnium ut interis vos? Sed, ut secundus numinum abscondat favor Cotus nefandos, utque contingat stupro	160
Negata magnis sceleribus semper fides Quid pœna praesens, consere mentis pravi,	

NUR Oh! wife of Theseus! illustrious progeny of Jupiter, expel at once all criminal thoughts from thy chaste mind, conquer thy ardent passions, and do not give thyself up, without a struggle, to these wicked desires! Whoever resolutely opposes illicit love, and checks it in the bud, what a happily-secured conqueror that person is!—On the contrary she who encourages a wicked passion, because it is pleasant and does her best to deceive herself, and whilst desirous to give up the task upon which she has entered, sometimes finds that it is too late to be easily accomplished—Nor does it escape my conviction, how royal pride inaccessible to usual influences and unaccustomed to hear the truth at all times, is anything but willing

to be turned into the right path when once it had swerved from it! Whatever ending this business may have I am willing to subscribe to it (endorse it) Thou seest my time is nearly up my approaching enfranchisement (freedom) is nigh and this makes an old woman like myself speak out! The first step for the honorable mind to encourage is to be willing to remove an evil and do not let the opportunity for so doing slip from thy grasp the second stage of honor would necessarily be to learn the full extent of that evil! To what art thou tending in thy miserable frame of thought? Why dost thou aggravate the evil which still attaches to thy house (race)? or art thou endeavouring to surpass thy mother in crime? thy sin would be greater than even the monster crime! For thou must put the monster crime down to fatal thy wickedness thou couldst trace to nothing but thy own foul inclinations! If thy husband does not see what is going on in the upper world (Theseus is away in the Infernal regions) dost thou believe that the crime could be kept away from his knowledge with any degree of certainty and that under any circumstances that he would not entertain grave apprehensions as to the true character of the crime? If thou supposest otherwise thou art mistaken dost thou believe that Theseus will remain hidden in the depths of Hell and have to put up with his Stygian prison for evermore? And what will he say (Minos) who rules the seas in that wide kingdom that father who administers the laws to hundreds of nations? Will he permit a crime of such magnitude to remain undiscovered? The principal function of a parent is to exercise especial vigilance and care as regards his offspring and to take care too that he is not in any way the victim of deception! But we may take it for granted that we shall never be able to conceal so enormous a crime with any amount of craft or artifices! What will that maternal grandfather of thine (Phœbus) think of this crime? He that sheddeth his penetrating rays upon the things of this world! What too will thy fraternal grandfather (Jupiter) the ruler of all the Gods think? He that causes the very universe to tremble of Ætna a brightness? knowing all matter can be so arranged that thou shouldst remain undiscovered? Dost thou think on the contrary that a favorable construction will be put upon such abominable adultery and the clemency which is always denied to all other great crimes should form any exception in the case of thy adultery? What thy present suffering is appears

Animusque culpa plenus & semet tuncens <sup>2</sup> Seelus ulior tutum, nulla securum tulit Compefee amoris impu flammis preeor,	165
Nefasque, quod nou ulla tellus barbara Commisit unquam non vagus erumpis Getæ Nee inhospitulis Taurus, aut sparsus Scythies Expelle freinus mente erasiter horridum, Memorque matris, metue concubitus novos	170
Miscere thalamos patris & nati probrar, Uteroque prolem erpere consurum impio <sup>2</sup> Perge, & nefandis verte naturam iguibus Cur monstra essent aulæ eur fratris vreat <sup>2</sup>	175
Prodigia toties orbis infueta audiet, Natura toties legibus eedet suis, Quoties amabit Cressa non Quæ memoras, scio Vera esse nutrix sed furor eogit sequi Pejora vadit animus in præceps sciens	180
Remertque, frustra sara consilior appctens Sic eum gratiarum roritur aduersa ratem Propellit unda, eedit in vanum labor, Et victa pronò puppis rufertur vado Quod ratio poscit, viciet ac regnat furor, Potensque tota mente dominatur Deus	185
Hic Volucer omni regnat in terra potens, Ipsumque flammis torret indomitis Jovem Gradivus istas belliger sensit frecs, Opifex trifulei fulminis sensit Deus, Et, qui furentes semper Atræis jugis	190
Verfat carminos, igne tum parvo erlet Ipsumque Phœbum, telæ qui nervo regit, Figit sagitta certior missa Puer Volitatque cœlo pariter & terre gravis, NUTR Deum esse Amorem, turpis & vitio favens	195
Finxit libido quoque liberior foret, Titulum furori numius falsi addidit Natum per omnes scilicet terras vagum Erycina mittit ille per cœlum volans Proterva tenera tela molitur manu,	200
Regnumque tantum minimus e superis habet	

to be the fear of a guilty conscience only, a heart steeped in criminal desires and dreading the stings of remorse! Any woman may deem herself safe from punishment for her adultery, but no woman can reckon on absolute security against the chances of being found out! I entreat thee, extinguish the flames of thy impious love—a crime that has never been known to be committed in lands the most barbarous—not by any of the Getæ, who wander in the plains—Nor those in the wild steppes of the Taurus, or by the wandering Scythians! Drive this wicked design

out of thy mind preserve thy chastity and think of thy mother's fate abhor fresh copulations and such ones! Why! thou art now meditating an unheard of medley—sharing the nuptial couch with father and son! indiscriminately! and about to risk an inexplicable impregnation for thy adulterous womb! Go on! and invert the very course of nature by thy criminal passion! Why should monsters be done away with? Why should the labyrinth of thy natural brother go begging for a tenant? As long as a Cretan woman I suppose desires to carry on an amour so long must the world be prepared to hear of some monster's arrival which it is unaccustomed to behold and so long must Nature herself act conformably with her complications!

PH What thou tellest me Nurse I know is quite true but my infatuation leads me to contemplate even the worst things my mind although I am perfectly aware of what I am doing carries me away headlong and it then as it were sways to and fro seeking in vain to follow more righteous counsels as when the mariner is urging on his heavily laden craft against an adverse sea his labor is expended in vain and his craft is driven astern in spite of every effort by the obstinate tide! What reason suggests my infatuation overcomes and I continue to rage and a very potent deity it is I assure thee which ever it be has power for dominion over my mind and  
 that  
 Jupit  
 the warlike Mars has also shown his susceptibility to the fatal passion! That God Vulcan the fabricator of the three forked lightning and he who is always keeping his furnaces in working order on the summits of Ætna has himself glowed again with the fires inspired by Cupid whilst Phœbus himself has been wounded by that Boy (Cupid is always represented as a boy) who directs his darts with greater precision than he who has succumbed to darts more powerful than his own (Jupiter) This little winged boy hovers about the bright heavens and thus dull globe of ours with equal pertinacity!

NUR It could only have been lust which always basely inclines to vicious courses that originally transformed the amorous passion into a deity and in order that there should be more latitude afforded to the votaries of Venus! Erycina (Venus) sends forth her prowling little son I warrant thee through every land and has dignified him for the passion which he inspires by investing him with



Vana ista demens animus adferunt sibi, Venerisque numen sinxit atque arens Dei Quisquis secundis rebus exultat nimis Pluitque luxu, semper insolita appetit	205
Iune illa magnæ dicit fortunæ comes Subit libido non placent fuerit dapes Non tectâ fami moris aut vilis eibus Cur in penates rarius tenues subit Hæc delicias eligens pestis domos	210
Cur sanctâ parvis habitat in tectis Venus Mediumque finos vulgus affectus tenet, Et se coercent modicæ contra divites Regnoque sulti plura quam fas est petunt Quod non potest vult posse qui unum potest	215
Quid debeat alto præditam solio videt Metue, ne verere scripta remaneatis viri Pii Amoris in me maximum regnum sero, Reditusque nullos metuo non unquam amplius Convera tetigit superâ qui meritis semel	220
Adit silentem nocte perpetua domum Nunc Ne erit le Diu cluserit regnum licet Crinisque diuis surgens observet fores Solutus negatis invenit Thescus vias	225
Ih Veniam ille amoris forsitan uolito dabit Nunc Immitis etiam conjugii casta fuit Expertâ sciam est barbara Antiope matrum Sed posse flecti conjugem iratum puta Quis hujus unum flectet intratibilem	230
Exosus omne femine nomen fugit, Immitis annos erubet vitæ dicat, Connubia vitat genus Amazonium seris Pii Hunc in nivosi collis hærentem jugis, Et aspera agili saxa calcantem pede, Sequi per alta nemora, per montes, præcet	235

the title of a spurious Deity! This little son of Venus flying through the heavens, dares to hurl his dangerous, wanton and insolent darts at the Gods themselves, with his delicate little hand! And this little fellow, although he holds only a certain special powers amongst the gods, the mad ambition of his mother has awarded him this empty rank and made him her ancillary deity and armed him with the bow of a god! Whosoever exacts too much in prosperity and is surrounded with luxury is always hankering after something fresh—his lustful propensities, those awful companions of unlimited fortune, advance upon him “pari passu” Ordinary food does not satisfy him—he is not content with a residence of respectable pretensions, and his viands are objectionable, if they do

not cost enough money! Why then does this pest criminal love select and fasten upon the homes of the opulent and enter so rarely the homesteads with impoverished Penates? Why does laudable love exist only amidst humble roofs the common herd of mankind hold their natural affections in check avoiding extremes and the man with modest means restrains his unbridled passions on the contrary the wealthy especially those who enjoy the additional advantages appertaining to a kingdom are always sighing for more than is really right for them to have! What is not possible they wish to be so so thou canst understand who art desiring too much what the obligations are and what becomes one who is raised to that royal pinnacle—a throne Go thou in fear and dread the husband who will return to his kingdom!

PH I reign in the kingdom of Love which is at present a sovereign power with me and I do not fear any one's return.—He who has been once submerged in that silent abode of perpetual darkness has gone whence he will never more reach the regions above!

NUR Do not believe that Pluto may have been pleased to shut him up as a prisoner in his kingdom and the Stygian Dog (Cerberus) may be guarding the dreadful portals Has not Theseus unassisted already found a way there which is denied to all others?

PH Perhaps he might forgive me for this love affair of mine

NUR But was he not severe enough in his nature even towards a chaste wife? Did not the barbarian Antiope experience his savage nature? but supposing it possible under ordinary circumstances to pacify an angry husband! Who could expect to subdue a disposition so intractable as that of Hippolytus? He avoids women and hates their very name, he has dedicated his life perhaps cruelly towards himself to perpetual celibacy in a word he eschews marriage entirely remember his Amazonian origin!

PH It pleases me to follow his haunts to find him hanging about on the heights of snowy hills and to see him tramping along over the rough rocks with nimble strides and to accompany him over the lofty forests and the mountain sides

- NUR Resistet ille, sequi mulcendum dabit,  
Castoque ritus Venere non casta exuit.  
Tibi ponet odium, cuius odio forsitan  
Persequitur omnes? PH Precibus haud vinci potest?  
NUR Ferox est PH Amore didicimus vinci feros 240  
NUR Fugiet PH Per ipsa maria, si fugiat, sequar  
NUR Patris memento PH Meminimus matris simul  
NUR Genus omne profugit PH Pellicis caelo metu  
NUR Aderit maritus PH Nempe Pirithoi comes  
NUR Aderitque genitor PH Mitis Ariadne pater 245  
NUR Per has senectæ splendoris supplex curas,  
Fessumque curis pectus, & cara ubera  
Precor, furorem siste, neque ipsam adjuva  
Pars sanatis, velle sanari fuit  
PH Non omnis animo cessit ingenuo pudor 250  
Parcimus, ultra qui regi non vult amor  
Vincatur haud te, fama, maculari suam  
Hæc sola ratio est, unicum cæsugium mori  
Virum sequamur morte prævertam nefas  
NUR Moderare, alumna, mentis effrenæ impetus, 255  
Animos coerce dignam ob hoc vita reor,  
Quod esse temet tutum dignam necesse  
PH Decreta mors est quaritur sui genus  
Laqueone vitam suam in ferro incubem?  
An missa præceps arce Pallada cadam?  
NUR Sic te senectus nostra præcipiti sinat 260  
Perire leto? siste furibundum impetum  
[Haud facile quisquam ad vitam revocari potest]  
PH Prohibere ratio nulla perituro potest, 265  
Ubi qui mori constituit, & debet mori  
NUR Solamen annis unicum fessis, heras,

NUR Dost thou think that he will stop and abandon himself kindly to thy adulterous embraces, and exchange his chaste habits and ideas for those of a highly immoral love? He will put thee under the ban of his hatred, the same hatred, indeed, which he entertains towards all women

PH Could he not be overcome by my soft entreaties?

NUR He is fierce and obdurate

PH I have learned the method of overcoming savageness with love (meaning that she has managed Theseus)

NUR He will fly from thee

PH If he does fly, I will follow him, over the seas, even!

NUR Remember his father

PH Remember the mother as well

NUR He flies from our whole sex

PH I do not fear any meretricious rival

NUR But thy husband may return

PH Yes the confederate of Pirithous!

NUR Thy father also may come

PH Oh! the father of Ariadne he was kind to her?

NUR By these locks (placing her hands on them) now grey with old age as a suppliant I entreat thee by this breast of mine enfeebled by anxieties by the nipples at which thou once didst fly with infantine eagerness—stay thy madness—lend aid to thy own righteous cause a great step in the art of being cured is to wish for a remedy and then submit to the *modus curandi*—the means of cure!

PH Every feeling of shame is not quite extinguished from my natural disposition! Let me prepare Nurse for my task—a love which cannot be kept under must be trodden down I am not willing that my reputation should be sullied—this is the only way out of my difficulty the only means of escaping from my crime—I must join my husband! I must anticipate crime by death!

NUR Try and govern my nurse child the wild impulses of thy heart restrain unholy passions I conclude from thy remarks that thou art more worthy to live and for this reason that thou now considerest thyself more worthy to die

PH I have determined to die Nurse but the kind of death is the next question—Shall I end my life with the noose (strangulation) or fall upon the sword or sallying forth shall I throw myself headlong from the lofty citadel of Pallas? Ah! happy thought! I will arm my hand as the means of avenging my chastity

NUR Dost thou think that even my old age will ever



NUR Oh! my mistress! the only solace to my wearied life if a mad notion so persistently haunts thy mind I say, hold reputation in contempt we know that rumour seldom inclines to the truth—makes out a better when one deserves a worse character and a worse character when one merits a more favorable one Let me try what I can do for thy sad unmanageable mind—that shall then be my undertaking to seek out the wild youth and see whether I can bend the inclinations of that savage young man!

### CHORUS

The Chorus espouses the assumption that all things should yield to love that mankind of every position every age every condition the Gods above and the Gods below and even down to the dumb creation all animals whether terrestrial (brutes) aquatic (fishes) or aerial (birds)

Oh! Goddess (Venus) sprung from the tempestuous waves whom that double functioned Cupid (Eros and Anteros the latter the divine love the former the grosser and sensual passions) calls mother—never flagging in his activity with the arrows and reckless as to the love inspiring passions he brings about Oh! that lascivious little boy (Eros) with his deceptive smiles with what sure effect does he operate with his ceaseless quiver! His inspiring power searches out the innermost marrow of our very bones drying up in its progress the coursing veins with his furtive fires! The wounds which he inflicts however present no very broad external surface! they are deep wounds! but the germ absorbed therefrom consumes the marrow hidden away in the recesses of our organism (figuratively neutralizing the power of resistance)—there is no rest where that little boy is concerned in his nimble flight he scatters far and wide in every clime in every nook the arrows which he shoots forth from his restless untiring quiver! Whatever land witnesseth the rising of the sun or whatever land lies where the chariot of Phœbus stops at the end of his Hesperian journey (the West the late setting of the Sun) or whatever country is under the scorching tropic of Cancer and if there be any country beneath the frigid Ursa Major which affords a sheltering ———— vandering tribes each one effects of the wounds o the fierce ardor of impetuous youth or coaxingly invite back the died

Ipse, qui cœlum nebulasque ducit <sup>3</sup>	300
Candidas ales modo movit alas,	
Dulcior vocem moriente cygno	
Fronte nunc torva petulans juvenca	
Virginum stravit sua terga ludo,	
Perque fraternos nova regna fluctus,	305
Ungula lentos imitante remos,	
Pectore adverso domuit profundum,	
Pro sua vector timidus rapina	
Arfit obscuri Dea clara mundi	
Nocte deserti, nitidosque fratri	310
Tradidit currus aliter regendos	
Ille nocturnas agitare bigas	
Discit, & gyro breviora flecti	
Nec suum tempus tenere noctes,	
Et dies tardo remeavit ortu,	315
Dum tremunt aëres graviore curru	
Natus Alcmena posuit phœtram,	
Et minax vasti spolium leonis,	
Passus aptari digitis smaragdus,	
Et dari legem rudibus capillis	320
Crura distincto religavit auro,	
Luteo plantas cohibente focco	
Et manu, clavam modo qua gerebat,	
Fila deduxit properante fuso	
Vidit Persis, ditisque ferax	325
Lydia regni, dejecta feri	
Terga leonis, humerisque, quibus	
Sederat alti regia cœli,	
Tenuem Tyrio stamine pallam	
Sacer est ignis, (credite læsis)	330
Nimiumque potens qua terra fallo	
Cingitur alto, quaque ætherio	
Candida mundo sidera currunt,	
Hæc regna tenet Puer immitis	
Spicula cujus sentit in imis	335
Cæruleus undis grex Nereidum,	
Flammamque nequit relevare mari	

out passions of the aged and decrepit! He strikes the hearts of the tender virgins, and evokes a thrill—a passion which they had never felt before! and he even forces the Gods above, quitting their celestial homes to visit the Earth below and assume all kinds of disguises for the furtherance of their love-inspiring designs! Phœbus, originally the shepherd of the Thessalian flocks, drove the herd, and having laid aside his lyre, called them together with his pipe made up of variously sized reeds, and how often has he assumed, as well, the forms of the lower animals! The great Jupiter, who rules the heavens and

the cloudy firmament sometimes as a bird has assumed its wings and plumage of shining whiteness and furthered the deception with a voice sweeter than that of the dying swan—at another time as a fierce bull with a savage visage he gives up his back for the amusement of young virgins and then travels over a fresh kingdom his brother Neptune's aquatic empire (the sea) and overcomes the suspicious element with his powerful chest contending against its obstinacy and furthermore to quiet it (the sea recognizes a new master) imitates the sounds produced by rowers through certain movements of his feet—as he timidly pursues his way with his capture (Europa) lest she should be submerged! The illustrious goddess of the sky when in darkness (night) forsakes her nocturnal post and hands over to her brother her brilliant chariot to be under his guidance after a different manner (hunting at his mode of driving)—he learns however to manage the two-horsed nocturnal chariot of his sister and to go by a shorter circuit but the night does not preserve its usual duration—it is longer and as a consequence the day light returns with a retarded arrival whilst the axles of the chariot seem to give way under their heavier burden (Phœbus) That son of Alcmena (Hercules) laid aside his quiver and that terrifying trophy the skin of the Nemean Lion and permitted his fingers to be jewelled with emerald rings and to have his rough locks perfumed and dressed and to be carefully done up according to the prevailing fashion and with that huge hand which hitherto had or now and then drew out the ate manner whilst working spindle!—He then fastens to his legs with bands ornamented with gold the yellow slippers *Socci* with which he had inclosed his feet *Persis* and *Lydia* those fertile countries with their rich kingdom have witnessed the fact of Hercules throwing down in disgust the lion's skin from his shoulders on which had aforetime rested the very heavens with their palaces and donning a cloak made up of some flimsy *Tyrian* purple fabric And thus is that execrable fire of Love Believe in those that have suffered from its too terrible effects! Whatever land is surrounded by the deep sea whatever bright stars pursue their course in the ethereal sky this insolent pertinacious little boy holds such kingdoms in his sway—Of whose thrusts the blue water nymphs the offspring of *Nereus* and *Doris* are susceptible in the retired waters even which they inhabit nor does he it is perceived exempt the sea from his visitations (passions)—the wing bearing portion of nature they feel his fires! and what terrific battles the



Ignes sentit genus aligerum  
 Venere instincti quam magna gerunt  
 Grege pio toto bella iuveni<sup>1</sup> 340  
 Si conjugio timere suo,  
 Poscunt timidi prælia cervi,  
 Et mugitu dant concepti  
 Signa furoris tunc virgatas  
 India tigres decolori horret 345  
 Tunc vulnificos acuit dentes  
 Aper, & toto est spumeus ore  
 Pœni quatunt colla leones,  
 Cum movit amor tum silva gemit  
 Murmure sævo 350  
 Amat infani bellua ponti  
 Lucæque boves vindicat omnes  
 Natura sibi nihil immune est  
 Odiumque perit, cum iussit amor  
 Veteres cedunt ignibus iræ 355  
 Quid plura canam? vincit sævas  
 Cura novercas

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

### CHORUS, NUTRIX, PHÆDRA

Amoris morbum, impatientiam & æstum conqueritur nutritrix  
 mox ipsa prodit Phædræ mutatis vestibibus in cinctum  
 Amazonis seu venaticis, ut Hippolyto placeat

**A**LTRIX, profare, quid feras? quonam in loco est  
 Regina? sævis ecquis est flammis modus?  
 NUTR Spes nullæ, tantum posse leniri malum,  
 Finisque flammis nullus infans erit 360  
 Torretur æstu tacito, & inclusus quoque,  
 Quamvis tegatur, proditur vultu furor  
 Erumpit oculis ignis, & lapsæ genæ  
 Lucem recusant nil idem dubiæ placet, 365

bulls, urged on by the venereal œstrum, will wage for supremacy amongst the rest of the herd, and the timid stags will stand their ground, when their females are in danger, and they evince with their loud mewings the symptoms of the anger which possesses them—then the tawny Indian dreads the striped tigers more than ever, and then the wild boar appears to have his teeth sharper than usual by the cruel wounds he causes, and his jaws

are covered with foam the Carthaginian lions shake their manes unusually when the amorous feelings possess them and then it is that the forests resound with their savage roaring—even the huge brutes denizens of the sea (whale grampus etc) learn to love and then even the huge pachyderms (the Elephants)—Nature claims all—everything for herself! Nothing is free! Hatred vanishes when love commands—Old animosities yield to the sacred fire of love! What more shall we sing? It is this! It overcomes with its persistency even cruel step mothers!

## ACT II

### CHORUS—NURSE—PHÆDRA

The Nurse complains of love as a disease as regards its intolerance and the power it assumes after which Phædra gives herself up to a thorough change of raiments and dons the garb of an Amazonian huntress that she may the more easily captivate Hippolytus

#### CHORUS

**N**URSE tell us all thou knowest In what state of mind is the queen? Is there any moderation evinced yet in her wicked passions?

**NUR** No hope! so great an evil cannot be easily got rid of! there will never be an end to her insane infatuation she is literally burnt up with the secret flames that rage within her bosom and her madness though kept within herself to some extent shows itself in her very looks and gestures however else it might be hidden—this secret fire springs up into her eyes and her drooping eyelids avoid the light—nothing which might have pleased her formerly satisfies her capricious mind now—and her uncertain temper discovers itself in her very bodily attitudes in the arms which she throws about as the mood varies—sometimes her legs give way and she falls down like one about to die and her head seems with difficulty held up by her enfeebled neck now when she retires to rest she seems to have no disposition to sleep but passes the night in vain wailings—she then orders herself to be raised up in bed and for her body to be placed in some other position (to have her bed and arrangements altered to give greater ease to her

Artusque varie jactat incertus dolor  
 Nunc ut soluto labitur moriens gradu,  
 Et viā labante sustiner collo caput  
 Nunc se quieti reddit, & somni immemor  
 Noctem querelis ducit, attoli jubet, 370  
 Iterumque poni corpus, & solvi comas,  
 Rursusque fingi semper impatiens sui  
 Mutatur habitus nulla jam Cæteris subit  
 Cura, aut salutus vadit incerto pede,  
 Jam viribus defecta non idem vigor, 375  
 Non ora tingens nitida purpureus iumor  
 Populatur artus cura jam gressus tremunt,  
 Tenerque nitidi corporis cecidit decor  
 Et, qui seiebant signa Phœbeæ facis,  
 Oculi nihil gentile nec patrium micant 380  
 Lacrimæ cadunt per ora, & assiduo genæ  
 Rore irrigantur qualiter Tauri jugis  
 Tepido madescunt umbre percussæ nives  
 Sed, en, prætescunt regni fastigia  
 Reclinis ipsa sedis auratæ toro, 385  
 Solitos amictus mente non sana abnuit  
 PH Removete, famulæ, purpura atque auro illitas  
 Vestes procul sit muricis Tyri iumor,  
 Quæ silvæ ramis ultimi Seres legunt  
 Brevis expeditos zona construngat sinus 390  
 Cervix monili vacua, nec niveus lapis  
 Deducat iures, Indici donum maris  
 Odore crinis sprusus Assyrio vacet  
 Sic temere prætere colla perfundunt comæ  
 Humerosque summos, cursibus motæ citis 395  
 Ventos sequantur læva se pharetræ dabit,  
 Hastile vibret dextra Thessalicum murus  
 Talis severi mætei Hippolyti fuit  
 Quævis, relictis frigidi ponti plagis,  
 Egredere, Atticum pulsans solum, 400  
 Transtis, aut Mæotis, & nodo comas  
 Coegit emisitque, lunata latus  
 Protecta peltæ, talis in silvas ferar  
 MTR Sepone questus non levat miseros dolor,  
 Agreste præca virginis numen Deæ 405  
 Regina nemorum, sola quæ montes colis,  
 Et una solis montibus coleris Dea,

body), then all at once she orders her hair to be let down, and then to be dressed again immediately after—she is intolerant of her very self, her whole demeanour has undergone a change, she is careless about her food, and does not care whether she is ill or well—she walks with a tottering gait, in fact, she is thoroughly spent as regards physical vigor. There is an absence of all her

quondam vivacity nor does the rosy tinge show itself upon her once delicate complexion rivalling the driven snow in its purity—she is wearing out her body with anxiety—already her steps tremble and the delicate graceful comeliness of her figure has vanished—and her orbs which bore the indication of her divine origin (Phœbus) now shine in no way to remind thee of her high born descent or that of her fathers—Her tears are continually trickling down her face and her cheeks are bathed with perpetual moisture<sup>1</sup> just in the same mode as the drifting snow melted by the warm showers moistens the surface earth on the mountain ridges of Taurus—But further behold when the palatial portals be open to the visitor there is the queen on her throne lounging languidly on a gilded couch where she sits and discards all her usual attire and accessories in a most unaccountable frame of mind!

PH Take away slaves these garments dyed with purple and ornamented with gold remove I command the ravishing colors of the Tyrian dyes which adorn those delicate fabrics which the Seres in their far off country gather from the branches of trees let a short girdle encircle my loose garments giving me free use of my limbs let my neck be relieved of this necklace and let not the earrings with their snow white precious stones dangle any longer from my ears—the stones which trace their original home to the far off Indian Seas let my flowing locks be exempt from the Assyrian perfumes—let my hair carelessly fall down my neck and around my shoulders—let those dishevelled locks wave to and fro just as the wind whatever humor it is in pleases to direct them Give me the quiver which I shall carry in my left whilst my right hand shall brandish the Thessalian spear! As the mother of stern Hippolytus used to be so I desire to be just as she was when she led on the savage Amazonian battalions recruited from the marshy districts near the Tanus and Meotis and when she left behind the countries bounded by the frigid Euxine! and when she began to tread  
to gather up her hair in  
her shoulders with the  
protecting her side! In such a guise will I make my  
appearance in the forests!

NUR Dismiss thy grief  
sorrow invoke the aid o  
who presides over what re  
of the forests who alone inhabits the mountains and the  
only goddess thou canst worship in those deserted elevated

Converte tristis omnium in melius minus,  
 O magna silvas inter & lucos Deꝝ,  
 Clarumque cœli sidus, & noctis decus, 410  
 Cujus relucet mundus alterna fice  
 Hecate triformis, en ades cœptis favens  
 Animum rigentem tristis Hippolyti doma  
 Amare discat, mutuos ignes ferat  
 Det facilis aures mitiga pectus ferum 415  
 Innecte mentem torvus, & versus, ferov,  
 In jura Veneris redeat huc vires tuas  
 Intende sic te lucidi vultus ferant,  
 Et nube iupta cornibus puris eras  
 Sic te, regentem frena nocturni ætheis, 420  
 Detrahere nunquam Theffali cantus queant,  
 Nullusque de te gloriam pastor ferat  
 Ades invocata jam faves votis, Dea  
 Ipsam intuoꝝ solemne venerantem fœrum,  
 Nullo latus comitante quid dubitas? dedit 425  
 Tempus locumque casus utendum artibus  
 Trepidamus? haud est fœcile mandatum scelus  
 Audere verum iusta, qui reges timet,  
 Deponat, omne pellat ex animo decus  
 Malus est minister reguꝝ imperuꝝ pudor 430

### HIPPOLYTUS, NUTRIX

Nutrix Hippolyti animum mollire, & ad nuptias & delicias urbanas  
 flectere callide tentat Ille vitæ cœlibis & rusticæ (quæ urbanæ  
 collatam præfert) institutum immotus tenet

HIPP **Q**UID huc seniles fessæ moliris gradus,  
 O fida nutrix, turbidam frontem gerens,  
 Et mœsta vultus? sospes est certe patens,  
 Sospesque Phædra, stirpis & geminæ jugum

regions Change thy sad apprehensions of evil for a more favorable future! Oh! great goddess who presidest amongst the forests and graves, the brilliant star of heavens and the glory of night whose dominion is lighted up, in thy alternate capacity with Phœbus! Oh thou three-formed Hecate! pray come to us, with any form thou mayst choose to assume, and favor our enterprise! Break the adamant heart of this wretched Hippolytus, let him learn to love, let him reciprocate the passion that burns in the bosom of another—let him give ear patiently to our entreaties—soften his hard spirit—ensnare his heart in the meshes of Love, and let him, the savage, repulsive,

returning Hippolytus turn back his nature and be brought into full allegiance to the canons of Venus! Oh! Use thy utmost power to promote this end! And thus may thy bright countenance shed its brilliant light upon the earth and mayst thou come forth having dispelled the obscuring clouds which hide thy glory with thy radiance unimpaired! (with thy cornua undimmed that is) that thy disc may be distinctly seen—(the horned heifer was held sacred to the Moon) and thus may no Thessalian incantations be able to draw thee from thy undertaking as thou handling the reins art ruling the operations of the nocturnal sky and may no future shepherd (Endymion) glorify himself at having received favors from thee! Come thou as thou art invoked Oh! goddess be propitious to my prayers—I see Hippolytus! he is about to offer his accustomed sacrifices no one is accompanying him no one at his side! Why do I hesitate? Time place and opportunity are at my disposal! I must use some artifice but I dread the experiment! It is not always an easy thing to dare to commit a crime even when thou art ordered to do it but sometimes in the interests of those we fear of Kings for example and fearing as I do Phædra one can afford to ignore the justice of the cause and to chase away every known sentiment of shame from ones breast But it is a very sorry sample of virtue nevertheless which is the mere tool of regal power

### HIPPOLYTUS—NURSE

The nurse tries artfully to soften the inflexibility of Hippolytus and to turn his thoughts towards marriage  
nd he -  
 d by her  
 f passing  
 to rustic  
 urban at

UACI OHS

### HIPPOLYTUS

OH! my faithful nurse why comest thou hither thoroughly fagged out and advancing with the feeble pace of an old woman wearing too such a look of sadness in thy face and with such a woeful troubled look? Surely my father Theseus is quite safe and Phædra too is not she quite well? For she thou knowest is the connecting link of our race between myself I mean (Antiope my mother) and my half brothers (Demophon and Antigonus by Phædra)

NUR Metus remitte prospero regnum in statu est, 435  
 Domosque florens sorte felici viget  
 Sed tu beatis mitior rebus veni  
 Namque anxiâ me cura sollicitat tui,  
 Quod te ipse pœnis gravibus infestus domas  
 Quem fata cogunt, ille cum venia est miser 440  
 At si quis ultro se malis offert volens,  
 Sequè ipse torquet, perdere est dignus bonâ,  
 Quis nescit uti potius annorum memor  
 Mentem relaxa noctibus festis facem  
 Attolle curas Bacchus exoneret graves 445  
 Ætate fruire, mobili cursu fugit  
 Nunc facile pectus, grata nunc juveni Venus,  
 Exsultet animus cui toro viduo jaces  
 Tristem juventam solve nunc luxus ripe  
 Effunde habenas optimos vitæ dies 450  
 Effluere prohibe propria descripsit Deus  
 Officia, & ævum per suos ducit gradus  
 Lætitia juvenem, fions decet tristis senem  
 Quid te coerces, & necis rectam indolem  
 Seges illa magnum sœnus agricolæ dabit, 455  
 Quæcunque lætis tenera luxuriat satis  
 Arborque celfo vertice evincet nemus,  
 Quam non maligna cædit aut refecat manus  
 Ingenia melius iecta se in ludes serunt,  
 Si nobilem animum vegeta libertas alit 460  
 Tiuculentus, & silvester, & vitæ inscius,  
 Tristem juventam Venere deserta colis  
 Hoc esse munus credis indictum viris,  
 Ut dura tolerent<sup>2</sup> cursibus domitent equos,  
 Et sæva bella Marte sanguineo gerant<sup>2</sup> 465  
 Providit ille maximus mundi patiens,  
 Cum tam rapaces cerneret fati manus,  
 Ut damna semper sobole repararet nova  
 Excedat, agedum, rebus humanis Venus,  
 Quæ supplet ac restituit exhaustum genus, 470  
 Orbis jacebit squalido turpis situ,  
 Vacuum sine ullis classibus stabit mare,  
 Alesque cælo deest, & silvis fera,

NUR Banish thy fears, the kingdom is in a prosperous condition and thy illustrious family is in the full enjoyment of its happy lot—but come thou, I pray, in a mild and happy mood amongst all our pleasant surroundings, for my regard towards thyself, rouses within me certain anxious thoughts, in that, to thy own injury, thou oppressest thyself with such heavy self-imposed restrictions—that man whom the fates hold in their power when such a one is miserable, we reward with our sympathy<sup>1</sup>—but if any man only too readily gives himself up as a

voluntary recipient of misfortune and so far perverts his natural tendencies he richly deserves to be deprived of the good things of this world and which if he had them he would be utterly unable to enjoy! But thou rather as thou shouldst be mindful of thy vigorous youth relax

is the time for an assailable mind now is the time that Venus should be a welcome goddess to amorous youth let thy heart leap at the very thought! Why shouldst thou lie at nights with no desirable bed fellow? Throw aside sadness from thy youthful nature now fasten upon the enjoyments of life! Throw aside the reins with which thou hast restrained thyself prevent the last days of thy life from slipping away from thee—a beneficent Deity has very wisely prescribed the various duties of mankind and he has so planned his programme that life should pass through well defined stages! Joy becomes youth—a thoughtful brow befits old age why shouldst thou curb thy nature as thou dost and blot out thy stage of youth the stage through which thou art now passing? The growing corn will afford a plentiful return to the husband man for his labor and each tender shoot will increase till it becomes a luxuriant blade and contributes its individual share towards producing an abundant harvest! And the sapling will eventually look down upon the forest with its lofty branches—the tree which no greedy hand has attempted to fell or rob of its umbrageous investiture—a man's mind—when it is well regulated is much more calculated to

liberty gives  
ignorant of t

trian ideas thou art passing thy cheerless youth foregoing the pleasures of love! Dost thou think that this way of passing a life was ordained for man? that he should simply put up with every hardship and privation—that he should do nothing but break in horses for running races and to wage cruel wars in honor of sanguinary Mars? No—the chief parent of the universe has provided against such a contingency! When he said that the hand of Death was so eager to take away what he had made in order that he might replace the losses by producing fresh offsprings

Come on, he said let love go forth amongst human affairs and play its part and it is that (Love) which fills up the vacancies and replenishes the races when they are becoming exhausted! The unattractive earth would remain in an uncultivated condition—the blue sea would rest



Solis & per pervius ventis erit Quam varia leti genera mortalem trahunt Carpuntque turbam, pontus, & ferrum, & doli <sup>1</sup>	475
Sed fati credas deesse, sic vitam Styga Jam petimus ultro cœlibem vitam probet Sterilis juvenus, hoc erit, quidquid vides, Unius ævi turba, & in semet ruet	480
Proinde vitæ sequere naturam ducem Urbem frequenta, civium cœtus cole HIPPO Non alia magis est libera, & vitio carens, Ritusque melius vita quæ priscos colit, Quam quæ relictis mœnibus silvas amat	485
Non illum avaræ mentis inflammat furor, Qui se dicavit montium infontem jugis Non aura populi, & vulgus infidum bonis, Non pestilens invidiæ, non fragilis favor	490
Non ille regno sevit, aut regno imminens, Vanos honores sequitur, aut fluxas opes, Spei metusque liber haud illum niger Edaxque livor dente degeneri petit	
Nec scelerum populos inter atque urbes sita Novit, nec omnes conscius strepitus pavet	495
Haud verba fingit mille non quærit tegi Dives columnis, nec trabes multo insolens Suffigit auro non cruor laicus piæ Inundat aras, fruge nec spiræ sacra	
Centena nivei colla submitunt boves Sed rure vacuo potitur, & aperto æthere Innocuus errat, callidas tantum feris Stuuisse fraudes novit, & fessus gravi Labore, niveo corpus ilisso fovet	500
Nunc ille ripam celeris Alpei legit Nunc nemoris alti densa metatur loca, Ubi Lerna puro gelida pellucet vado,	505

unvisited by any noble fleets—the winged aerial denizen of the sky would no longer be seen, and the wild animal would no more infest forests and the atmosphere would be left only for the use of Phœbus and Æolus! What different kinds of death take off and snap up the human race!—the sea—the sword—the poisoned cup! But can it be believed that the hand of Destiny is wanting on all this that we should seek willingly the dark realms of Pluto—that youth should choose a life of celibacy and not propagate the species—this would be the state of matters. Wherever thou castest thy eyes, there would only be one generation of every species of animality and every thing would come to a standstill with their disappearance from the scene! Therefore, follow the dictates

of nature the originator of life itself frequent the cities and cultivate the society of the citizens!

HIPP I do not think there is any life which gives one more liberty or one more free from harmful influences than that which inclines one to love the forests the cities being left out of one's calculation—There no madness of a covetous nature assails a man who devotes himself interfering with no one to the mountain fastnesses—he is not annoyed there with popular clamor—No vulgar herd to practise their treachery upon men of uprightness—no wretched envy—no questionable kindness—and what is more he is subject to no dominations but he that hangs about a kingdom seeks only for empty honors or the amassing of riches—the denizen of the forest is exempt from alternating hopes and fears nor do the loathsome fangs of wicked and voracious envy inflict their wounds upon him! Nor has he ever been brought in contact with such people as he would find there nor with the villainy they practise nor does a troubled conscience cause him to fear every popular outbreak! Nor has he to invent excuses or to tell lies!—like the rich man of the cities he does not sigh for a palace supported by a thousand columns nor in his pride does he adorn his palatial ceilings with a profusion of golden display—nor do a hundred snow white bulls submit their necks to the sacrificial knife and with the ceremonial meal thrown over them to be then served up as sacred offerings to the Gods! But he enjoys the open plains and wanders hurting no one—a free man breathing the free air! His only knowledge of deception is setting clever snares for the wild beasts and when wearied out with his hunting exertions he soothes his tired out frame by bathing in the silvery streams of the Ithlus! Sometimes he chooses the banks of the swiftly flowing Alpheus at other times he pitches upon the densest spot in the lofty forests for the purpose of laying his snares and then he will shift his scene of operations to where the cool Lerna is transparent with its crystal streams here the noisy birds give forth their various notes—here behold ancient beeches with their branches trembling whenever struck by the slightest puff of wind or sometimes it pleases him to confine himself to the banks of some wandering river or to pass his time in gentle slumber lying on the naked sod! or sometimes a tremendous fountain will pour down its rapid streams or at other times a swift murmur would strike the ear as the water ran in and out amongst the fresh flowers which line the banks and the fruit which falls blown down by the wind serves to satisfy his hunger

Sedemque mutat heic aves queculæ fremunt,  
 Ramique ventis lene percussi tremunt,  
 Vetereſque fagi juvit aut amnis vagi 510  
 Preſſiſſe ripas, cæſpite aut nudo leves  
 Duxiſſe ſomnos, ſive fons largus citas  
 Deſundit undas, ſive per flores novos  
 Fugiente dulcis murmurat rivo fonus  
 Excuffa ſilvis poma compeſcunt famem 515  
 Et fraga parvis vulſa dumetis, cibos  
 Faciles miniſtrant regioſ luxus procul  
 Eſt impetus fugiſſe ſollicito bibant  
 Auro ſuperbi quam juvat nuda manu  
 Captaſſe fontem! certior ſomnus premit \* 520  
 Secura duo membra verſantem toro  
 Non in recessu furta & obſcuro improbus  
 Quærit cubili, ſeque multiplici timens  
 Domo recondit æthera ac lucem petit,  
 Et teſte cœlo vivit hoc equidem reor 525  
 Viſiſſe ritu, prima quos mixtos Deis  
 Profudit ætas nullus his auri ſuit  
 Cæcus cupido nullus in campo facer  
 Diviſit agros arbiter populis lapis  
 Nondum ſecabant credulæ pontum rates 530  
 Sua quiſque norat maria non viſto aggere  
 Ciebiaque turre cinxerant urbes latus  
 Non arma fæva miles aptabat manu,  
 Nec torta cluſas fregerat ſavo gravi  
 Balifta portas, juſſa nec dominum pati 535  
 Juncto ferebat terra ſervitum bove  
 Sed arva per ſe fœta poſcentes nihil  
 Pavere gentes ſilva nativas opes,  
 Et opaca dederant antra nativas domos  
 Rupere fœdus impius lucri furor, 540  
 Et ira præceps queque fuccenſas agit  
 Libido mentes venit imperii ſitis  
 Cruenta factus præda majori minor  
 Pro jure vires eſſe tum primum manu  
 Bellare nuda ſaxaque & ramos rudes 545  
 Vertère in arma non erat gracili levis  
 Aimata ferro cornus, aut longo latus  
 Mucrone cingens enſis, aut criſta procul  
 Galeæ comantes tela faciebat dolor

—and the wild strawberries plucked from amongst the small thickets afford him a very ready means of appeasing his appetite—he is possessed of an invincible desire to fly from royal luxuries Kings are at liberty to quaff their wine from the golden goblet, amidst the uncertainties which surround royalty, but it delights him to take his draught from the nearest spring, the hollow of his hand

serving him as a  
 weary with greater  
 in security to a h  
 not require as a thief, to hide away his pilferings in some  
 sly corner or obscure place of concealment and who  
 being always in fear of detection shifts his resting place  
 (abode) from one locality to another! Nay! he seeks  
 only the air and light of heaven and lives openly under  
 the canopy of the sky! Indeed I suppose during the  
 earlier ages when men mixed up with the gods they  
 lived pretty much in this kind of way No one amongst  
 such men as those was led headlong by any desire to  
 amass heaps of gold No stone held sacred as the land  
 mark of proprietorship parcelled out the lands amongst  
 the people (at that time) Venturesome crafts had not at  
 such an epoch dared to risk the dangers of the ocean—  
 Every one knew his own sea—his own surroundings—they  
 had not at that time encompassed their cities and depended  
 the approaches thereto with vast walls and numerous  
 towers—no soldier sighed to  
 for slaughtering his fellow in  
 directed against closed porta  
 enormous stones which it hurled against them! Nor did  
 the earth demand the necessity for any ploughman to  
 guide the efforts of the yoked oxen! but the people  
 demanding nothing but what was necessary for their  
 existence with no invidious care about agriculture subsisted  
 on what the fields fertile of their own accord afforded  
 them The forests yielded up their native resources and  
 obscure grottoes supplied them with habitations an im-  
 pious desire to obtain power then induced them to  
 break treaties into which they had solemnly entered  
 then heedless rage and the lawless desires which agitated  
 the maddened mind then ensued the sanguinary thirst  
 for power—the weaker man fell a prey to the stronger  
 one—and instead of law and justice strength became  
 the prevailing arbiter! then at first they fought with the  
 naked fists and when they began to be more civilized  
 str-  
 w  
 w  
 sword with its tapering point attached to the side or  
 crested helmets with their plumes shaken by the agitating  
 breeze—univers  
 of destruction  
 and a thousand  
 hence very soon  
 land and the sea was even reddened by it! Then crimes  
 having no bounds spread into every dwelling and no



thus cast down from their lowest foundations have ruined so many peoples! Let no mention be made of others—Medea to wit the wife of Ægeus is sufficient to make through her acts the whole race of womankind detestible!

NUR. Why should the crimes of the few be construed as the sins of the many?

HIPP. I detest them all I dread them I avoid them I curse their very existence! Whatever the reason may be whether it is my nature to do so or whether it be some inexplicable madness (on my part) it nevertheless pleases me to hate them! Thou mayst attempt to amalgamate fire and water or rather reckon upon a favorable voyage for thy crafts over the treacherous sands of the Syrtes or rather that the Hesperian Iethys should expect the god of light (Phœbus) to reverse his chariot and cause the sun to rise at the western extremity of his journey! And the rapacious wolf will learn to gaze with absolute affection upon the timid deer—when I am so far subdued as to entertain a mild feeling towards womankind.

NUR. Love often breaks in obstinate rebellious hearts and changes their hatred into the tender passion—Think of thy mother's kingdom the ferocious Amazonian women feel the force of love—Thou (a boy) the only remaining male descendant of that race art a living proof!

HIPP. This consolation the only one I retain for my having lost my mother is that I am now able to hate all women!

NUR. A ha—good old man—on—  
to the way  
the waters  
no impres-  
back (reject) my appeal but Phœdra impatient of delay abruptly advances  
Hippolytus here?  
On a sudden she  
and a death-like pallor comes over her face! Raise thy eyes look at me speak quickly behold! my nurse child thy own Hippolytus! 'Tis Hippolytus himself who holds thee in his arms! (This is said to rouse Phœdra out of her swoon)

PHÆDRA, HIPPOLYTUS, NUTRIX,  
FAMULI

Juvenis pudicitiam omni arte oppugnant nec expugnant  
ad fraudem itaque confugiunt & calumnias

PH **Q**UIS me dolori reddit, atque æstus graves  
Reponit animo<sup>3</sup> quam bene excideram mihi<sup>3</sup> 590  
Cur dulce munus redditæ lucis fugis<sup>3</sup>  
Aude, anime tenta perage mandatum tuum  
Intrepida consent verba qui timide rogat  
Docet negare magna pars sceleris mei  
Olim peracta est ferus est nobis pudor 595  
Amovimus nefanda si cœpta exsequor,  
Forfan jugali cūmen abscondam face  
Honestæ quædam scelera successus facit  
En, incipe, rōme commodes paulum, precor,  
Secretus aures si quis est, abeat, comes 600  
HIP En, locus ab omni liber arbitrio vacat  
PH Sed ora cœptis transitum verbis negant  
Vis magna vocem emittit, at major tenet  
Vos testor omnes, cœlites, hoc, quod volo,  
Me nolle 605  
HIP Animusne cupiens aliquid effari nequit<sup>3</sup>  
PH Curæ leves loquuntur ingentes stupent  
HIP Committe curas auribus, mater, meis  
PH Matris superbum est nomen, & nimium potens  
Nostros humiliter nomen affectus decet 610  
Me vel forem, Hippolyte, vel famulam voca  
Famulamque potius omne servitium feram  
Non me, per altas ire si jubeas nives,  
Pigeat gelatis ingredi Pindi jugis

PHÆDRA—HIPPOLYTUS—NURSE—ATTENDANTS.

They all try to overcome the virtue of Hippolytus, but  
without success, they have recourse to deceit and  
calumny

PHÆDRA

**W**HO is it that is restoring me to my old anguish  
(now that I am coming to) and is bringing back  
the dreadful tumultuosities which agitate my soul<sup>3</sup>  
How well it was, when my senses had left me (alluding  
to the swoon and the mental respite it had afforded)  
Take courage! oh! my soul, let me try my utmost!

Why do I refuse the welcome arrival of light shining as it were on a dark place (alluding to the arrival of Hippolytus who is standing by)? Let me carry out the task already determined upon! (To the Nurse) Courageous words will often succeed! Whilst they who timidly appeal only tacitly ask for a rude repulse!—I am the chief performer in this drama of crime and it has already been half enacted any reluctant feelings on my part are now too late for me to be showing! I have chosen to love in a criminal manner and if I persevere as I commenced perhaps! who knows? I shall be able to neutralize the crime after all with the kindly aid of the marriage knot (that is if Theseus does not return Hippolytus may be induced to marry me) Success we all know some times makes even certain downright crimes wear the appearance of glorious deeds! Now let me begin But oh! for the courage to do so! Give me a hearing Hippolytus I pray for a short time! but alone—if there be any companion or attendant near let him go away!

HIPP Look here is a spot which is free from any intrusive observation

PH But my tongue forbids me to utter what I want to say just as I am about to begin—Great exertion enables me to speak but a stronger power chokes my utterance—I call all the heavenly gods to witness this do not thou be unwilling to grant me what I crave

HIPP Let not the heart desire anything which cannot find language to express what is the thing that is sought for!

PH Trivial matters are easily spoken of but those of overwhelming concern are difficult to approach!

HIPP Trust thy cares to my ears mother!

PH That name of mother Hippolytus is no doubt a proud one but from thy lips it sounds too inapplicable for me a milder name would represent my love towards thee Hippolytus Call me sister Iphedra or slave any name but mother—I prefer the word slave—as I will render to thee all the duties of a slave it would not distress me if thou shouldst command me to walk in the deepest snows—to climb the frozen mountain sides of Pindus nor if thou orderedst me to pass through the raging fires and the hostile battalions in battle array would I hold back from presenting this breast of mine to the pointed sword! Accept the throne which shall be



Non, si per ignes ire & infesta agmina, Cuncter paratis ensibus pectus dare Mandata recipe sceptrā, me famulam accipe Te imperia regere, me decet iussu exsequi Muliebri non est regna tutari urbium	615
Tu, qui iuventæ flore primævo viges, Cives paterno fortis imperio rege Sinu receptam, supplicem, ac servam tege Miserere viduæ HIPP Summus hoc omen Deus Avertat aderit sospes actutum parens PH Regni tenacis dominus, & tricitæ Stygis, Nullam relictos fecit ad superos viam Thalium remittet ille raptorem sui <sup>2</sup> Nisi forte amor placidus & Pluton fedel HIPP Illum quidem æqui cœlites reducem dabunt Sed, dum tenebit vota in incerto Deus, Pietate caros debita fratres colam, Et te merebor, esse ne viduam putes Ac tibi parentis ipse supplebo locum PH O spes amantium credula! o fallax amor! Satisne dixit <sup>3</sup> precibus admotis agam Miserere tricitæ mentis exaudi preces Libet loqui, pigetque HIPP Quodnam istud malum est <sup>3</sup> PH Quod in novercam cadere vix credas malum HIPP Ambigua voce verba perplexa jactis, Essare aperte PH Pectus insanum vapor Amorque torret intimas sævus vorat Penitus medullas, atque per venas meat Visceribus ignis missus & venis latens, Ut agilis altas flamma percurrit trabes HIPP Amore nempe Thefei casto furis PH Hippolyte, sic est Thefei vultus amo Illos priores, quos tulit quondam puer,	620 625 630 635 640 645

handed over to thee, and accept me as a willing slave! It is only right that thou shouldst rule the kingdom, and that I should obey thy commands—it is not a woman's duty to undertake the sovereign power over the cities Thou who art in the very prime of youthful manhood, and vigor, and brave withal, do thyself govern the citizens in thy father's Kingdom! Protect me as thy humble suppliant servant, whom I pray thee, to receive into thy bosom (the bosom of protection not of love), pity me a widow!

HIPP May the chief of the Gods avert such a prediction from being verified (that Phædra should be a widow), my parent will soon return in safety

PH The monarch of that Kingdom, which keeps a

tenacious grasp on its subjects and the ruler of the silent Styx—has not ordained for them a way back to the earth above when once they have quitted it and it is not likely that he will release those who meditated the capture of his spouse unless indeed Pluto is indulgent and inclined to connive at the daring amour of the ravisher!

HIPP The Gods of heaven more favorable however will allow him to return but whilst they may be regarding his wishes as uncertain I will take charge of my dear brothers with that affection which I ought to show them and let my reward be that thou wilt no longer consider thyself a widow as I will myself fill up the place of their absent parent

PH Oh! the clinging hope of credulous love! Oh! the love that is playing with my affection! Have I not declared myself sufficiently I will approach thee once more with my entreaties! Pity me listen to the prayers of a heart that dares not to speak out! I would speak more plainly but I cannot! it grieves me to confess what I feel!

HIPP What is the evil which troubles thee in this manner?

PH An evil which thou wouldst scarcely believe could befall any stepmother! love for her stepson!

HIPP Thou throwest out puzzling expressions in such ambiguous language too speak out openly

PH The fire of my passionate love is burning within my maddened breast and with its cruel flames it is consuming the very marrow of my bones and traverses the innermost blood vessels of my body and that latent fire descends to my very entrails and courses through the deeply seated veins just as the active flames capriciously ascend till they reach the lofty ceilings!

HIPP Thou art raving now of course—in consequence of the chaste love thou hast for Theseus

PH The fact of the matter Hippolytus is this (when I gaze on thee) I look back with admiration on the face of Theseus which he had in days gone by that face which he had when a boy when the incipient beard began to show itself on his cheeks in the freshness of his youth

Cum prima puris barba signaret genas,  
 Monstrique cacam Gnosin vidi domum  
 Et longa curva fila collegit via 650  
 Quis tum ille fulsit! presierant vitæ comam  
 Et ora flavis tenera iungebat rubor  
 Inerant licertis mollibus fortes tori  
 Turæ Phœbes vultus aut Phœbi mei  
 Tuusque potius talis en talis fuit 655  
 Cum placuit hosti sic tulit cœlum crina  
 In te magis refulget incomtus decor  
 Et genitor in te totus & toræ tamen  
 Pars aliqua matris miscet ex æquo decus  
 In ore Grajo Scythicus apparet rigor 660  
 Si cum parente Creticum intrâtes fretum  
 Tibi fila potius nostræ nevisset foror  
 Te te foror, quæcumque sidera poli  
 In parte fulges invococo ad causam parem  
 Domus forores unæ corripuit duras 665  
 Te genitor at me natus en supplex jace  
 Allapsa genibus regæ proles domus  
 Resperfa libe nulla & intacta, innocens.  
 Tibi mutor uni certa descendi ad preces.  
 Finem hic dolori faciet, aut vitæ dies 670  
 Miserere amantis HIPPO Magne regnator Deum  
 Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?  
 Ecquando serena fulmen emittes manu  
 Si nunc ferenum est? omnis impulsus ruit  
 Æther & atris nubibus condat diem. 675  
 Ac versa retro sidera obliquos agant  
 Retorta cursus tuque sidereum caput  
 Radiate, tantumne nefas stirpis ture  
 Speculere? lucem merge, & in tenebris fuge.  
 Cur dextra Divum rector atque hominum, vocat 680  
 Tua, nec trifulca mundus ardescit face?  
 In me tona, me fige me velox cremet  
 Transactus ignis sum nocens merui mori  
 Placui novercæ dignus en stupris ego  
 Scelereque tanto visus? ego solus tibi 685

and innocence, when he first caught sight of the hidden home of the Gnosian Monster (the Minotaur) and when he gathered up the clue (the threads) which guided his steps along the winding paths of the Labyrinth! How radiant he looked at that time! Delicate wreaths confined his locks and carnation hues pervaded his tender cheeks, but powerful muscles lay beneath the soft skin of his arms! Were his features (let me think) those of thy beloved Phœbe or of my progenitor Phœbus, or rather thy own, yes! just thy own, as they were, when he first found favor with the daughter (Ariadne) of his enemy

Minos—just like thee he pnsed his lofty head but there is a natural born attractiveness in thee which shows to greater advantage (more than what art can supply) but there is all the father nevertheless about thee yet some portion of the striking dignity thou possess'est is obviously traceable equally to thy savage Queen Mother Antiope—thy countenance combines the stern physiognomy of the Scythian with the delicate contour of the Cretak! If thou hadst set out for the Cretan Sea with thy parent my sister (Ariadne) could rather have spun those fatal threads (the clue) for thee! Oh! thou sister of mine in whatever part of the starry heavens thou mayst be shining I invoke thee to aid my cause so similar to thine own! One race has wrecked the happiness of two sister thou lovest the father—and I love the son! Behold! the offspring of a royal line of ancestors supplicantly approaches thee on her bended knees—contaminated by no crime my virtue still intact spotless in purity! I am changed from all this as regards thee alone! Confident of my success I have humiliated my elf by vain entreaties!—This day shall either release me of this consuming passion or there shall be an end of my existence Do puty the loving woman at thy feet!

HIPPOLYTUS Oh! great ruler of the Gods with what slowness do crimes reach thy ears with what tardiness dost thou take cognizance of them! Why wilt thou not send forth thy lightnings with thy terrible hand even if it be quite serenely disposed at this present moment? Let the entire sky fall with the shock of the power and shut out the light with the blackest of clouds and let the stars driven back perform their oblique functions in an opposite direction! And thou (Ikebus) the head and chief of the starry throng—thou grand luminary—wilt thou not take notice of this terrible wickedness in one of thy race and lest thou shouldst see it drown the day itself and retire into thy self created darkness! Why oh! thou ruler of the Gods and men is thy right hand withheld and why is not the world set on fire by thy three forked lightnings! Visit me with thy lightnings let me be singled out for thy violent shocks—let thy swift fires pass through and consume me forthwith! I am a guilty wretch and deserve to die—I have inspired my stepmother with criminal desires! Behold! Shall I live to be regarded as an object for lustful passion and as one capable of countenancing such horrible impiety? Oh! why was it that I should have been selected as a ready target for thy crime? Has my religious austerity as regards women deserved all this? Oh for that entire female portion of

Materiam facilis<sup>3</sup> hoc meus meiuit rigor<sup>3</sup>  
 O scelere vincens omne femineum genus!  
 O magis rursus matre monstriferam matrem,  
 Genitrice peior! illam se tantum stupro  
 Contaminavit, & tamen tacitum diu  
 Crimen bisolmi partus exhibuit notam,  
 Scelusque matris arguit vultu truci  
 Ambiguus infans ille te venter tulit  
 O ter quaterque prospero fato datus,  
 Quos hausit, & peremit, & leto dedit  
 Odium, dolusque! genitor, invideo tibi  
 Colchide noveica magis hoc, magis malum est  
 PH Et ipsa nostræ fata cognosco domus  
 Fugienda petimus sed mei non sum potens  
 Te vel per ignes, per mare infernum sequar,  
 Rupesque, & amnes, unda quos torrens raptit  
 Quacunque gressus tuleris, hic amens agrar  
 Iterum, superbe, genibus advoltor tuus  
 HIPPOCRATES Procul impudicos corpore et casto amove  
 Tactus quid hoc est? etiam in amplexus ruit?  
 Stringitur ensis merita supplicia exigit  
 En, impudicum crine contorto cupit  
 Lævam reflexam iustior nunquam foveis  
 Datus tuis est sanguis, arcitenens Deum  
 PH Hippolyte, nunc me compotem voti facis  
 Sanas fuentem magis hoc voto meo est,  
 Salvo ut pudore manibus immoriar tuis  
 HIPPOCRATES Abscede vive ne quid exores & hinc  
 Contactus ensis deferat castum latus  
 Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris  
 Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari?  
 Non ipse toto magnus Oceano pater  
 Tantum exprobravit sceleris o silvæ! o feræ!  
 NUTR Deprensa culpa est anime, quid segnis stupes?  
 Regeramus ipsi crimen, atque ultro impiam  
 Venerem arguamus scelere velandum est scelus

the universe that subdue mankind by their insidious conquests! Oh! Crime greater than that committed by Pasiphae, that monster-bearing mother! Worse art thou than that mother! She defiled herself with adultery only! and however the crime was hidden for a long time, the parturition proclaimed the shocking deed, in the two formed being which revealed her infamy! And an ambiguous infant with, the horrible visage of a bull set the matter at rest! She bore thee in the same womb! Oh! thrice and four times blessed are those handed over to a more fortunate fate, whom the hatred and treachery of step-mothers have wounded, ruined and finally put out of the

world! Oh! my father! I envy thee even! This crime is worse than was that of such stepmothers as the Colchian Medea with the poisoned bowl! It is a greater calamity this one (for me) to be ensnared by the mysterious love of a stepmother!

PH And I myself am not unacquainted with the destinies of our race—we always seek to gun what ought to be avoided but although I am not powerful in myself yet I will follow thee through fire across the tempestuous sea over rocks and rivers which are converted into absolute torrents with their impetuosity! Wherever thou wendest thy way I shall be madly led on (by my love for thee) and be constantly at thy side! Oh! proud man thou for the second time I turn towards thee and cling myself around thy knees!

HIPP What is this? (retreating a little) Remove the contact of thy adulterous self from my chaste person! Let go! Why she is actually embracing me! Let my sword quit its scabbard it must exact condign punishment! (seizing Phædra) Look with these curled locks which I am holding in my left hand I have bent back thy adulterous head (Phædra shows an upturned face) and never could blood have been offered at thy altars with greater justification oh! quiver bearing Diana! (This was also an epithet applied to Apollo)

PH Hippolytus thou art now making me a participatrix in thy desires thou art curing me of my madness and thy act exceeds any previous wish of mine it is this, that I should die by thy hands with my chastity unsullied!

HIPP Go away live ask for nothing at my hands and this blade of mine after having been in contact merely with thy adulterous body shall never more hang from my side hithert — What Tanais (a river in Scy this? or what marshy Mæotis waters into the Euxine Sea? Nor even the great father himself of the entire ocean world (Neptune) could cleanse me from this foul contamination! Oh! for the forests then! Oh! for the wild beasts to fall back upon (as a means of my purification)!

NUR This criminal plot of ours is completely seen through by Hippolytus! Why should I hesitate what to do Oh! happy thought of mine! I must fasten the crime on Hippolytus and give out that he on his own accord made



revolting act of adultery on the Queen—he is urging his criminal suit and actually threatens her with the fear of death—he is intimidating her to yield up her virtue with this wicked sword! Look there he is running away precipitately and being somewhat taken aback at the Queen's determined resistance has left his sword behind in his hurried escape! We must preserve this sword as a memento of the crime! But first of all let us soothe this sad sufferer! (meaning Phædra) (Then addressing the Queen she says) Let thy locks hang down in a state of disorder let them remain rumpled as they are as positive indications of such a criminal outrage (on the part of the ravisher)—Go into the city Mistress and spread the report far and wide and then thou canst collect thy faculties somewhat! Why shouldst thou be tearing away at thyself and avoid the gaze of every one? It is the consent to do evil that constitutes a woman's criminality but not the mere accident of having been exposed to its danger!

### CHORUS

The Chorus prays that Beauty which has been a source of destruction to many should turn out favorably as regards Hippolytus They look forward to the return of Theseus!

**H**IPPOLYTUS flies into the woods with the velocity of the angry tempest more rapidly than any north west wind gathering together the clouds it meets with and driving them before it—more quickly than the flash pursuing its way when a star disturbed by the storm shoots forth its light along an extended tract! Reputation that ardent admirer of the great and heroic who figured in bygone times will compare their ancient deeds by the side of thine—for example thy face will be lauded to the skies as more beautiful than all others in the same proportion as the moon shines more brightly in the plenitude of her brilliancy than the minor sources of light (the stars) when blushing Phœbe approximates the two extremities of her luminous disc (in other words when her cornua meet and she becomes the full moon) and when reclining in her hastening chariot she shows her bright visage the whole night through! nor can the minor stars at that time maintain their usual brilliancy! Just like thy beauty is the messenger of night (Hesperus) which ushers in the approaching period of darkness (night) quite lately refreshed by its near contact with the sea! (The ancients thought



Et tu thyrsigeia Liberi ab India,  
 Intonsa juvenis perpetuum coma,  
 Tigres pampinea cuspside territans, 755  
 Ac mitra cohibens cornigeum caput,  
 Non vinces rigidus Hippolyti comas  
 Nec vultus nimium suspicior tuos,  
 Omnes per populos fabula distulit,  
 Phœdæ quem Bromio pretulerit soror 760  
 Anceps formæ bonum mortalibus,  
 Exiguū donum breve temporis,  
 Ut velox celeri pede laberis!  
 Non sic prater novo vere decentia  
 Æstatis calidæ despoliat vapor, 765  
 Sævit solstitio cum medius dies,  
 Et noctem brevibus precipitat rotis,  
 Languescunt folio liliæ pallido  
 Et græte capiti deficiunt rosæ  
 Ut fulgor, teneris qui radiat gemis, 770  
 Momento rapitur! nullaque non dies  
 Formosi spoliū corporis abstulit  
 Res est forma fugax quis sapiens bono  
 Confidat fragili? dum licet, utere  
 Tempus te tacitum subruet, horaque 775  
 Semper præterita deterior subit  
 Quid desertæ petis? tutior avnis  
 Non est forma locis te nemore abdito,  
 Cum Titon medium constituit diem,  
 Cinget turbæ licens, Naides improbæ, 780  
 Iormosos solitæ claudere fontibus  
 Et somnis fræcient insidias tuis  
 Lascivæ nemorum Dææ,  
 Montivagique Pænes  
 Aut te stellifero despicior polo 785  
 Sidus, post veteres Arcadis editum,  
 Currus non poterit flectere candidos  
 Et nuper rubuit, nullaque lucidis  
 Nubes fordior vultibus obstitit

that the stars and heavenly bodies derived nourishment from moistening influences) and by and bye, under the name of Lucifer, announces the arrival of bright day (the darkness being then driven away)—and thou, Bacchus, returned from thy Indian travels where thou taughtest the people to carry the thyrsus like thyself, thou, the youth, with his looks perpetually worn long, scaring the very tigers with thy spear bound around with vine leaves, and wearing a turban (the oriental headgear) on thy horn-bearing head, thou wilt never surpass the severe locks of Hippolytus, and for that reason do not think too admiringly of thy own appearance! The story has gone

forth amongst all the peoples how the sister of Phædra took a fancy to Bacchus (Bromius was a surname of Bacchus) Beauty after all is a very questionable gift from the gods to us poor mortals a gift which lasts only a short time! Oh! Beauty, how quickly thou passest away! With what rapid steps! Less rapidly indeed does the heats of a scorching summer burn up the meadows which looked—ah! so inviting at the coming of spring not more easily either when the middle of the day grows oppressive with the sun right over our heads and when night is shortened by the changing of the chariots—not more easily do the lilies fade with their color forsaken leaves nor are the scarce roses (wreaths) more welcome for the adoration of the heads of the wearers! How! beauty which brightens up and vivifies the tender cheek is snatched from its possessor in a second! And there is not a single day of our lives that does not filch away a portion of our ephemeral comeliness of which too the body is so proud! Beauty is a fleeting possession What wise man places any dependence on frail beauty only? while it does last however use it as an advantageous gift! The ravages of silent time will conquer thee and each hour that slips along is followed by another which perpetuates the process of decay! Why dost thou go in quest of deserted places Beauty is not more secure against attack because the places are lonely and inaccessible! If thou hidest thyself in a shady wood of the densest grove for a mid day snooze when the sun has arrived at his Meridian (noon) some lascivious troop will spy thee out and surround thee with their emulating allurements—the saucy Naiades who are accustomed to confine in their streams those who possess youth and beauty and the lustful Nymphs of the grove (the Dryades) will stealthily approach thee in thy slumbers and the mountain roaming Faun (Pan from the God Pan) or some Luminary gazing at thee with admiration from out of the starry heavens (Phœbe as she admired Endymion) of newer origin than the ancient inhabitants of Arcadia will err in guiding as usual her silver chariot and then blush (in her modesty) at the cause of the interruption! For no dull cloud was it that interfered with her bright visage! But we are concerned at the sight of the dimmed luminary and thinking that was to be traced to the Thessalian incantations and that the magicians had induced her to visit the Earth we listened for the tinklings (the sounds produced by their brass cymbals)—thou wast the object that attracted her and the cause of the chariot's delay Whilst the goddess watches thee at night she slackens her rapid pace! Let the searching

At nos solliciti lumine turbido	700
Interitum Ithacis circumibus rati	
Inuitus dedimus tu fueras labor	
Et tu causa mori te Dei uocatum	
Dum spectat, celeris sustinuit vis	
Vexent hunc faciem frigora purcum	705
Hæc solam facies rariis appetat	
Lucebit Pario marmore clarius	
Quam gratæ est facies torva viriliter	
Et pondus veteris triste supercilii <sup>1</sup>	
Phaëbo colla licet splendidi compariet	800
Illum cæsaries, uersa colligit	
Perfundens humeros ornat & integit	
Le frons hirta decet te breuior coma	
Nulla lege precens tu licet asperos	
Pugnacesque Deos viribus æreas,	805
Et vasti spatii vincere corporis,	
I quæ Herculeos iam juvenis toros	
Martis belligenæ pectoris latior	
Si dorso libeat cornipedis veli,	
Frenis Castorea mobilior manu	810
Spartanum poteris fleclere Cyllaron	
Amentum digitis tendere prioribus,	
Et totis jaculum dirige viribus,	
Fam longe, dociles spicula figere,	
Non mittent grauem Cretæ arundinem	815
Aut si tela modo spargere Parthiæo	
In cælum pluerit, nulla sine alite	
Descendent, tepido visceræ condita	
Pædram de medius nubibus afferes	
Raris forma viris (secula prospicet)	820
Impunita fuit te melior Deus	
Tutum prætereret, formaque nobilis	
Deformis senu monstrat imaginem	
Quid sinat inausum semine præcepit furoi <sup>2</sup>	
Nefanda juveni crimina insonti parat	825
En scelestæ, querit crine læcerato fidem	
Decus omne turbat capitis humectat genas	
Instituiti omnis fraude semine dolus	
Sed iste quisquam est, regium in vultu decus	
Gerens, & alto vertice ut tollens caput <sup>3</sup>	830
Ut ora juveni paræ Pirithoo gerit <sup>4</sup>	
Ni languido candore pallient genæ,	
Staretque rectæ squallor incultus coma	
En, ipse Theseus redditus tenus adest	

could be more merciful to such a face, let that face avoid the sun's scorching rays as much as possible, and it will shine fairer than the whitest Parian marble—How pleasant to behold is thy stern face, with thy manly

bearing and gravity and majesty of thy noble brow! we  
 can really compare thy magnificent and stately neck  
 with that of Apollo himself. Thy hair which I never  
 gathered up but droop down gracefully over thy  
 shoulders which whilst it adorns it conceals in me  
 measure the hairs were become thee and thy look  
 softened somewhat by a downy veil by which in-  
 terfered with by the hand of Art it will be subject  
 thee to pitifullest trouble me and doubtfullest  
 with thy strength and to excite me then with thy wonder-  
 ful expanse of body altho' he pierce a youth thou art a  
 match for a Hercules as to his muscle and far sur-  
 than the flight of God Mars altho' the chief and if it  
 pleased thee to mount the center thou wouldst trim the  
 Spartan Cylar. (A horse given to Cybele by Jupiter and  
 which Neptune had given to Jupiter into better objection  
 and hold the bridle with a more majestic hand than  
 Castor himself. Stretch the bow string with thy strong  
 fingers and shoot forth the dart with all thy might and  
 the most skillful archer of Cyete could not hurl the  
 slender arrow or throw the javelin as far as thou couldst  
 or if it pleased thee to aim at any object in the sky  
 after the manner of the Isthmian thy arrow would  
 impinge its mark and would not descend to the earth  
 minus the baril it had struck the arrow indeed having  
 carried out its wondrous entrails! They will bring thee a  
 prize home some day from the midst of the cloud-  
 lecurity has been a miracle's gift to very few men however  
 we shall continue on may a propitious deity give thee  
 over in that respect and may thy noble appearance let  
 thee unimpair'd up to the threshold of old age! Let what  
 (unattempted ever before) deed will not the hardness  
 passion of a frenzied woman lead her? Here a woman  
 devises in abominable crime should be committed by an  
 innocent youth oh what shocking wickedness! he is  
 ruin'd now about his crime (as she call it) and expect  
 to be believed with her hair all dishevelled she disturbs  
 the arrangement of every ornamental appendage about  
 her head and manages to deluge her pale cheeks with  
 tears! Every thing calculated to make good her story is  
 brought into requisition by this woman cunning! But  
 hark! who is that coming with the look of unimpaired  
 majesty about him and poisoning his head with a lofty  
 carriage! How much he bears the appearance of that  
 companion of his youth Isthmian! But his cheeks are  
 pale with a sickly kind of whiteness (care worn pillow)  
 and he stands forth with his bristly hair and his entire  
 person dirty and repulsive looking from neglected Behold!  
 Theseus himself is here returned to the earth at last!

## ACTUS TERTIUS

## THESEUS, NUTRIX

Reversus ab inferis Theseus domestici luctus causam ⁊ nutrice  
obviam sciscitatur illa se hoc tantum scire respondet,  
Phædræ necis consilium misse

**T**ANDEM profugi noctis æthere plagam, 835  
Vastoque manes caecere umbrantem polum  
Ut via cupitum sufferunt oculi diem!<sup>1</sup>  
Jam quanta Eleusin dona Tuptolemi fecit,  
Pæremque toties Libra composuit diem,  
Ambiguus ut me sortis ignote labor 840  
Detinuit inter mortis & vitæ mæla  
Pars una vitæ mansit extincto mihi  
Sensus malorum finis Alcides fuit  
Qui cum revulsum Tartaro extraheret eunem,  
Me quoque supernas pariter ad sedes tulit 845  
Sed fessa virtus robore antiquo cæret,  
Trepidantque gressus heu, labor quantus fuit  
Phlegethonte ab imo petere longinquum æthera,  
Pariterque mortem fugere, & Alcidem sequi!<sup>1</sup>  
Quis siemitus rivos flebilis pepulit meas?<sup>2</sup> 850  
Expomat aliquis luctus, & lacrimæ, & dolor,  
In limine ipso mœsta lamentatio,  
Hospita digna prorsus inferno hospite  
NUTR Tenet obstinatum Phædra consilium necis,  
Fletusque nostros spernit, ac morti imminet 855  
THES Quæ causa leti? reduce cui moritur viro?<sup>2</sup>  
NUTR Hæc ipsa letum causæ maturum attulit  
THES Perplexa magnum verba nescio quid tegunt  
Essare aperte, quis gravet mentem dolor

## ACT III

## THESEUS—NURSE

Theseus having returned from the infernal regions, seeks information of the nurse respecting the cause of all this domestic grief she replies it would be best that he should be acquainted, with the fact that Phædra had been threatened with death by Hippolytus

## THEUS

I HAVE escaped at last from the region of eternal night and the omphalos which enlures the Mines with what difficulty my eye perceives the glimmer of that heavenly light which I have so long been wishing to behold already I feel it has yielded the secret and I repeat Triptolemus (under the auspices of Ceres) and Libra the (Balance) has ordered my day and night equal and the anxious mortals shall at my own request in five have kept me peculating as to the alternate disadvantage of Life or Death that which under my circumstances would have been the more acceptable. One part of my vitality (otherwise practically dead) was pared to me which was the inferior portion of that existence Alcides becoming my deliverer from all the earthly evils which when he had forced the gates of Hell and dragged Cerberus away from his post as tutelary genius I rescued me with him to the regions above but my battered strength lacks its ancient vigor and I tremble as I walk along. Ah! how great was the exertion required to reach this earthly sky, so far off as it is from the lower depths of the ethereal sky, at once and the same time from the death which had threatened me and to keep pace with Hercules! (alluding to the length of ground covered by the strides of that hero) What he labors remain is it that assails my ears some one tell me quickly all this bewailing, tear and grief—what is it all about? A weeping entertainment at one's very door steps (there holds not altogether a welcome mode of reception to a guest only just arrived fresh from the infernal regions)

NUR Thedra adheres to her determined notion about dying she spurns all my tearful apprehensions and is bent upon death

THEUS What reason is there for death? Why should she be wishing to die just as her husband has returned too?

NUR This cause for her seeking death has made that death ripe for being carried into effect

THEUS I do not know what important thing it is thy puzzling language conceals it from my comprehension—Speak out plainly! What great trouble oppresses the mind of my wife

NUR Haud pandit ulli mœstra secretum occultit,  
 Statuitque fecum ferre, quo moritur malum  
 Jam perge, quæso, perge prope rato est opus  
 THES Referate clufos iegu postes Iuris 860

## THESEUS, PHÆDRA, FAMULI

Primum simulat Phædræ mori se malle, quam vim sibi illatam revelare  
 Theseo cui deinde nutrici curatum munitanti ostendit gladium,  
 quem Hippolytus abjectum reliquisset

**O** THES SOCIA thalami, siccine adventum viti,  
 Et expetiti conjugis vultum excipis? 865  
 Quin ense viduas dexteram? atque animum mihi  
 Restituis? & te quidquid e vita fugat  
 Expromis? PH Eheu, per tui sceptrum imperii,  
 Magnanime Theseu, perque jam cineres meos,  
 Permitte mortem THES Causa que cogit mori? 870  
 PH Si causa leti dicitur, fructus perit  
 THES Nemo istud alius, me quidem excepto, audiet  
 PH Aures pudica conjugis solas timet  
 THES Effraie fido pectore arcana oculam 875  
 PH Alium filere quod voles, primus file  
 THES Leti facultas nulla continget tibi  
 PH Mori volenti deesse mors nunquam potest  
 THES Quod fit luendum morte delictum, indicat

NUR She tells nobody—sad enough she hides her secret, and has resolved to keep up the grief, from which she is dying already, in her own secret bosom—Come now at once—I pray thee come, there is need for hasty action

THES Unlock the closed portals of the royal chamber

## THESEUS—PHÆDRA—SERVANTS

Phædra first pretends that she would rather die than tell Theseus what violence had been offered to her, to whom, when he threatens to punish the nurse, she shows the sword which Hippolytus had left behind him when he fled

## THESEUS

OH! partner of my nuptial couch is this the way thou greetest the arrival of thy husband? and is this the countenance thou assumest on meeting that husband after having been so long waiting for his return? But first of all rid thy right hand of that sword and open thy mind to me freely and tell me whatever it is that causes thee to wish to die

PH Alas! Oh! noble Theseus by the sceptre with which thou rulest by thy natural love towards thy offspring the sons I have borne thee and by my own body consumed after death (ashes) and by thy own joyous return permit me to die!

THES But what cause compels thee to die?

PH If the reason for my desiring death is divulged the advantage gained will be lost to me

THES No one else shall hear anything about it except of course myself

PH A modest wife hesitates to confide some things even to the ears of a husband although such husbands should be the sole recipients of what she would have to say

THES Speak I will keep thy secret in my faithful breast

PH That another should be silent about what one does not wish to make known the safe plan is to commence with silence oneself!

THES No opportunity shall be allowed thee for court ing death

PH Death can never be withheld from those desirous of attaining it

THES Tell me what is the crime thou desirest to be expiated by death?

PH The crime is that I should live!

THES Will my tears not have any effect upon thee?



PH	Quod vivo	THES	Lacrimæ nonne te nostræ movent?	880
PH	Mors optima est perire lacrimandum suis			
THES	Silere pergit verberare ac vinculis			
	Altiunque prodet, quidquid hæc fieri abnuunt			
	Vincite ferro verberum vis extrahat			
	Secreta mentis	PH	Ipsa jam labor, marne	885
THES	Quidnam oia mœsta avertis, & lacrimas genis			
	Subito coortas veste præteriti obtegis?			
PH	Te, te, creatori cœlitum, testem invoco			
	Et te coruscum lucis ætheriæ iubar,			
	Ex cuius ortu nostra dependet domus,			890
	Tentatæ precibus restitui ferro ac minis			
	Non cessit unquam vim tamen corpus tulit			
	Labem hanc pudoris eluet nostri cruori			
THES	Quis, ede, nostri decoris eveisor fuit?			
PH	Quem rere minime	THES	Quis sit, iudicare expeto	895
PH	Hic dicet ensis, quem tumultu teiritus			
	Liquit stuprator, civium accursum timens			
THES	Quod facinus, heu me, cerno? quod monstrum intuo?			
	Regale parvis asperum signis ebur,			
	Capulo iefulget gentis Actææ decus			900
	Sed ipse quoniam evasit?	PH	Hi trepidum fugæ	
	Videre famuli concitum celeri pede			

## THESEUS

Agnito ense deceptus patet & iratus filio immerito exitum  
imprecatur

**P**rô, sancta pietas! piô, gubernator poli,  
Et qui secundum fluctibus regnum moves,  
Unde ista venit generis infandi lues? 905  
Hunc Graja tellus aluit, an Taurus Scythes,

PH The happiest kind of death is to die deservedly  
lamented by one's own kith and kin

THES If thou persistest in giving me no reply, that old  
woman and nurse of thine shall divulge what she knows  
and refuses to disclose, by the aid of stripes and chains,  
I will conquer her silence, if need be with the sword, but  
the force of stripes will surely draw forth the secrets  
which she is keeping back in her own mind!

PH I myself will speak be thou a little patient

THES Why dost thou turn away thy doleful face, and

hide with thy veil the tears that suddenly rise from those eyelids of thine

PH Oh thou creator of the immortal gods I invoke thee as a witness and thee thou bright luminary (Phœbus) from whose extraction our race has sprung I resisted the urgent attempts of the seducer and withstood his entreaties and my will did not give way to his threats or his sword but my body suffered from his violence and my blood alone can wash out that stain on my chastity

THES What? tell me quickly who was the outrager of our honor?

PH The one thou wouldst suppose to be the least likely to have been so

THES Who may that be? I desire to hear forthwith

PH This sword will tell thee which the would be adulterer left behind him when he was alarmed by the noise and feared the arrival of the crowd of neighbours

THES What wickedness! Alas! I now see it all! What monstrous thing am I now beholding? (And looking at the ivory handle exclaims) This ivory indicates its royal ownership, it is rough to the touch from the ancestral devices carved on it and the emblem (golden grass hopper) of the Royal House of Athens shines brightly on the handle! But to what place has he escaped?

PH These faithful servants saw him as he fled scared running away at a rapid pace

### THESEUS

When Theseus recognizes the sword he sees that he has been betrayed and in his anger prays for the destruction of his son

OH! for that venerated piety that inculcates the filial duties of mankind! And Oh! the grand ruler of Heaven (Jupiter)—Oh! thou governor of the watery deep (Neptune) who rulest with thy waves the second kingdom of the universe from what region has that offshoot of a wicked race that personification of moral turpitude sprung? Has the soil of Greece nourished his

Colchusve Phasis<sup>2</sup> redit ad auctores genus,  
 Stupemque primam degenet sanguis ierfert  
 Est prorsus iste gentis armiseræ furor,  
 Odisse Veneris scædera, & crustum diu 910  
 Vulgare populis corpus o tetrum genus,  
 Nullaque victum lege melioris soli<sup>1</sup>  
 Feræ quoque ipsæ Veneris evitant nefas,  
 Generisque leges incius servat pudor  
 Ubi vultus ille, & ficta majestas viri, 915  
 Atque habitus horrens, prisca & antiqua appetens,  
 Morumque senium triste, & aspectu grave<sup>2</sup>  
 O vitæ fallax<sup>1</sup> abditos sensus geris,  
 Animisque pulchram turpibus faciem induis  
 Pudor impudentem celat, rudacem quies, 920  
 Pietas nefandum vera fallaces probant,  
 Simulantque molles dura silvarum incolæ  
 Ille effertus, crustus, intractus, rudis,  
 Mihi te reservas<sup>2</sup> a meo primum toto  
 Et scelere tanto placuit ordini virum<sup>2</sup> 925  
 Jam jam superno numini grates ago,  
 Quod icter nostra cecidit Antiope matru  
 Quod non ad intra Stygia descendens tibi  
 Matrem reliqui profugus ignotas procul  
 Percurre gentes te licet terra ultimo 930  
 Summoti mundo dirigit Oceanus plagis,  
 Orbemque nostris pedibus obversum colas,  
 Licet in recessu penitus extremo abditus  
 Horriferi celsi regna transferis poli,  
 Hiemesque supra positus & craris nives, 935  
 Gelidi frementes liqueris Boreæ minas  
 Post te furentes, sceleribus pœnas dabis  
 Profugum per omnes pertinet Intebriæ premam  
 Longinqua, clausa, abstrusa, diversa, inu  
 Emetiemur nullus obstrabit locus 940  
 Scis, unde redeam tela quo mitti haud queunt,  
 Huc voti mittam genitrici æquoreus dedit,  
 Ut voti pronò trina concipiam Deo,  
 Et invocata munus hoc fuit Styge  
 En, perage donum triste, regnator freti 945  
 Non cernat ultra lucidum Hippolytus diem,  
 Adertque Mænes juvenis iratos patri  
 Fer abominandum nunc opem irato patrens  
 Nunquam supremum numinis munus tui

growth, or the Scythian Taurus or the Colchian Phasis<sup>2</sup>  
 He has fully confirmed his origin from his progenitrix  
 Antiope, and his ignoble blood clearly throws back to his  
 mother's ancestral stock<sup>1</sup> It quite amounts to a madness,  
 with that armed race (the Amazons), to hold in absolute  
 contempt any religious observance connected with Venus

(marriage) and after preserving their bodies chaste for a long time to prostitute themselves with their subjects in the end? Oh savage race! ruled by no laws known to civilized nations! Why! the wild animals avoid unnatural amours (pur off according to their kind) and their sexual instincts unconsciously conform with the recognized laws appertaining to their species! Where is that man's hypocritical face with his assumed gravity and repelling de-

ness of human nature (life) thou wearest all thy real qualities under a mask and with a handsome face thou colorest over a debased disposition, assumed modesty conceals bare faced impudence and with a quiet manner thou essayest to do the most audacious things downright wickedness poses as devoted piety and so called truths prove themselves naught but the most blatant fallacies! And a hard uncompromising nature assumes the disguise of smirking amiability! And does that wild young man of the woods so chaste so pure so natural keep back his real nature only for the purpose of disgracing me his own father? Is this the way in which thou hast thought proper to induct thyself as a sample of manhood with so great a crime and commencing such practices too with thy father's nuptial bed? Over and over again I return thanks to the deities above that Antiope fell struck down by my right hand and that when I made my descent to the river Styx that I did not leave thy own mother near thee lest thou mightest have violated her! As an exile mayst thou wander amongst unknown people—let some land at the extreme ends of the world serve to remove thee far away to the countries bordering on the most distant ocean where thou wilt inhabit the earth directly under our feet (the Antipodes) but although thou mayst penetrate the dreadful regions of the lofty pole (Arctic) and be hidden in the innermost and most secret part in some far off corner and settled far above where no such winters as ours exist with their hoar frosts when thou mayst have even left behind the howling storms of cold Boreas raging at thy back thou shalt receive punishment for thy crime—I will follow thee in thy flight to what ever hiding place thou mayst be traced with untiring perseverance I will travel to places however far off, places shut out from the approach of man unsuspected spots! Every variety of place! Inaccessible regions! No locality shall stand in my way! Thou art aware from what regions I have just returned an abode where I was utterly unable to launch my missiles! (his vows) I will make use of them

Consumeremus, magna ni premerent mala 950  
 Inter profunda Tartara, & Ditem horridum,  
 Et imminentes regis inferni muros,  
 Voto pepercit redde nunc præteritum fidem,  
 Genitor moraris? cur adhuc iudæ silent?  
 Nunc atra ventis nubila impellentibus 955  
 Subtere noctem, sidera & caelum eripe  
 Effunde pontum vulgus aequoreum cie  
 Fluctusque ab ipso tumidus Oceano voca

## CHORUS

Queritur Chorus, cum cæli ceterumque rerum cursus certo  
 regatur consilio, non tamen res humanas iuste ac  
 recte cedere, cum bonis male sit, malis bene

**O** MAGNA puenſ Natura Deſum,  
 Tuque ignifei rector Olympi, 960  
 Qui ſparſi cito ſidera mundo  
 Curſusque vagos raris aſtrorum,  
 Celerique polos cardine verſas,  
 Cur tibi tanta eſt cura perennes  
 Agitare vias ætheris alti? 965  
 Ut nunc cernæ frigora brumæ  
 Nudent ſilvas, nunc arbuſtis  
 Redeant umbræ, nunc aſſoni  
 Colla Leonis Cæcrem magno  
 Fervore coquant, viresque ſaras 970  
 Temperet annus? ſed cur idem,  
 Qui tanta regis, ſub quo aſſi  
 Pondera mundi librata ſuos  
 Ducunt orbis, hominum animorum  
 Securus abes, non ſollicitus 975  
 Prodeſſe bonis, nocuiſſe malis?  
 Res humanas ordine nullo  
 Fortuna regit, ſpargitque manu  
 Munera cæci, pejora fovens  
 Vincit ſanctos dira libido 980  
 Fraus ſublîmi regnat in aula  
 Tradere turpi faeces populus

here my Oceanic sire has furnished me to this effect, that it was to ask for three wishes to be granted me, from that obliging god, and he sanctified those promises by calling the river Styx to witness! Behold! Oh thou ruler of the sea, grant this favor, sad though it is! That Hippolytus shall not see the light of day from henceforth,

and let the youth pass on to the shades below! however angry they may be towards a father that decrees it! As a parent render at this juncture as to a son assistance although it is a hateful thing to think of! I have not exhausted the three wishes! I should never have availed myself of this remaining token of thy divine power unless the direst calamity had constrained me to do so! When I was down in the depths of Tartarus and those dreadful realms of Pluto and with the threats of that infernal king always hanging over me I reserved this wish! Grant me now the performance of thy promise Oh! my father! (Neptune according to Plutarch was the putative father of Theseus) Why should there be any delay? Why should the waves be any longer silent? Overwhelm the night from this moment with hurricanes driving before them the blackest clouds—remove from all human sight the stars and the firmament itself! Lash into foam the

### CHORUS

The Chorus complain seeing that the revolutions of the heavenly bodies and other matters in nature are governed by certain fixed laws that human affairs do not conform likewise to justice and order—why a hard fate awaits a good man and a smooth lot is awarded to a bad one

Oh! nature thou powerful mother of the gods and thou ruler of starry Olympus who maintainest within their appointed orbits the heavenly bodies scattered around the quickly moving firmament and controlllest the erratic course of the stars and who regulatest (with mathematical certainty) the heavens in their rapid revolutions! Why dost thou take such care that they shall pursue their perennial paths through the lofty sky with such unvarying exactness? How is it that at one time the nipping cold of the snowy winter denudes the forests of their foliaceous beauty at another time that the unbrageous adornments should reappear on these (self same) trees—at one time that the heat of the summer (when the sun is in Leo) should burn up the standing corn with the excessive heat and that the ensuing autumn should moderate the force of its destructive temperature? But why is it that this same power which ordains the government of so many things under whose will the huge

Gaudet, eosdem colit atque odit  
 Iustus virtus perversi tuht  
 Præmia recti castos sequitur 985  
 Mala paupertas vitioque potens  
 Regnat adulter  
 O vane pudor, falsumque deus!  
 Sed quid citato nuntius portat gradu  
 Rigatque maestas lugubrem vultum genas 990

## ACTUS QUARTUS

## NUNTIUS, THESPIUS

Narrat Theseo nuntius, ut perierit Hippolytus discerptus ab  
 equis suis quos terrerat taurus marinus a Neptuneo  
 ex Thesei voto immissus

NUNTIUS **O** SORS acerba & dura simulatus gravis,  
 Cur me ad nefandos nuntium casus vocas  
 THESPIUS Ne metue clades fortiter fieri speras,  
 Non imparatum pectus cunivis geras  
 NUNTIUS Vocem dolori lingua luculentam negat 995  
 THESPIUS Proloquerre que fors aggravet quassam domum  
 NUNTIUS Hippolytus (heu me) flebili leto occubat  
 THESPIUS Natum patens obiisse jam pridem scio  
 Nunc raptor obit mortis effere ordinem  
 NUNTIUS Ut profugus urbem liquit infesto gradu, 1000  
 Celerem citatis passibus cursum explerans,  
 Celsos sonpedes ocuis subigit iugo,  
 Et ora frenis domita substrictis ligat  
 Tum multa secum effatus, & patrium solum

masses of matter are poised around the vast world, and conduct their revolutions through space, should be so absent as regards the security afforded to mankind, and allow them to regulate the movements of their orbits in a very uncertain fashion? Not anxious to favor the good or punish the bad! Fortune rules human affairs by no defined system, and dispenses her blessings with blind carelessness, and appears for the most part to lean towards the wicked! Cruel lust overcomes the virtuous, wickedness reigns triumphant in the lofty palace! The rabble delight in lavishing honors upon the unworthy—they praise and despise the same men at the same time, sorrowful virtue receives only some inadequate reward as its recompense, and wretched poverty falls to the lot of the

chaste and virtuous but the adulterer reigns still powerful  
with those very vices (which have placed him on his  
throne) Oh empty mock modesty! Oh! false virtue! But  
what is the news which the messenger is bringing hasten  
hither with such rapid steps and he appears to be cop-  
iously bedewing his lugubrious countenance too from his  
sorrowful eyes!

## ACT IV

## MESSENGER—THESEUS

The Messenger reports to Theseus that Hippolytus has  
perished having been torn to pieces through his  
own horses which a Marine Monster sent forth by  
Neptune in answer to the wish of Theseus had  
frightened!

## MESSENGER

Oh! the bitter and ungenial lot of domestic servitude  
Why shouldst thou select me as the messenger of  
such a dreadful catastrophe

THESE Do not hesitate man to speak of this dreadful  
catastrophe tell me all about it I possess a heart not  
unprepared I assure thee to listen now to any grievous tale

MESS My tongue restrains my speech it is rendered  
incapable through grief and the mournful news I bring

THESE Speak what dire disaster now invades our  
troubled house?

MESS Hippolytus ah! me! has met with a horrible  
death!

THESE I the parent know already by thy manner that  
my son has met with some sort of death Now the ravisher  
has disappeared Tell me however the way in which  
that death was brought about

MES  
strides  
retreat  
easily  
and w  
month



Abominatus, sepe genitorem ciet	1005
Acerque habentis lora permissis quatit	
Cum subito vastum tinnit ex alto mare,	
Crevitque in astra nullus inspirat falo	
Ventus quieti nulla pars caeli strepit	
Pheidamque pelagus propria tempestas agit	1010
Non tantus Ausser Sicilia disturbat freta,	
Nec tam furenti pontus exurgit sinu	
Regnante Coro saxa eum fluctu tremunt	
Et cava summum spuma Iencatem ferit	
Confurgit ingens pontus in vastum aggerem,	1015
Tumidumque monstro pelagus in terram ruit	
Nec ista ruitibus tanta constituitur lucis	
Ierris minatur fluctus haud cursu levi	
Provolvitur nescio quid onerato sinu	
Gravis unda portat quæ novum tellus eripit	1020
Ostendit astris Cyclas exortum nova	
Latuere rupes numen Epidauri Dei,	
Lt scelera petrae nobiles Scironides	
Pt quæ duobus terra comprimitur fretis	
Hæc dam stupentes quæmur in totum mare	1025
Immugit omnes undique scopuli adstrepunt	
Summum cremen rorat expulso sale	
Spumant, vomitque visibus alternis iquas	
Quælis per alta velutur Oceanum freta	
Fluctus refundens ore phiseter eripit	1030
Inhorruit concussus undarum globus,	
Solvitque sese, & litori invenit malum	
Majus timore pontus in terras ruit,	
Suumque monstrum sequitur os quatrat tremor	
THEL Quis habitus ille corporis vasti fuit?	1035
NUNTI Cæruleæ trurus colla sublimis gerens,	
Erexit altam fronte videnti jubam	
Stant, hispide aures, comibus varius color	
Et quem seip dominator habuisset gregis,	
Et quem sub undis matris hunc flammam vomit,	1040

many things, and rather wildly, as I thought, he cursed his natal soil I know and often spoke of his father in the course of his ramblings, and eager to pursue his way, he yields the lax reins to the horses (gives them their head) so as not to restrain them, and gently smacks (shakes) his whip, which no sooner done, than quite on a sudden, a terrific wave, a perfect sea in itself, swells from the vast ocean, and rises, as it were, to the very stars, not a breath of wind though was there on the sea beyond, and not any part of the calm sky gave forth the slightest semblance of a sound! but the usual weather (serenity) prevailed, ever the placid sea! Never did a south wind, however fierce, disturb the Sicilian straits like this, and never

during the very height of a North Western did the Ionian sea surge so furiously as this then! How the rocks too did tremble to be sure! and the white foam which rose struck the summit of Eurate the Acarnanian promontory the huge sea then swelled it self to the size of an enormous mountain and the mass of water which seemed to be puffed out with something or other marvellous came with a grand rush upon the shore. Now never was a visitation so severe as this lunched upon the crabs even whilst on the sea! Not this was evidently designed to terrify the land only! The waves rolled forward then one succeeding another though not with equal force. I did not know I could not guess what the laboring water was bearing in its loaded bosom! or what new land was about to make its appearance for the stars to lock down upon! Surely I thought some fresh Cyclades has arisen to swell the number of the Cyclades—all the rocks lay hidden from sight the temple of the deity of Epidaurus and sacred to Esculapius and the noble rocks the Scironide famous on account of the crimes of Sciron the celebrated thief of Attica and also the straits which are inclosed by the two seas were rendered invisible! And whilst utterly stupified I became alarmed at these phenomena when behold! the entire sea gave forth a roaring sound all the rocks around made a noise the loftest peak was moistened with the spray expelled from the sea it foamed and vomited forth columns of water first one and then the other just as the huge whale is carried along the deep seas pouring by the waves from its mouth! At length this immense mass of water being shaken from within breaks up disperses itself and casts upon the shore a monster greater than any exaggerated fears of mine could form my conception of the sea then rushes upon the shore and follows its Monster which it had just yielded up the sea it gave me made me tremble from head to foot!

THESE What was the general appearance of this enormous body (monster) thou didst see?

MESS Oh! it was like a tall bull with a bluish neck and it raised its immense mane around its green tinted head its shaggy ears stood out prominently and the color varied on the horns (a sort of mixture) one of which reminded me of what the leader of the fierce herd has on his (the Lind Bull) the other color that which we see on the horns of the animal a native of the sea the sea-calf or marine bull. It then began to vomit flames and its eyes shone like hills of fire and its vast neck remarkable for a certain blue line on it supported its ponderous



swallows up whole entire ships and vomits them up again

The earth trembled—the cattle frightened fled in all directions across the fields nor was there a shepherd amongst them who had the slightest thought of following the scattered herds—every wild animal started from the thickets and groves which bordered on the shore—every hunter grew pale and was paralyzed with fear—was horror stricken! Hippolytus the only one in fact was in no sort of fear and he still kept firm control of the horses with the well handled reins and encouraged the timid animals with his well known voice. There is a steep declivity on the road to Argos amongst the broken hills which leads down to the various spots that are close to the sea which lies at their feet and here the monster seemed to be evincing considerable activity and prepared itself as it were to make up its angry mind. As if it had foreshadowed its plans to its satisfaction it set to work to exert its rage and it dashes forth at a rapid rate scarcely touching the highest ground in its hurried advance and with a savage glare it stands before the trembling horses on the other hand though Hippolytus rising up in a threatening attitude with a ferocious look does not change his countenance into any thing suggestive of timidity and thundered out in loud tones. This empty terror does not daunt my courage for is it not the task taught me by my father that of taming bulls? —Whereupon the horses disregarding the reins showed symptoms of rebellion taking entire charge of the chariot and then wandering madly onwards in their precipitate course wherever their terrified excitement carried them scared as they were! They first go this way then that till at length they begin to scamper wildly amongst the rocks but like the skilful pilot who keeps his craft head to wind in a tempestuous sea and avoids steering it broadside on to the surging advances of that sea and thus with skilful seamanship baffles the force of the waves not otherwise does Hippolytus strive to guide the flying horses at one time he pulls at their mouths with tightened reins and at another time he turns the whips towards their backs to accelerate their speed! His companion the Monster hoves him up one time at an equal time it veers round and face unspeakable terror from ev  
sue him (Hippolytus) to proceed too far ahead for this horrible horn bearing monster of the sea comes on with his savage aspect right in front of the horses! But at last the endurance of the horses is completely broken down through their fears they then break through all control

Incurrit oie corniger ponti horridus  
 Tum vero pavidā sonipedes mente excitū  
 Imperia solvunt, seque luctantur jugo  
 Eripere, restitque in pedes jactant onus  
 Præceps in ora fufus implicuit cadens 1085  
 Laqueo tenaci corpus & quanto magis  
 Pugnāt, sequaces hoc magis nodos ligat  
 Sensere pecudes facinus, & curi u levi,  
 Dominante nullo, qua timor juffit, ruunt  
 Talis per auris non suum ignoscens onus, 1090  
 Solique falso creditum indignans diem,  
 Phaethonta currus devio excussit polo  
 Late cruentat arva, & illisum caput  
 Scopulis refultat aufeunt dumī comas  
 Et oia durus pulchra populatū lapis 1095  
 Peritque multo vulnere infelix decor  
 Moribunda celes membra provolvunt iote  
 Tandemque raptum truncus ambusta fude  
 Medium per inguen stipite erecto tener,  
 Præulumque domino currus affixo stetit 1100  
 Hæfere bijuges vulnere, & pariter moram  
 Dominumque rumpunt inde semianimem secant  
 Ungula acutis asperi verpes iubis,  
 Omnisque truncus corporis partem tulit  
 Eirunt per agros funebris, famuli, manus, 1105  
 Per illa, qua distiactus Hippolytus, loca  
 Longum cruenta tramitem signat nota  
 Mæstreque domini membra vestigant canes  
 Necdum dolentum fedulus potuit labor  
 Explere corpus hoccine est forme decus? 1110  
 Qui modo patrum clarus imperii comes,  
 Et certus heres, siderum fulsit modo,  
 Passim ad supremos ille colligitur rogos,  
 Et funeri confertur THES O, nimium potens,  
 Quanto parentes sanguinis vinclo tenes 1115  
 Natura! quam te colimus invitū quoque!  
 Occidere volui novum, amissum fleo  
 NUNT Haud quisquam honeste flere, quod voluit, potest  
 THES Equidem malorum maximum hunc cumulum reor,

whatever, and struggle to escape from their yoke, and rearing themselves on their hind-legs, they jolt the chariot, and Hippolytus falling upon his face, becomes entangled by the reins, which, however, he still holds tenaciously, and the more he fights to retain his hold, the more and more does he tighten the reins about himself. The poor horses seem to have recognized the disaster, and with the chariot lightened and no driver left to guide them, in the same way that the horses of the sun, as they sped through space, perceived that they had not their usual load Phœbus,

and angry that the day was given up to a substituted

the fields far and wide and his head bounds back as it strikes on the rocks and the shrubs through which he is dragged catch up portions of his locks and the cruel rocks rend in pieces his once beautiful countenance and that beauty which was his ruin disappears with many wounds! towards with in the trunk and holds

back the body the stake being upright and piercing him in the groin the horses stand for a second with the driver thus impaled and when they feel themselves kept back on account of the wound that had transixed Hippolytus they break through all further delay and drag their driver along and the thickets subdivided his body as he is drawn through them the sharp briars and the prickly brambles and every tree and trunk appropriating some portion of his mangled remains! Every one mourning his death—the servants and laborers scrutinize the tedious path along the various spots where Hippolytus was torn to pieces indicated by the marks of his blood and the sad dogs too on the alert with their powers of scent tract the remains of their master nor as yet does the pressing search of the mourners succeed in discovering the body Is there nothing remaining of the beauty that once was He who till lately was the bright sharer of his father's glory and the direct heir to the kingdom quite recently he shone with the refulgence of a star but now from all sides he is gathered up piece by piece for the funeral pile and is now only brought forward to receive the honors shown to the dead!

THES Oh! nature! the powerful instincts thou inculcatest with what firm a hold thou causest a parent to cherish the ties of blood! Alas! how unwillingly we regard thy decrees! For example I willed to kill Hippolytus because his life was hateful to me and now I have lost him I moan for the bereavement

MESS No man can consistently bewail what he has himself desired to bring about

THES Indeed I cannot help thinking that this climax now arrived at is greater than all the evils which have happened before! although some accident does not bring

Si abominanda casus optata efficit 1120  
 NUNT Et si odia servas, cur mudent fletu genæ?  
 IHES Quod interemi, non quod amisi, flet

## CHORUS

Sublimis fortunæ instabilitatem & pericula humilis securitatem  
 erant, Hippolyti mortem desset

QUANTI casus humana rotant?  
 Minor in parvis Fortuna fuit,  
 Leviusque ferit leviora Deus 1125  
 Servat placidos obscura quies,  
 Præbetque senes cæci securos  
 Admota ætheris culmina sedibus  
 Euros excipiunt, excipiunt Notos  
 Inferni Boreæ mioras 1130  
 Imbriferumque Corum  
 Humida vallis irros prætur  
 Fulminis ictus tremuit celo  
 Jovis altisoni Cræsus ingens,  
 Phrygiumque nemus matris Cybele 1135  
 Metuens cælo Juppiter alto  
 Vicina petit non caput unquam  
 Magnos motus humilis tecti  
 Plebeja domus  
 Circa regna tonat 1140  
 Volat ambiguus  
 Mobilis alis hora, nec ulli  
 Præstat velox Fortuna fidem  
 Qui clara videt fidera mundi,  
 Nitidumque diem nocte relicta, 1145  
 Luget moestos tristis reditus,  
 Ipsoque magis flebile Aveino  
 Sedis patriæ videt hospitium  
 Pallas Actææ veneranda genti,  
 Quod tuus cælum superosque Theseus 1150  
 Spectat, & fugit Stygias paludes,  
 Casta nil debes patrio rapaci  
 Constat inferno numerus tyranno  
 Quæ vox ab altis flebilis tectis sonat?  
 Stinctoque vecors Phædra quid ferro præat? 1155

about the detestable events one has previously been wishing for (If any accident should make one repent one's simply detestable wishes being fulfilled!)

MESS And if thou still nursest thy hatred, why do thy eyelids moisten with thy weeping?

THESEUS I weep for what I killed not for what I have got rid of!

### CHORUS

How worthy of nature are the vicissitudes which befall humanity and which fickle fortune rotates in her capricious wheel how she relaxes the sternness of her decrees towards her humbler recipients and how a propitious Deity deals more lightly with those less capable of putting up with her fickleness! An obscure retreat suits the contented and a humble cottage affords old age ample protection The sharp East wind makes a target of the roofs of structures run up to æthereal altitudes the South Wind visits them with its full force and they are in addition as fully exposed to the angry storms of rude Boreas and the rains likewise which the North West beats against them! The watered valley suffers but little from the lightning flashes with which it is so rarely visited whilst Caucasus trembles again with the thunderbolts of Jupiter sounding from above and the Phrygian summits once the abode of the goddess Cybele—Jupiter is jealous of pretentious buildings mounting up to the skies and he singles them out for the maximum of his severity as they audaciously seek to approach his own kingdom! (The skies) The homestead of the humble citizen on the other hand seldom finds his modest proportions invaded by aerial disturbances! No! the real tangible thunders hover over kingdoms and palaces! The fleeting hour flies onwards with its uncertain wings that is we are uncertain as to the direction those wings are taking nor does Fortune as she is hurrying forwards ensure anyone especial protection! He for example Theseus when he first beheld the bright stars of the upper world and the smiling light of day when he emerged from the realms of darkness in a croaking spirit bewails his unlucky return and the hospitable surroundings of his paternal palace appear less inviting than the kingdom of Pluto itself! Oh! thou chaste Minerva tutelary goddess of the Athenian race when thy protégé Theseus again beheld the heavens and the upper earth from the places which he had just quitted and when he escaped from the Stygian lakes thou oh! goddess! owest nothing to that greedy uncle now for he has faithfully recruited his ranks in the infernal regions! Hippolytus has gone to take the place of Theseus! Hark! What is that plaintive voice resounding from the depths of the Palace and what is Phædra in her madness getting ready to do with that drawn sword





## THESEUS

WHAT transport of wild passion excites thee now already smitten as thou art with grief? What is the meaning of that sword? Or what this flow of words? what makes thee so desirous of wailing over a body that was such an object of hatred to thee

PH Attack me me! Oh! thou cruel ruler of the deep Sea (Neptune) and cast up before me some monster out of the blue ocean or whatever the far extremities of Tethys (the sea) conceals in its lowermost depths—what the Ocean contains in its wandering waters and covers with its distant waves! Oh! Theseus! always cruel now that thou hast safely returned but not with safety to thy own kindred thou upsettest the tranquillity of Home! Always criminal whether thou art so from the love of thy wives or thy hatred of them! Thy son and a father (Ægeus) have met with death at the price of thy return! Oh Hippolytus! do I behold thy beautiful features brought to this wretched pass? And I have made them what they are now! What savage Sinus (a celebrated robber who used to mangle his victims) or what Procrustes has scattered thy body in this manner? or what Cretan bi formed bull filling with blood and death and I—  
and fierce

Ah! me! w  
my stars?

may thy spirit come niner for a mme while and hearken to what I have to say! I will speak of naught that will be unworthy for thee to hear—I will suffer the punishment due to me at my own hands! and with this sword will I pierce my criminal breast and I will do away with Phædra as she was with her life as well as her offence! And as a demented spirit will I follow thee over every sea over the lakes of Tartarus and over the fiery waves of Phlegethon! I wish to appease thy Manes let me remove all vain adornments from my head and let me have my locks cut away from where they now are—it was not our lot to be joined in life and surely the fates will not interdict our union (lying at one time) by death! Let me die if I am chaste for a husband! If I am unchaste! in satisfaction for my illicit amour! Shall I seek the nuptial couch polluted with this enormous crime of mine? Thanks to the deity this crime has not been arrived at! Oh! but how as a virtuous wife should I have rejoiced to rejoin that couch when I had only vindicated its honor? Oh! Death! thou art the only sedative for the consequences of this wicked passion! Oh! death thou art the only



## THESEUS—CHORUS

## THESEUS

**O**h! the pallor evoking approaches of Avernus! Oh! the caves of Tænarus! Oh! the oblivion inducing streams of Lethe so soothing to the miserable And oh ye stagnant lakes snatch away an impious wretch like myself and retain me submerged for my ever recurring crimes! Now come forth thou savage monster of the deep!—Now approach me thou vast overwhelming sea!—Now may Proteus who attends the sea cows and other terrible inhabitants of the ocean come to my aid with whatever is dreadful and which thou concealest down in the lowest recesses of the deep waters and hurry me off just now only exulting over the great crime I had committed into the deepest gulf and thou Oh! Father! (Neptune) always the ready instrument for carrying out my angry desires I am not deserving of an easy death who have been the means of scattering my son in divided portions ever the land in fact by quite a novel form of death! And while I as a cruel avenger have been dealing out punishment for a crime which has never been committed I have fallen into the commission of a real crime myself! I have now filled up with my criminal exploits the heavens the infernal regions and the seas! Nothing more is left for me! the three kingdoms of the universe have been visited with my iniquities! I now return to this kingdom And the way back to the sky has been laid open to me for as much as through my own agencies I should witness two deplorable deaths and a double funeral in  
 celibate I  
 and burn  
 who gave  
 restore me  
 which thou rescuedst from his power wicked as I am I pray for that condition of death which I left behind when I quitted Avernus! And having myself as the cruel contriver of death invented unheard of terrible modes of destruction for others (meaning the death of Hippolytus) For that reason let me inflict upon myself some just punishment!—Let the apex of some pine forced downwards towards the ground cleave me in twain as the tree bounds back with me to the skies in resuming its former position! Or shall I be hurled headlong over the Scironian rocks? I have seen terrible things in my time what the cruel Phlegethon provides for those who are imprisoned therein surrounding the criminal Manes with flaming

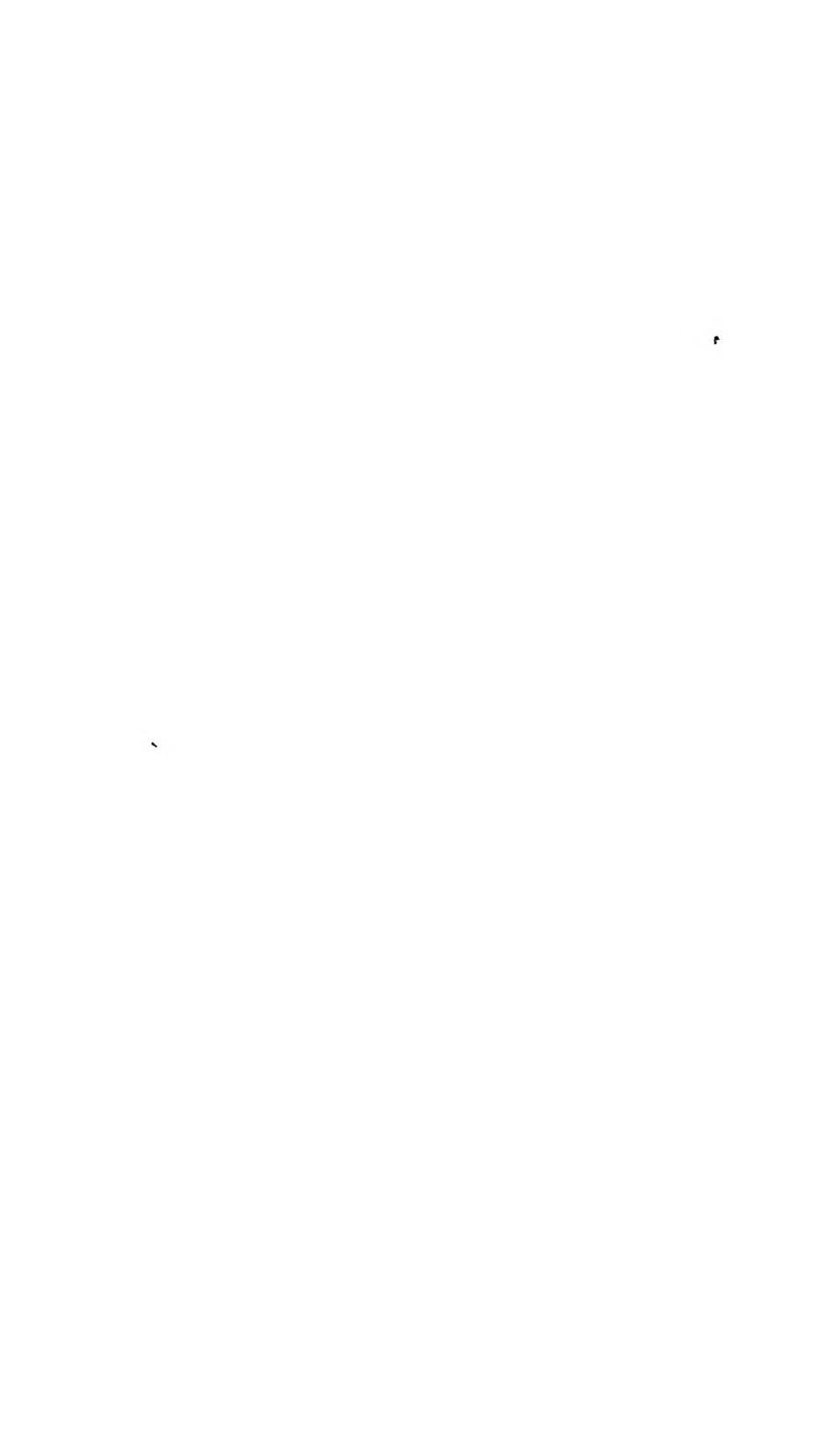
In hoc redimus<sup>3</sup> patuit ad cœlum via,  
 Bina ut viderem funera, & geminam necem<sup>3</sup>  
 Cœlebs & orbus, funebres una face 1215  
 Ut concremarem piolis ac thalami rogos<sup>3</sup>  
 Donator atræ lucis, Alcide, tuum  
 Diti remitte munus ereptos mihi  
 Restitue manes, impius frustra invoco  
 Mortem relictam crudus, & leti artifex, 1220  
 Exitia machinatus insolita, effera,  
 Nunc tibimet ipse iusta supplicia irroga  
 Pinus coactio vertice attingens humum  
 Cœlo remissum findat in geminas tråbes,  
 Mittarve præceps sua per Scironia 1225  
 Graviora vidi, quæ pti clufos iubet  
 Phlegethon, nocentes igneo cingens vado  
 Quæ pœna maneat memet & fedes, scio  
 Umbræ nocentes cedite, & cervicibus  
 His, his repositum degravet fessis manus 1230  
 Sævum, seni peiennis Æolio labor  
 Me ludat annis ora vicina alluens  
 Vultur relicto tranfvolet Tityo ferus,  
 Meumque pœnæ femper accrescat jecur  
 Et tu mei requiesce Piiithoi pater 1235  
 Hæc incitatis membra turbimibus ferat  
 Nusquam resistens orbe revoluto rota  
 Dehisce, tellus, recipe me, dirum chaos,  
 Recipe hæc ad umbras justior nobis via est  
 Natum sequor, ne metue, qui manes regis, 1240  
 Casti venimus, recipe me æterna domo  
 Non exiturum non movent Divos preces  
 At si rogarem scelera, quam proni forent!<sup>1</sup>  
 CHOR Theseu, querelis tempus æternum manet  
 Nunc iusta nato solve, & absconde ocius 1245  
 Dispersa fœde membra laniatu effero  
 THES Huc, huc reliquias vehite cari corporis,  
 Pondusque, & artus temeie congestos date  
 Hippolytus hic est<sup>3</sup> crimen agnosco meum  
 Ego te peremi neu nocens tantum femel 1250  
 Solusve fierem, facinus ausurus patiens,  
 Patrem advocavi munere en patrio fruoi  
 O triste fractis orbitas annis malum!<sup>1</sup>  
 Complectere artus, quodque de nato est super,  
 Miserande mœsto pectore incumbens fove 1255  
 Disjecta genitor membra laceri corporis  
 In ordinem dispone, & errantes loco

streams I am perfectly aware what punishment awaits me, and still more the punishment which I am, at the present, undergoing<sup>1</sup> Oh! ye criminal Manes, act a friendly part towards me, let the endless labor now being performed by that miserable old man the son of Æolus (Sisyphus)

—let the rock which presses so heavily upon his weary hands be placed on these shoulders of mine or let the river Fridanus bringing its streams close to my mouth disappoint me in my thirsting eagerness to partake of them (as they are now doing with Ixion) or let the wild vulture which only leaves Ixion alone to fly back again to him and that my liver may be made to grow like his as a punishment and to furnish a perpetual repast to the birds of prey! Or thou Ixion the father of my dear friend Pirithous rest from thy labors in my behalf and let that wheel which never ceases from its eternal revolutions receive these limbs of mine to be whirled round by its rapid movements! Open Oh! Earth receive me Oh! terrible Chaos receive me I pray this is the only sort of justice to a castrated son and be in no vain infernal kingdom! I shall come this time in a chariot frame of mind and not as before to carry off Ixion accompanied by Pirithous—when I do come receive me for ever in thy eternal home and never to come out again! I find that prayers do not move the Gods! But if I were to ask them to assist my criminal doings how ready they are then!

**CHOR.** Oh! Theseus! What an eternity of time is taken up with thy own troubles! Now is the time to do what is right and just towards a son (a proper funeral and to hide away without delay the scattered remains which have been so shamefully mangled!

**TURS.** Here attendants convey me hither the remains of the dear corpse—Here (pointing to the disfigured trunk) is a mass of bodily substance having no defined form, hand me the different portions which are so carelessly gathered together (exclaiming) Here then is Hippolytus! Oh! I acknowledge my odious crime I have killed thee my son nor indeed am I the only criminal agent! It is Neptune that dared to carry out this deed to its bitter end! I appealed to that father I am now in the possession of a father's gift! Oh! cruel fate Oh! my sad childlessness thou snatchest away my son when my life is already borne down by age and troubles! Let me embrace at all events the torn limbs and whatever else there is left of my son—let me press it to my sad bosom and cherish it! Oh! unhappy father that I am! but as a father let me place in order (in a row) the torn particles of my son's mangled body and arrange the disjointed fragments where they should go! Ah! Here! this is the part for the



Œ D I P U S



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ŒDIPUS  
JOCASTA  
CRION  
CHORUS THEBANORUM  
IRRESIAS

MANTO  
SINI  
PHOBIAS  
NOCIUS

## ARGUMENTUM

GRASSANTE FIBBIS dira pestilentia mittitur Delphos, Creon consultus Apollinem refert, expulsum Ipsi uero interfectori, exilio qui cum ignoraretur Iresias, frustra existeret appressus, per necromantiam Ipsi umbra evocata intellyit ipsum esse regem Œdipum. Negat primum ille sed postea disquirens uenit se filium esse Laii, quem intersecerat, & Jocaste quam uxorem duxerat. Iressis utraque pre pudore atque ira oculis in exilium abiit & Jocasta se gladio confodit.

## ACTUS PRIMUS

## ŒDIPUS, JOCASTA

Œdipus de pestilentie scivita conqueritur

JAM nocte Titan dubius expulsa redit.

Et nube mœstum squallida exoritur jubar,  
Lumenque strammæ triste luciferæ gerens  
Prospiciet avida peste solutis domos,  
Stragemque, quam non fecit, ostendit dies 5  
Quisquamne regno gaudet? o sal'æ bonum,  
Quantum malorum fronte quam blanda tegis!  
Ut alii ventos semper excipiunt juga,  
Rupemque fixis vasis dirimentem freta,  
Quamvis quieti, verberant fluctus maris 10  
Impetra siæ excelsæ Fortunæ obijcent  
Quam bene parentis sceptræ Polybi suggeram,  
Curis solutus, exsul, intrepidus, virgans!  
Cœlum Deosque testor, in regnum incidi  
Infandæ timeo, ne mei genitor manu 15  
Perimatur hoc me Delphicæ laurus monent,  
Aliudque nobis magis indicunt scelus  
Est majus aliquod patre maculato nefas?  
Prò, misera pietas! eloqui scitum pudet  
Thalamos parentis Phœbus & duos toros 20  
Nato miratur, impia incestos facc  
Hic me paternis expulit regnis timor  
Non ego penites profugus excessi meos  
Pauum ipse fidens mihi met in tuto tua,  
Natura, posui jura cum magna horreas, 25

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CÆDIPUS  
 JOCASTA  
 CREON  
 CHORUS of THEBANS  
 TIRESIAS

MANTO  
 OLD MAN  
 PHORBAS  
 MESSENGER

## ARGUMENT

A DREADFUL pestilence attacking Thebes Creon is sent to Delphi to consult Apollo who tells him that the death of Laius must be expiated by the exile of the murderer who was not known at that time Tiresias tried the soothsayers without success but by the aid of Necromancy the Ghost of Laius being summoned he is informed that it was Cædipus who killed Laius Cædipus denies this at first but making diligent inquiries subsequently discovers that he was the son of Laius whom he had slain and that it was Jocasta whom he had married Thereupon in very shame and remorse having put out his own eyes he goes away into exile and Jocasta stabs herself with a sword

## ACT I

Cædipus complains of the cruelty of the Pestilence

## CÆDIPUS—JOCASTA

PHŒBUS in a hesitating mood is now returning again the night having been banished and his fretful beams appear through the gloomy clouds and shedding a dull light from his mournful rays he can now look down on the homesteads rendered tenantless by this ravaging pestilence and his dull daylight even will suffice to show the havoc which the preceding night has brought about revealing the mortal remains of those who have perished from the pestilence! Let not any one rejoice in the possession of a Kingdom! Oh! uncertain enjoyment! How many are the drawbacks which thou concealest under so plausible an exterior! As the mountain tops always receive the full force of the winds and the waves of the sea although becalmed still beat languidly against the jutting headland with its low lying rocks which merely serve to divert the vast sea as it approaches the shore! In like manner is exalted power exposed to the shifting changes of Fortune! How well for me was it when I had fled the Kingdom of my Parent Polybus (for a time Cædipus regarded Polybus as his father) re

Quæ posse fieri non putes, meturus tamen, Cuncta expavescō, meque non ciedo mihi Jamjam aliquid in nos fata moliri parant Nam quid iear, quod ista Cadmeæ lues Infecta genti, straga late edita	30
Mihi pareit uni <sup>3</sup> cui reservamur malo <sup>3</sup> Inter iunus urbis, & sempei novis Defenda lacrimis funera, ac populi struem, Ineolumis adsto scilicet Phœbi reus Sperare poteris sceleribus tantis dari	35
Regnum salubre <sup>3</sup> fecimus cœlum nocens Non aura gelido lenis rfflatu sovet Anhela flammis corda non Zephyri leves Spirant, sed ignes auget æstiferi Cœnis Titum, Leonis terga Nemœæ premens	40
Deseruit omnes humor, atque herbis color Aretque Duce tenuis Ismenos fluit, Et tingit inopi unda vix unda vadâ Obscura cœlo habitur Phœbi foror, Tristisque mundus nubilo pallet novo	45
Nullum serenis noctibus sidus micat Sed gravis & ater incubat terris vapor Obtevit arces cœlitum ac summis domos Inferna facies denegat fructum Ceres Adulta, & altis flava cum spicis tremat,	50
Aiente culmo sterilis emoritur seges Nec ulla pars immunis exitio vacat Sed omnis ætas pariter & sexus ruit, Juvenescque senibus jungit, & natis patres Funesta pestis una fœl thalamos cremat	55

lieved from anxieties, though an Evile, bold and inclined to be a Wanderer! I call Heaven and the Gods to witness, that I literally fell into this Kingdom! I did not seek it! I have always been in fear of something awful (the predictions of the Oracle) lest my father should be killed by my hand! (He did not want to kill Polybus)—The Delphian Laurels gave me an audible indication, when I was warned of this by the oracle, at that time, too, it foretold that another greater crime was to be committed by me! (when the Laurels cracked when put into the flames, the augury was favorable, if they emitted no sound, the prognostication was inauspicious) Can there be, one would suppose not, a greater crime than killing a Father? Oh! what a miserable conception do I entertain of what ought to be done! I was ashamed ever to breathe a word about my fate Apollo predicts a dishonored marriage-bed for the Parent, and a dreadful marriage for the Son—some incestuous union veiled by an impious ceremony! This was the fear that drove

me away from my father's kingdom (that of Polybus) but although an exile I have never lost sight of or disregarded my country's household gods but, Oh Nature! whilst never trusting to myself or considering myself in safety I have ever observed the laws but when one is horrified at what one would think impossible to come to pass one does go in some sort of dread notwithstanding I fear every thing and I have no confidence in myself and the Fates are already preparing for something to befall me! For what can I suppose? That this dreadful pestilence which has fallen upon the people of Thebes and spread far and wide with such destructive results is to be sparing to me alone For what terrible calamity am I reserved? Amongst the ruins of the city with deaths at every turn and fresh cause for lamentation perpetually recurring and the wholesale destruction of the people I am still here! Safe! Spared! Surely at though condemned by Apollo and being told off for so many crimes one can at least reasonably hope for a healthy kingdom! (one free from pestilence) It is I surely who have made the country pestilential! No soft breeze assuages with its refreshing breath the souls panting with the fires of inward fever! No one inhales the balmy Zephyrs but Phœbus following close on the track of Leo (pressing against the back of the Nemro Lion) adds considerably to the temperature induced by the Dog star noted for its intense summer heat! (Tropic of Cancer) The river tracks are deserted by their usual waters—and the grass loses its color—and the fountains of Dirce are dried up—the shallow Ismenus still struggles on but scarcely covers its bed with the water so scantily flowing—Phœbe the sister of Phœbus pursues her path but only in the dullest of skies and the sad firmament is pale with clouds such as have never been known before—not a single star is seen to shine even on the serenest of nights

surrounds the entire  
of the regions below  
and the most elevated  
part! The corn at a certain point is not allowed to ripen and to be made use of and the crops in their first stage of ripening (yellowness) actually tremble with the weight of the ears they bear on their slender stalks and then those stems are burnt up by the scorching sun and the corn dies away and rots! Nor is any part or place exempt from the destructiveness of this plague but every age—every sex falls alike! This dreadful pestilence joins indiscriminately the young with the old parents with their children and one common burial does both

Fletuque acerbo funera & quæsta carent  
 Quin ipsa tanti pervicax clades mali  
 Siccavit oculos quodque in extremis solet  
 Periere lacrimæ portat hunc æger parens  
 Supremum ad ignem mater hunc amens gerit 60  
 Properatque ut alium repe'at in eundem rogam  
 Quin luctu in ipso luctus exoritur novus  
 Suxæque circa funus exsequiæ cadunt  
 Tum propria flammis corpora alienis cremant  
 Diripitur ignis nullus est miseris pado- 65  
 Non ossa tumuli sancta discreti tegunt  
 Arfisse satis est pars quota in cineres abu-  
 Deest terra tumulis jam rogos silvæ negant.  
 Non vo'a non ars ulla correptos le'ant.  
 Cadunt medentes morous auxilium trahit 70  
 Affusus aris supplices tendo manus,  
 Matura poscens fata. præcurram ut prior  
 Patriam ruentem neve post omnes caam  
 Fiamque regni funus extremam me.  
 O sæva nimium numina! o sa'um grave' 75  
 Negatur uni nempe in hoc populo miseri  
 Mors tam parata? sperne leali manu  
 Contacta regna linque lacrimas funera  
 Tabifica cœli vitia. quæ tecum invelis  
 Infaustus hospes profuge jamdndum ocius 80  
 Vel ad parentes JOC Quid juvat. conjux ma'ia  
 Gravare questu' regium hoc ipsum reor  
 Adversa capere quoque sit dubius magis  
 Satus & cadentis imperi moles labat.  
 Hoc stare certo pressius fortem gradu 85  
 Haud est virile, terga Fortane dare  
 Cæd' Abest pavoris crimen ac probrum procal  
 Virtusque nostra nescit ignavos metus  
 Si tela conura stricta si vis horrida  
 Mavortis in me rueret adversus feros 90

for husband and wife at the same time, and the bitter moanings and wailings, usual on such occasions, are not observed, for such wholesale destruction (so great an array of misery) has served to dry up the eyes themselves! But all this is only what usually transpires, when affairs are at their worst—tears absolutely refuse to flow—A feeble father carries one child to the funeral pile (its final end,—a mother, mad with grief carries a second one—she then hastens back to fetch another to the same pile, but a fresh source of grief arises in the midst of their present trouble, and often those, who are engaged in conducting the funeral ceremony of their children, are called upon to die themselves, whilst in the act of discharging their sad duties! Death upon Death! Then

they proceed to burn the bodies which are consigned to certain piles on the piles which were destined for others!—Then there is a scramble as to what bodies should be burnt here or burnt there—there is no reverential sentiment—no respect for the dead amongst those unhappy people separate tombs cannot bury their remains according to the sanctified custom—it is necessary only, to have them consumed by fire! How large a portion pass away in this guise of incineration!—But ground is wanting for the tombs already the woods are unable to supply burning materials (wood) for the piles! No vows are of any avail then and no skill can alleviate those that are seized! The medicinemen die as well and the spreading disease drags away with itself the solitary aid which once strove to contend against it (the healing art) Prostrating myself before the sacred altars I will stretch forth my supplicating hands and ask for my fate to be at once decided and that I my forestal my ruined country by dying first! Or shall I not be allowed to fall even after all the others have disappeared or shall I be made the last sacrifice of my Kingdom! Oh! ye too severe Sisters (the Fates) Oh! relentless fate! I suppose that death which is so ready with its work towards my subjects is not denied to me alone! Let me despise a kingdom which has been in contact with my lethal presence!—let me escape from the lamentations the funerals and the deadly poisons of the sky which I an unfortunate guest have brought with me—let me fly away quickly or let me even return to my parents Polybus and Merope! (He always thought they were his parents)

JOC Why dost thou take such pleasure Oh! my husband! in harassing thyself with such doleful complaints? I am of opinion that the first duty of royalty is to withstand adversity (by bearing up against it) and the more precarious its condition is and the more that the weight and authority of waning power slips away it is for the really brave man in such a position as this to stand his ground with increased firmness! (Like the soldiers who deem it dishonorable to cede the place they occupy during a battle to the enemy) It is not courageous to turn thy back upon Destiny!

ÆD The charge of fear or shame in my case is certainly a stranger to me and my courage ignores all idle alarms. If any number of soldiers should be killed in my name and even if the  
to fall upon me I s

Audax gigantes obruit ferrem manus  
 Nec Sphingæ cæcis verba necentem modis  
 Fugit cruentos vitis insidite tuli  
 Rictus, & albens ossibus sparsis solum  
 Cumque e superna rupe, jam præda imminens, 95  
 Aptaret alas verberare, & crudum movens,  
 Sævi leonis more, conciperet minus  
 Carmen poposce sonuit horrendum insuper  
 Crepuere mæta, straque impatiens moræ  
 Revulsit unguis, viscera expectans mæta 100  
 Nodosa sortis verba, & implexos dolos  
 Ac triste cæcæm alitis solvi seræ  
 JOC Quid seræ mortis vota nunc demens fælis?  
 Licuit perire laudis hoc pretium tibi  
 Sceptrum & peremere Sphingis hæc merces datur 105  
 AD Ille ille dirus callidi monstri cæcis  
 In nos rebellat illa nunc Thebæ lucæ  
 Peremta perdit una jam superest fælis,  
 Si quam salutis Phœbus ostendit viam

## CHORUS

Luis gravitatem deplorat Chorus e Thebæis

**O**CCIDIS Cædmi generosa proles 110  
 Urbe cum tota viduas colomis  
 Respicias terras, miseranda Thebe  
 Carpitur leto tuus ille, Bacche,  
 Miles, extremos comes usque ad Indos,  
 Ausus Eois equitare campis, 115  
 Figere & mundo tur signa primo  
 Cinnamæ filvis Arabes beatos  
 Vidit, & versas equitis sagittas,

advance with these hands of mine, against the giants themselves! Nor did I run away from the Sphinx who dealt forth her oracular utterances in such obscure enigmas! I bore, without flinching, the sanguinary grinnings of that wicked old prophetess, and regarded, without dismay, the ground scattered about with the bleached bones of those who had failed to solve her riddles! And when from her proud rock, looking upon me, as her certain prey, she flapped her wings, ready for a swoop, and shaking her tail after the fashion of the savage lion—and, as she was meditating her threats, I coolly asked her for her verses—she sounded them forth with a horrible voice and then her jaws (teeth) gnashed, and impatient of any delay she tore away at the rock with her claws, waiting for my entrails! In the meantime, I solved the wretched verses of this wild, winged creature, the different

expressions in her oracle and with all its crafty entanglements!

JOC Why dost thou in this demented way rake up thus late thy desire for death? It was quite competent for thee to have died long ago (instead of answering the Sphinx correctly) but now the Kingdom is given to thee for the honor thou deservest and as a reward for the victory over the Sphinx that has now perished!

ŒD She or rather the ashes of that cunning monster may turn against us and that plague which has destroyed Thebes may destroy us—only one hope of safety is left and that is if Apollo will point out to us any means of arriving at such security!

### CHORUS

The Chorus of Thebans bewails the severity of the plague

Oh! noble descendants of Cadmus ye are falling a prey to the pestilence together with the entire City! Oh! miserable Thebes! Years now looking down on a land despoiled of its inhabitants! Oh! Bacchus! Those companions of thine are snatched away by Death who followed thee to the far off Indies—who ventured to ride on the Eastern plains and to plant thy standards in a world which was quite new to thee! They have seen the Arabs happy and contented with their forests of Cinnamon trees and they have witnessed the arrows of the cunning Parthian horsemen shot forth and anxiously regarded those backs which were always to be dreaded (The Parthians shot their arrows whilst pretending to be making a flying retreat) They it was who approached the shores of the Red Sea there Phœbus is early in his advent and visits the naked Indians with indications of his closer proximity and calorific intensity (making their skins black)—we are burying the descendants of an unconquered race—we are disappearing a cruel destiny snatching us away! There is always some fresh funeral pageant being conducted as a Tribute to King Death! A long row of our sad people are hurried off on their way to the shades below and the mournful train is interrupted in its progress and although the Seven Gates lie open (affording free room) there are not sufficient tombs for those requiring sepulture! Far and wide this human havoc prevails and one funeral after another perpetually pressing its way on and the place abounds



Terga fallacis metuenda Partu  
 Litus intravit pelagi rubentis  
 Promit hic ortus, aperitque lucem  
 Phœbus, & flamma propiore nudos  
 Inficit Indos 95  
 Sturpis inuictæ genus interimus  
 Labimur sævo rapiente fato  
 Ducitur semper nova pompa Morti  
 Longus ad manes properatur ordo  
 Agminis mœsti, sericisque tristis 100  
 Hæret, & turbæ tumulos petenti  
 Non satis septem patuere portæ  
 Stet grauis strages, premiturque juncto  
 Funere funus 105  
 Prima vis tardas tetigit bidentes  
 Laniger pingues male carpsit herbas  
 Colla tracturus steterat sacerdos,  
 Dum manus certum parat alta vulnus,  
 Aureo turus rutilante cornu  
 Labitur segnis præiit sub icu  
 Ponderis vasti resoluta cervix,  
 Nee eruo ferrum mœulavit atra  
 Turpis e plæga sonies profusa est 110  
 Segnior eursu sonipes in ipso  
 Conedit gyro, dominumque prono  
 Prodidit armo  
 Ineubant prætis pœudes relicta  
 Taurus armento pereunte marcet  
 Deficit pastor grege diminuto,  
 Tabidos inter moriens iuencos  
 Non lupos cervi metuunt rapaces  
 Cessat irati fremitus leonis  
 Nulla villosis feritas in ursis  
 Perdidi pestem hætebroso serpens,  
 Aret, & sicco moritur veneno  
 Non silva sua decorata comæ  
 Fundit opacis montibus umbras  
 Non rura virent ubere glebæ  
 Non plena suo vitis Iaccho  
 Brachia curvat  
 Omnia nostrum sensere malum  
 Rupere Eiebi claustra profundi  
 Turba foiorum face I utraque  
 Phlegethonque sua motam ripa  
 Miscuit undis Styga Sidonius  
 Moïs alta avidos oris hirtus  
 Pandit, & omnes explicat aras  
 Quique eapaci turbida cymba  
 Flumina servat durus senio  
 Navita crudo, vix assiduo  
 Brachia conto lassata refert,  
 Fessus turbam vectare novam

with the carcasses which are strewn about The infection first attacking the wool bearing flocks nibbles own destruction! (Sheep thus inhaled more copious account the poison rising from the Earth) The Priest has paused whilst about to apply his sacrificial knife to the necks of the victims and whilst his hand is poised and he is making what he thinks is a successful aim the bull with its ruddy golden horns falls down helplessly and its neck being only partially detached from its body by the heavy blow of the hatchet gapes open—but no blood has stained the knife—only a black gore and foul humor issue from the gash! (This indicates the poisoned condition of the circulating fluids) The horses too in the middle of the race lose their galloping powers totter and throw their jockeys headlong over their shoulders at the same time that they fall themselves The cattle that are left lie listlessly about the meadow and the Bull pines away as he sees the herd (especially the females) dying at every turn! The shepherd then is missed from amongst the much reduced flocks dying in the very

remains hidden has lost its poisonous powers—it becomes parched up and its virus becomes dry (does not flow) it then dies! The forest is not decorated with its usual foliage and casts no shade over the dusky mountains—the country is no longer verdant with the exuberance of its turf nor does the vine curve downwards with its branches loaded with grapes for its own dearly beloved Bacchus! All things have felt the effects of the terrible plague—the three sisters Tisiphone Alecto and Megæra with their infernal torches have burst forth from the entrances of the depths of Erebus! And the Phlegethon has mingled the streams of the Styx which it has driven from its banks with the waters of Thebes (Sidonian) and Mors freely unfolding its wings flies above our heads and shows us the partings of its rapacious mouth (jaws) and that inflexible boatman (Charon) who guards the turbid river (Styx) in that capacious craft of his although vigorous in his old age with difficulty now raises his weary arms to ply his never resting pole in urging onwards his barque and seems too tired out to convey across his river any fresh importations of departed humanity there having been such increased demands upon his exertions on account of the plague and more than that there is a

Quin Tænarei vincula ferri Rupisse cunem fama, & nostris Errasse locis mugisse solum Vaga per lucos simulacra vultum Majora viris bis Cadmeum	175
Nive discussa tremuisse nemus, Bis turbatam fanguine Dirce Nocte silenti Amphionios ululasse cunes O dira novi facies leti,	180
Gravior leto <sup>1</sup> piger ignavos Alligat artus languor, & ægro Rubor in vultu, maculæque caput Sparfere leves tum vapor ipsam Corporis arcem flammeus urit,	185
Multoque genas fanguine tendit Oculique rigent, & facer ignis Pascitui artus resonant aures, Stillatque niger naris aduncæ Ciuoi, & venas rumpit hiantes,	190
Intima cieber viscera quassat Gemitus stridens tunc amplexu Frigida presso saxa fatigant Quos liberior domus elato Custode finit, petitis fontes,	195
Alituique sitis latice ingesto Prostrata iacet turba per aras, Oratque mori solum hoc faciles Tribuere Dei Delubia petunt, Haud ut voto numina placent,	200
Sed iuvat ipsos satiare Deos Quisnam ille propero regnum gresu petit? Adestne clarus fanguine ac factis Creos? An æger nimis falsa pro veris videt? Adest petitus omnibus votis Creos	205

report that the dog which was fastened to Tænarus (Cerberus) has broken away from his iron chains, and is wandering at large over our country, also it is said, that the Earth has been making a roaring noise (symptoms of the earthquake) and that Ghosts like men, but much larger than ordinary human beings, have been seen wandering about the graves and forests (this points to the cerebral disturbance of those afflicted with the plague hallucinations, the delirium resulting from a highly febrile state), and that the groves of Cadmus have twice trembled again from the effects of the sudden melting of the snow, and that the fountains of Dirce have been rendered turbid from the presence of blood in its streams, and that the dogs of Thebes, Amphion-built Thebes have been known

to howl throughout the whole of the silent night! Oh! cruel manifesta  
 destruction so  
 Oppressive lan  
 joints and a hectic flush settles on the sick man's down  
 cast countenance! And small spots scattered here and  
 there appear about the upper parts (pustules, petechiæ  
 livid spots like flea-bites indicative of the poisoned  
 condition of the blood) then the fiery heats (fever tem-  
 perature) burn up the crowning part of the body (the  
 head the seat of the brain and mind and the organs of  
 the senses) and then the heat (fever at its height) dis-  
 tends the eyes and eyelids with blood (suffusion) and the  
 eyes have a vacant stare and are rolled with difficulty  
 and then this heat like some internal fire seizes as its  
 prey on the limbs and joints then ringing noises in the  
 ears come on and a black sanious secretion flows from  
 the nostrils put literally out of all shape from being so  
 swollen, then it forces its way through the distended veins  
 which becoming ruptured give way (causing extravasa-  
 tion) The frequent and acute groaning endanger the  
 internal viscera (giving rise to hiccough eructations and  
 violent fits of coughing) then the cold marble is deprived  
 of its refrigerating effects from being so constantly made  
 use of and instead of imparting an impression of cold it  
 gives out only the warmth which it has acquired from  
 the perpetual bodily contact of the fevered mortals that  
 fly to it and when having no one to look after them the  
 sick are permitted more licence—the master of the house  
 himself having been only recently buried—they rush to  
 the fountains to allay their feverish thirst and that thirst  
 is only aggravated by the water which they imbibe!

A large array of victims to this pestilence prostrate  
 themselves before the altars and pray for death! this is  
 a blessing which the kind Gods never refuse humanity!  
 but in this case they betake themselves to the temples  
 not that the Gods might vouchsafe to respond to their  
 prayers but more as a feeling of satisfaction that they  
 may tire out the Gods by letting them see the misfortunes  
 that have been permitted to befall mankind continually  
 brought to their notice! But who is this who hastens  
 with such rapid steps towards the palace? Is it not Creon  
 of noble race and the man chosen for a lucky destiny?  
 Or is one in an enfeebled condition of mind and body  
 merely mistaking the shadow for the substance (do we  
 see false or true)? Yes! it is Creon the one we have been  
 impatiently waiting with one accord to see

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

ŒDIPUS, CREON

Reverſus Delphi Creon nuntiat, jubere Deum ut mors Læi expurgetur, nec prius ceſſaturam peſtem, quam in exilium mittatur interfector ejus, de quo, quia non nominatur, ambigitur

**H**ORROR quætor, fati quo vergant timens,  
 Trepidumque gemino peſtus eventu libat  
 Ubi læta duris mixta in ambiguo præcunt,  
 Incertus animus ſcire eum cupit, timet  
 Germane noſtre conjugis, ſeſſis opem  
 Si quam reportas, voce properata edoce  
 CR Reſponſa dubia ſorte perplexa latent  
 ŒD Dubiam ſalutem qui dat aſſiſcētis negat  
 CR Ambige neſſa Delphico nos eſt Deo  
 Arena tegere ŒD Fære, ſit dubium hæet  
 Ambigua ſoli noſecre Œdipodæ datur  
 CR Cædem expurari regium exilio Deus,  
 Et interentum Læum uleiſei jubet  
 Non ante cælo lucidus curret dies,  
 Hæuſtuſque tutos ætheis puri dabit  
 ŒD Equis perentor incliti regis ſuit  
 Quem memoret, ede, Phœbus, ut pœnas lurt  
 CR Sit, precor, diſſiſſe tutum viſu & auditu horrida  
 Torpor inſedit per artus, frigidus ſanguis eoit  
 Ut ſerata templi Phœbi ſupphiei intravi pede,  
 Et prius, numen præcitus, rite ſummis manus

185

193

195

2200

## ACT II

ŒDIPUS—CREON

Creon, having returned from Delphi, reports that the God (Apollo) decreed that the death of Læus should be expiated, and that the pestilence would not cease till this was done—that his murderer should be sent into exile, but it is doubted as to who it can be, as he was not pointed out by name

ŒDIPUS

**I**AM shaking with dread, fearing what the Fates (this response of Apollo) are preparing for me, and my misgiving mind is hesitating between the two results (propitious and unpropitious) When good tidings, associated

with unfavorable news are brought to our notice they present an ambiguous front and the wavering mind actually dreads to be enlightened about that at which it is most anxious to arrive! Oh! Thou brother of my wife if thou hast brought any consoling relief to my oppressed worn out spirit tell me out quickly!

CR The obscure responses of Apollo are hidden from my comprehension in a puzzling fashion (Probabilities and possibilities)

ŒD He who proffers an uncertain protection to any one in trouble practically refuses to offer any

CR It is the custom you know for the Delphian God to mystify his utterances in a network of obscurities

ŒD Speak I am willing even that it should be doubtful, it is quite in keeping with Œdipus alone to deal with ambiguities which quite lately I did myself with the enigma of the Sphinx

CR The God orders that the murder of the king shall be expiated by the exile of the perpetrator and that the murdered Laius shall be avenged and not before that will bright Day afford us a serene sky or give us the blessing of being able to inhale the pure air of Heaven!

ŒD But who was the murderer of that illustrious King? Tell me whom did Apollo name as the culprit in order that he may suffer the punishment that is due to him?

CR So be it! But I do hope that I shall preserve my mental balance (contain myself) whilst I speak of things to be seen or spoken of. A numbness passes over my entire body and my blood seems to curdle at the thought. When I first entered the sacred portals of Apollo's temple with a suppliant step and following the custom raised my hands in the attitude of prayer and straightway invoked the God and in the same second of time both the tops of snow clad Parnassus, Ithoreus and Hyampeus, gave forth a diabolical sound and the sacred Laurels overhanging the entrance trembled again and shook the temple itself, and on a sudden the water of the Castalian fountain ceased to flow and the Lethæan priestess Pythia (because the responses were forgotten as soon as delivered) began briskly to shake out her terrifying locks and in a state of excitement (usual on such occasions) When preparing to receive the inspiration of the God Apollo had

Gemina Parricij nivalis ira truce[m] sonitum dedit,  
 Imminens Phœber laurus tremuit & movit domum,  
 Ac repente fracta fontis lympha Castali stetit  
 Incipit Lethæ vites spargere horrentes contra 230  
 Et pat[ri] commota Phœbum contigit nondum secum  
 Emicat vasto fragore major humano sonus  
 "Mitia Cadmeis iemerunt sidera Thebis  
 Si profugus Dirce[m] Ismenida liqueris hospes,  
 Regis crede nocens, Phœbo jam notus & infam[us], 235  
 Nec tibi longa manent scelerata gaudia cedis  
 Tecum bella geres, natis quoque bella relinques,  
 Turpis maternos iterum revolutus in ortus  
 Sed Quod scire monitu calitum jussus patro  
 Functi cineribus regis hoc decuit dari 240  
 Ne fracta quisquam sceptrâ violaret dolo  
 Regi tuenda maxime regum est silus  
 Queritur perentium nemo quem incolumem timet  
 CR Curam parenti major excussit timor  
 Sed Primum prohibuit ullus officium metus 245  
 CR Splinx & nefandi carminis tristes mura  
 Sed Nunc expietur numinum imperio scelus  
 Quisquis Deorum regna phœtus viles  
 Tu, tu, penes quem iura precipitis poli,  
 Tuque, o sereni maxinum mundi decus, 250  
 Bis sena cuncta signa qui vario regis  
 Qui tanta celeri secula evolvis rota,  
 Sororque fratri semper occurrens tuo,  
 Noctivaga Phœbe, quique ventorum potens  
 Æquor per altum æcerulos curius agis, 255  
 Et qui carentes luce disponis domos,  
 Adeste cujus Laus dextra occidit  
 Iunc non quietâ tectâ, non fidi lares,  
 Non hospitalis exulem tellus sciat  
 Phœbâ[m] pudendis dolet & prole impia 260  
 Hic & parentem dextera perimat sua,

not as yet reached the inner part of the cave, when presently, a sound issued forth louder than any human voice, and with a sonorous preliminary crash, delivered the Oracle (The Oracles were always delivered in Hexameters) "A pure atmosphere (free from pestiferous influences) will come again to Cadmean Thebes if the stranger, now there, and the murderer of the King Laus quits, as an exile, the places round about Dirce, whose streams flow into the Ismenus he is already known to Apollo, and was known, when an infant,—nor will there be, even, any lengthened enjoyment of life, or any benefit arising out of that wicked murder! Thou, the murderer, shalt be at war perpetually with thyself, and thou shalt leave naught but internecine war for thy sons, that man

is base who returns to his mother with incestuous intent!  
(literally to approach sexually the very parts whence he  
emerged when coming into existence)

ŒD I am ready to do everything that I am com-  
manded to do by the Gods it is only right that such a  
tribute should be offered to the ashes of the defunct  
king but lest any one should try to violate the sanctity  
of the sceptre by treachery the best interests of kings are  
best looked after by kings No subject really laments the  
loss of a king of whom he might have been in dread  
whilst that king was in existence!

CR A greater fear might usurp the place which anxiety  
about the dead might otherwise call forth

ŒD Has any fear ever prohibited the performance of  
a religious duty?

CR Yes! The Sphinx and the ominous threats in those  
horrible verses of hers (The Enigma)

ŒD At the command of the Deities therefore the  
crime shall be expiated Whosoever of the Gods is now  
looking down with favor upon this kingdom and thou!  
Jupiter oh! thou ruler of Olympus by whose power the  
swiftly moving heavenly bodies pursue their course and  
thou Oh! Phœbus the chief ornament of thy own serene  
kingdom who directest the twelve signs of the Zodiac in  
their various (respective) revolutions who markest out  
with thy rapid chariot the slowly passing ages and thou  
oh! Phœbe who with thy chariot wanderest through  
out the night thou sister who art always meeting thy  
Brother! And oh! thou Neptune who art all powerful  
in thy dominions over the winds and drivest thy sea blue  
chariot over the vasty deep! (Æolus is not included here  
although God of the Winds) and thou! Pluto! who rulest  
over the dark abodes in the regions below! Come! Tell  
me! by whose right hand did I aius fall? Whoever he  
may be let him enjoy no untroubled homestead let no  
faithful household Gods show him any respect and let no  
country extend to him its hospitable shelter! Let him  
suffer all the penalties arising out of an incestuous mar-  
riage and a tainted offspring! And he that would kill a  
parent with his own hand and do Well! What could  
there be imagined worse? The very things that I have  
avoided—Parricide and Incest! let there be no hope of  
pardon for such a man! I swear by my sceptre and by  
the kingdom where I now am as stranger and by that



Faciatque (num quid gravius optari potest ) Quidquid ego fugi non erit venter locus Per regna juro quæque nunc hospes gero Et quæ reliqui, perque penetratis Deos	265
Per te, pater Neptune, qui fluctu brevi Utrinque nostro geminus alludis solo Et ipse nostris vocibus testis veni Fatidier vultus ora Cirrheæ movens	
Ita molle senium ducat, & summum diem Securus alto reddit in folio patens Solisque Merope noverit Polybi fræes, Ut nulla fontem gratia eripiet mihi	270
Sed quo nefandum facinus admittum loco est, Memorato aperto Mante, in insidus jacet? CR Frondifera sanctæ nemora Castalior patens, Calcavit arctis obstitum dumis iter,	275
Trigeminæ quæ se spargit in campos via Secur una gratum Phœidos Baccho solum, Unde altus una deserit, cælum patens,	280
Clementer arcto colle, Pirrasso, hieeps At una bimares Sisyphi terras ardit, Olenæ in arva testus trames cava Convallæ seipens, tangit errantes aquas,	
Gelidumque dirimit annus Llei vadum Hic præ sietum subita præconum manus Aggressi ferro facinus occultum tulit In tempore ipso, sorte Phœbea excitus, Tiresia tremulo tardus accelerat genu,	285
Comeque Manto luce viduarum trahens	290

### ŒDIPUS, TIRESIAS, MANTO

Tiresias per haruspicium evnere Lævi interfectorum tentat, sed re propterea iustitiam extispicia infecta ad necromantiam se convertit

**S**ACRATE Divis, proximum Phœbo caput,  
Responsa solve, sare, quem patre petant  
TIR Quod tuda factum est lingua, quod querit moras,

which I have recently left, and by my household gods, and by thee, Father Neptune, who with thy twofold presence sportest with thy gentle waves upon my native shores—my native isthmus<sup>1</sup> and come! Apollo thyself and bear testimony to my words, who inspirest the prophetic lips of the Cirrhean priestess, that my Parent, Polybus, may pass his life to a tranquil old age, and grant him security on his elevated throne, and may Merope never know any other husband but Polybus—listen whilst I

vow that mercy shall never be shown by me towards the murderer of Laius! But tell me how and in what circumstances was this horrible crime committed—was it the result of an open honorable combat or was the murderer (assassin like) lying in wait for Laius in order to perpetrate this premeditated act of High Treason?

CR Laius was wending his journey towards the shady groves near the Castalian fountains (to consult the Oracle) and traversed a road thickly interspersed with brambles and there is a spot which opens out in three directions leading towards the fields—one of these roads divides off the country about Phocis so dear to Bacchus whence as you pass the hill with an easy ascent you come to the two topped Parnassus seeking as it does its way to the clouds and this Parnassus looks down on the valleys below but another road the second leads on to Sisyphus Olenus the third road which winds round a hollow valley comes quite close to the meandering streams and divides off the cool waters of the Ilissus Here Laius quite relying upon being free from any sort of danger was attacked by a band of robbers who took his life without any witnesses to prove the murder of the king (at this moment having been instructed and commanded by Apollo Tiresias slow with advancing age attempts to accelerate his pace with trembling knees and his daughter Manto leading the blind old man as his faithful guide)

### CEDIPUS—TIRESIAS—MANTO

Tiresias tries to discover the murderer of Laius through the soothsayers but the matter not being cleared up on account of the failure of the divinations by means of the entrail—inspections now betakes himself to necromancy

### CEDIPUS

O H<sup>1</sup> Tiresias! so revered by the Gods and the nearest friend of Phoebus explain the responses of the oracle! Speak! Who is the culprit deserving of punishment?

TIR It is scarcely reasonable that thou shouldst be surprised why my tongue is so slow to speak or why it requires time to enable me to do so thou must remember that a great part of what might reveal the truth is hidden

Haud te quidem, magnanime, mirari addecat Visu carenti magna pars veri latet	295
Sed quo vocat me patria quo Phœbus sequar Fata eruantur si foret viridis nulu Calidusque sanguis pectore exieperem Deum	
Appellite ris candidum tergo bovem, Curvoque nunquam colla depressum iugo	300
Tu, lueis inopem patri, genitorem regens Manifesta fieri signa fatidici refer	
MAN Opima sanctis victima iute aras stetit, TIR In vota superos voti solemniter voca, Arasque dono thuris Eoi exstrue	305
MAN Jam thura fieris eculum ingressi socis TIR Quid stramma, largis nunne comprehendit dapes?	
MAN Subito refulsit lumine, & subito occidit TIR Urtrumne clarus ignis & nitidus stetit, Rectusque purum verticem celo tulit,	310
Et summam in aras susus explicuit eorum? An latera circa serpit meertus vis, Et flucturante turbidus fumo libat?	
MAN Non una facies mobilis stramma fuit Imbrifera qualis implicat varios sibi Iris colores, parte que magna poli Cuvata picto nuntiat nimbos sinu Quis desit illi, quisve sit, dubites, color Cerulea fulvis mixta oberravit notis, Sanguinea rursus, ultima in tenebris abit	320
Sed ecce pugna ignis in partes duas Difedit, & se seindit unius fieri Discors favilla genitor, horresco intuens, Libati Bacchi dona permutat cruor, Ambitque densus regium fumus erupit	325
Ipsosque circa spissior vultus sedet, Et nube densa sordidam lucem abdedit Quid sit, prens, effare	
TIR Quid fieri queam Inter tumultus mentis attonitæ vagos? Quidnam loquar? sunt dira, sed in alto, mala	330

from me owing to my blindness. But when my country demands my presence, and where Apollo goes, I must follow, the Fates at all events must be thoroughly threshed out—if my former hale youth were in my favor, and my warm blood coursed through my veins as of yore, Apollo would be within me in his entirety, pervading me, through and through, with his inspiring power. Now bring to the altars a perfectly white bull, one whose neck has never been bowed down to the curved yoke—Thou, my daughter, guide of thy blind father, inform me as to the various appearances, presenting themselves at this prophetic sacrifice.

MAN A tractable victim is now standing in front of the sacred altar

TIR Invoke the Gods with prayers in a solemn voice and strew the altars well with offerings of Sabæan frankincense

MAN I have already supplied the frankincense for the sacred altar of the Gods

TIR. What about the fire? Does it burn up yet any considerable portion of the offering?

MAN It varies sometimes it brightens up quite suddenly and then again it flags as suddenly

TIR Which of the two? Does the fire remain clear and bright and go straight up into the sky preserving that clearness and brightness right away to the very top and distribute the brightest flames when they reach the air in equal radiations? Or uncertain in its direction does it hover and spread round the sides of the altar and becoming turbid resolve itself into smoke travelling all sorts of ways?

MAN The ascent of the flames presents by no means any uniformity very much indeed as the rainbow the herald of approaching showers clothes itself in varying colors and over a large portion of the sky announces to us the threatening clouds in its painted wre—One is constantly in doubt what color is wanting in one place and what is present in another—(the colors present no successive order) The flames at first blue are now dotted about with brownish patches then again these change into blood red and finally they pass off in a dark smoke (without thoroughly consuming the carbonaceous matter) What can all that be? Oh! my parent tell me what it portends!

TIR How can I speak when such a tumult of vague surmises takes possession of my astounded mind? How shall I speak? Why! they are indications of some dreadful crime or other but they are hidden away so high you say not to be easily discerned on account of the blackness of the smoke, the anger of the gods is generally indicated by signs such as these! What is this they wish to disclose one minute and the next decline to do so (The blackness following obscures that which has gone before and they thus partially conceal the severe anger

Solet ira certis numinum ostendi notis  
 Quid istud est, quod esse prolatum volunt  
 Iterumque nolunt, & truces iras tegunt?<sup>2</sup>  
 Pudet Deos nescio quid huc propere admovere,  
 Et sparge salsa colla taurorum mola 335  
 Placidone vultu sacra & admotus inanus  
 Patiantur? MAN Altum taurus attolens caput,  
 Primos ad ortus positus exprimit diem,  
 Trepidusque vultum solis & radios fugit  
 TIR Unone terram vulnere afflicti pctunt?<sup>2</sup> 340  
 MAN Juvenca ferro semet imposito induit,  
 Et vulnere uno cecidit ut taurus, duos  
 Perpressus ictus huc & huc dubius ruit,  
 Animumque fessus vi reluctancem exprimit  
 TIR Utrum citatus vulnere angusto micat,  
 An lentus altas irrigat plagas cruor?<sup>2</sup> 345  
 MAN Hujus per ipsum, qui pctet pctus, vnam  
 Effusus amnis hujus exiguos graves  
 Maculantur ictus imbre sed versus retro  
 Per ora multus sanguis atque oculos redit 350  
 TIR Infrustra magnos sacra terrores ciant  
 Sed ede certas viscerum nobis notas  
 MAN Genitor, quid hoc est? non levi motu ut solet  
 Agitata trepidant cetera, sed totis manus  
 Quatiunt novusque profilit visus cruor 355  
 Cor marcet egrum penitus, ac mersum latet,  
 Liventque venæ, magna pars sibiris abest,  
 Et felle nigro tabidum spumat jecur  
 Ac, semper omen unico imperio grave,  
 En capiti paribus bina consurgunt toris, 360  
 Sed utrumque cæsum tenuis abscondit caput  
 Membrana latebram rebus occultis negans  
 Hostile valido robore insurgit latus,  
 Septemque venas tendit has omnes retro  
 Prohibens reverti limes obliquus secret 365  
 Mutatus ordo est Sede nil propria jacet,  
 Sed acta retro cuncta non animæ caput

which is being entertained) The gods are disgusted at something, but I know not what come, move hither quickly, and besprinkle afresh the necks of the sacrifices (the bulls) with salted meal! Do the sacrifices bear the pressure of the hand, when they are touched, with an untroubled look?<sup>2</sup>

MAN The Bull raises his head high, when he is placed towards the East, he seems to avoid the light of day, and tremblingly averts his gaze from the rays of the sun

TIR Did the sacrifices fall, after receiving the first blow?<sup>2</sup>

MAN The Heifer seemed as it were to throw herself in the way to meet the knife with which it was threatened and fell after receiving the first blow but the bull after receiving two blows (Œdipus with the blows on his Eyes) staggered here and staggered there and although tired out with his resistance gave up his life very reluctantly

TIR Which of the two was the more lively after the smaller wound or did the blood flow more freely after the deeper gashes?

MAN A perfect river flowed from the opening where the chest was laid bare—the heavy blows only resulted in a small escapement but a great quantity of blood seemed to make a retroflex course, and showed itself about the eyes and mouth

TIR These inauspicious sacrifices inspire me with grave apprehensions but tell me what indications thou didst notice as regards the entrails?

MAN Oh! Father what is this? The entrails are trembling in a very excited manner and not to the small extent which is usual—they actually shake my hands when I touch them and fresh blood leaps forth from the veins the heart is shrivelled up entirely and has sunk down deep in the thorax the veins are becoming livid and a great portion of the intestines is missing and the shrunk liver foams out black bile (hatred of the brothers Polynices and Eteocles) and behold this is always an omen of special import (to monarchics) two heads rise up of equal size [the word *torus* alludes to the muscular structure (ergo size)] but a delicate film conceals both the heads suggestive of a refusal to offer any veil to conceal certain secrets hereafter to be revealed! one hostile side rises against the other with great force and presents seven veins (Polynices and his six generals) an oblique line divides them and prevents them from returning No organ is in its proper anatomical situation—the whole order of nature is inverted—the lungs are not inflated with air and respiration is impeded but they are filled with blood (hepatization) and are all on the right side (of the  
 be on the left  
 does not furnish t  
 which surrounds t  
 of nature are reversed even the womb is not subject to its former fixed laws) (alluding to the incestuous womb of Jocasta)—we must endeavour to find out how this

- In parte dextra pulmo sanguineus preet  
 Non leva cordis regio non molli ambitu  
 Omenti pingues viscera obtundunt sinus 370  
 Natura versa est nulla lex utero manet  
 Scrutemur, unde tantus hic exilis rigor  
 Quod hoc nefas? conceptus inuupte bovis,  
 Nec more solito positus, alieno in loco  
 Implet parentem membra eum gemitu movet 375  
 Tremulo rigore debiles artus micant  
 Insemit atris lividus fibras cruor,  
 Tentantque turpes mobilem trunci gradum  
 Et mox surgit corpus ac factis perit  
 Cornu ministros viscera effugiunt manuum 380  
 Neque ipsa, quæ te pepulit, armenti gratia  
 Vox est, nec usquam territi resonant greges  
 Immugit vis ignis & trepidant foei  
 Quid ista fieri signa terrifici serant,  
 Exprobre voces iure non timida larvorum 385  
 Solent superna facere sceuros mori  
 TIR His invidabis, quibus opem queris malis,  
 Quid Memora, quod unum scire cœlestis voluit  
 Contumaciter rege quis exso manus  
 TIR Nec ultra cœli quæ levi pennæ scerant, 390  
 Nec fibra vis rupta pectoribus potest  
 Ciere nomen alia tendenda est via  
 Ipse evocandus noctis æternæ plagi,  
 Emissus Licbo ut credis auctorem indicet  
 Referanda tellus Diris implacabile 395  
 Numen preerandum populus infernæ Stygis  
 Huc extrahendus ede, cui mandes sacrum  
 Nam te, penes quem summa regnorum est, nefas  
 Invivere umbras Quid Te, Creo, hic poscit liboi,  
 Ad quem sceundum regna respiciunt mea 400  
 TIR Dum nos profundæ claustra lacunus Stygis,  
 Populare Bacchi laudibus erumca sonet

## CHORUS

Cant Chorus dithyrambum qui Bacchi gesta  
 & inventa continet

**E**TRUSAM redimite comam nutrite columbo,  
 Lucidum cœli decus, huc ades votis,

remarkable rigidity of the intestines has been brought about! Ah! what crime now? A heifer that has never been mounted by the bull to be with calf! and the fœtus is not in its proper place, but occupies another spot in its mother's inside—it moves its limbs with a groan, and they twitch convulsively, with tremblings and rigors, and

livid blood has stained the flesh black and the miserable half-dead victims try to rise and get away in vain and the body with the entrails gone seeks to make for those who are conducting the sacrifices the entrails seem to avoid the touch nor is the voice which it has given forth that of the gruff bull nor like that of one of the terrified flock The flames at the altars emit a lowing sound at the same time that those altars are themselves trembling at the phenomenon!

CEO Tell me again how these indications in this terrifying sacrifice are produced I will listen with an undaunted ear to thy words Great evils are apt to make one more composed at times

TIR I am afraid thou wouldst regret to know them the ones at least thou requirest to aid thee in thy inquiries

CEO Tell me what the Gods are willing for me to know! Who polluted his hands with the murder of the King?

TIR Not any feathered creature that cuts its path through the lofty regions of the sky with its delicate wings nor the entrails taken from the living animal whilst retaining its vitality can disclose the name of the murderer—another way must be tried! And some one must be summoned from the regions of eternal night some emissary from Erebus itself that he may point out the perpetrator of the murder! The earth must be opened and the relentless Pluto must be appealed to—the denizens of the internal regions and Laius himself must be dragged forth to give evidence tell me whom thou wilt intrust with this solemn mission for it will be contrary to the law for thee with all the highest functions of a kingdom in thy keeping to visit the shades below

CEO This task will devolve on Creon whom my Kingdom regards as the second in power

TIR Whilst we are effecting an entrance at the gates of the Stygian world below let the air resound with some melody which will find favor with the Theban subjects a song in praise of our God Bacchus!

### CHORUS

The Chorus sings a dithyramb which sets forth the exploits and discoveries of Bacchus

O H! thou Deity crowned with the clusters of grapes waving to and fro which surmount thy flowing locks and poising in thy gentle hands rejoicing in their perpetual juvenility the Nisæan Thyrsus (Nisæus



- Mollia Nyctus amata brachia thivis  
 Que tibi nobiles Theba, Brache, tua  
 Palmis supplicibus sciunt  
 Hue adverte facus virginum caput,  
 Vultu sidereo disente subili,  
 Et tristes Erebi muros,  
 Avidumque satum,  
 Te deceet verius comam floribus cingi,  
 Te caput Lyona exhibere mitra  
 Ederave mollem brachia  
 Religare frontem  
 Sprageis effusus sine lege cruce  
 Rursus adducto revocare nolo  
 Quis iratum metuens nocentem  
 Creveris falsos imitatus utus  
 Cume starenti simulata virgo,  
 Luteum vestem retinente zona  
 Inde tam molles placentie cultus  
 Et sinus huius fluidumque firmum  
 Vidit aurato residere curru  
 Veste cum longa tegeres leones  
 Omnis Eos plaga ista terra  
 Qui bibit Gangem, niveumque quisquis  
 Fruigit Arven  
 Te senior turpi sequitur Silenus aselo  
 Turgida pampineis redimitus tempora scitis  
 Conditu huius deducunt otia iustre  
 Te Bassandum comitatu cohort  
 Nunc Edoni pede pulsavit  
 Sola Pangæi, nunc Ithreio  
 Vertice Pindi, nunc Cadmeas  
 Inter matres impiorum Mænas  
 Comes Ogygio venit hincelcho,  
 Nebude hinc praecontra hinc  
 Tibi commote pectora matres  
 Fudere comam thyrsumque levem  
 Vibrante manu, iam post hinceros  
 Pentheos utus Thyades œstro  
 Membra remissæ, velut ignotum  
 Videre nefas  
 Ponti regna tenet nitidi matertera Brachi,  
 Nereidumque choris Cadmea cingitui Ilio  
 Ius habet in fluctus magni puer advenit ponti  
 Cognatus Brachi, numen non vile, Palæmon,  
 Te Tyrrhena, pueri, rapuit, manus,  
 Et umidum Nereus posuit manue,

was a surname of Bacchus), thou bright ornament to the celestial group, come, we pray, and hearken to the supplications which thy own Noble Thebes now offers up to thee, with our hands showing tokens of reverence—Turn

hither thy head with its virgin like aspect! dispel the clouds which oppress us with thy handsome presence as well as the grievous menaces of I rebus—wert thou the depopulating I ates! It becomes thee to deck thy locks with vernal flowers and wear on thy head the Tyrron Mitre and to bind the ivy berries round thy fair countenance! To scatter thy locks carelessly at one time and at another to gather them up again with the accustomed knot and then thrown back — And just as thou wast too when dreading the jealousy of thy step mother (Juno) as a pretended virgin with golden locks thou disguisedst thyself further still by imitating the carriage and figure of a female a girdle keeping together the yellow vestments till at last an effeminate style of dress and manner loose body-dress and a flowing train have come to be thy especial delight! All that vast country in the Eastern parts of the earth owning thee as a conqueror and those people who drink from the waters of the Canges and those who are required to break the ice of the frozen Alaxis before they can quench their thirst—all these have seen thee proudly reclining in thy gilded chariot drawn by Lions and with that train of thine thrown over the backs of such lions whilst that old Satyr Silenus (foster father of Bacchus) follows with his temples e of vine leaves The in secrecy—a troop of at one time tread their measures on the soil of Langrus after the style of the Edonic at another time on the summit of Thracian Pindus—whilst at still another from among the Theban Matrons a cruel Menad comes as a companion to Ogygian (Theban) Bacchus adorning her sides with the sacred skin of a young kid (that is held in sacred estimation) the matrons with their heaving bosoms excited by their passions (inspiration) let down their locks in honor of thee and with their hands gently flourishing the graceful thyrsus the Ithyades (Ithyas was the chief priestess of Bacchus) after the limbs of Ientheus had been torn to pieces relaxed their hands when the paroxysm of frenzy had worn itself out and looked as if they were entirely ignorant of what they had done! The Aunt of Bacchus (Ino) holds sway over the glittering sea and Cadmeian Ino is surrounded by a bevy of Nereids (sea nymphs)—The Boy Palamon, no inconsiderable god the latest accession to the marine deities has when the Pirates of Tyrrhenus took thee prisoner and placed thee on board of their vessel Neptune converted the rough sea into a calm lake—The blue waters he

Cærule enim præter mutata fræta Hinc verno platanus folio viret Et Picebo haurus eorum nemus Garrula per ramos vis obstrexit Vivaces ederas ramus tenet	455
Summa ligat vitis archæstra Idæus prora fremunt leo Tigris puppe sedet Gangetice Tum pirata fræto pavidus natat Et nova demersos frætes habet	460
Brachia prima erdunt prædonibus, Illisumque utero pectus eoit Parvula dependet lateri manus Et dorso fluctum curvo subit Lunata scindit cruda mare,	465
Et sequitur curvus fugientia carbasa delphin Divite Paclolus venit te Lydius unda, Aurea torrenti deducens flumina ripa Laxavit victos arcus Getiarque sagittas Lactea Massagetes qui pocula sanguine miscet	470
Regna securigeri Bacchum sensere Lycurgi Sensere terre te Diæum serocæ Et quos vicinus Boreas serit Arva mutantur quæsq; Meotis	475
Alluit gentes frigida fluctu Quæsq; despectat virtice summo Sidus Arcadium, gemmumque pluvstrum Ille dispersos domuit Gelonos Arma detravit trucidibus puellis Ore dejecto petiere terram	480
Thermodontiaræ graves extera, Positis tandem levibus sagittis, Mæandres fræte sacer & Cithæron Sanguine inundavit, Ophionique cæde	485
Proetides silvas petiere & Argos Præfente Bacchum coluit noveica Navos Ægeo redimita ponto Tradidit thalamis virginem relictam, Meliore pensans damnata marito	490
Pumice sicco Fluxit Nyctelius lateæ Garruli gramen secuere rivi, Combibit dulces humus alta succos, Niveique lactis candida fontes	495

transformed into smiling meads, and from that time the plane tree grows green with the leaves of spring and the Laurel grove is dear to Apollo, the noisy birds chattered incessantly, perched amongst the branches, the oars of the piratical sailors were entwined with the ever-

green ivy and the vine curled itself around the tallest masts! A fierce Idæan Lion roared at the prow and an Asiatic Tiger (from the Ganges) sits composedly at the stern. Then the pirates thoroughly scared, take to the water and when they are beginning to sink in the watery depths they assume a new shape—The robbers forearms disappear and chests and abdomens are forced into each other becoming blended—a small fin hangs from their sides and they thus enter into their marine home and with a curved body and with their moon shaped tails they divide the waves and the Dolphin with its curved form from that time forth follows the ships cleaving the sea under their scudding sails! The Pactolus a river of Lydia which conducts its golden streams towards the torrid banks has borne thee along over its rich waters—Bacchus has caused the conquered Getæ to lay aside their bows and arrows and the Scythian Massagetes [who mix the milk they consume with the blood of horses and the kingdom of the axe wearing Lycurgus (armed with the axe)] have felt the power of Bacchus and the savage lands of the Daci have likewise acknowledged his power, and the wandering tribes who change their pastures and who so near to blustering Boreas are visited with his severity and the people of that region which the cold Mæotis washes directly under Bear and the also subdued bodies to make themselves more to be dreaded when they went into battle—he took away the arms from the truculent Amazons and the battalions of Thermodon cast their eyes upon the ground and at length having laid became Mænads adopting the worship of Bacchus—  
 at a time when  
 flowed with blood and the slaughter of the Ophionian (Theban) children (Ophior who sprang from the serj and who as soon as born The daughters of Prætus fl worshipped Bacchus even mother Naxos surrounded thee with a candidate for of a jilted virgin who compensated her loss by obtaining a better husband in Bacchus (Ariadne deserted by Theseus) From the dry stony ground flowed the Nyctelian spring (Wine) murmuring streams flowed over the grass around and the depths of the soil absorbed the welcome moisture and the earth rendered white as it

Et mixta odoro Lesbica cum thymo  
 Ducitur magno nova nupta cælo  
 Solemne Phœbus carmen  
 Edidit infusus humero capillis  
 Concutit tædæ geminus Cupido, 500  
 Telum deposuit Juppiter igneum,  
 Oditque Baceho veniente fulmen  
 Lucida dum eurrent annosi sidera mundi,  
 Oceanus elausum dum fluctibus ambiet orbem,  
 Lunaque dimissos dum plena recolliget ignes, 505  
 Dum matutinos prædicat Lucifer ortus,  
 Altaque cæruleum dum Neræa nesciet Arctos,  
 Candida formosi venerabimur ora Lyæi

## ACTUS TERTIUS

## ŒDIPUS, CREON

Indicet regi Creon ex necromantia, seu magis sciomantia, intellexisse se interfectorem Lyæi Œdipum fuisse, ille fretus opinione sua de Polybo patre negat, & post jurata Creontem in carcerem conjici jubet

**E**TSI ipse vultus flebiles præfert notas,  
 Expone, ejus capite placemus Deos 510  
 CR Fari jubes, tricare quæ surdet metus  
 ŒD Si te ruentes non fatis Thebæ movent,  
 At sceptrâ moveant lapsa cognatæ domus  
 CR Nescisse cupies, nosse quæ nimium expectis  
 ŒD Iners malorum remedium ignorantia est 515  
 Itæne & salutis publicæ indicium obrues?  
 CR Ubi turpis est medicina, sanari piget  
 ŒD Audita fare, vel malo domitus gravi,  
 Quid una possint regis irati, scies

were, gave forth fountains of snow-white milk, and the Lesbian wine became fragrant with the sweet-smelling thyme! A new bride ascends to the loftiest heavens, and Apollo, the deity with his locks flowing over his shoulders, chants an epithalamium (marriage song), and Cupid, in his twin capacity carries triumphantly the marriage torch—Jupiter puts aside his thunderbolts, and actually for the time regards his own lightning with horror, as Bacchus approaches, (reminding him of Semele, the mother of Bacchus, whom he struck with lightning) Whilst the bright stars of the universe shall run their courses, and whilst the mighty Ocean continues to surround our orb, and

the full moon shall collect together her stars temporarily dismissed and whilst proud Lucifer shall herald the approach of morn and whi never be seen to dip ber here taken for the sea) let (Bacchus) ever be held in veneration!

## ACT III

## ŒDIPUS—CREON

Creon points out to the king that from necromancy or rather sciromancy (calling up the Manes) he concludes that Œdipus was the murderer of Laius Œdipus relying on his own conviction that Polybus was his father repudiates the charge and after much contention he orders Creon to be cast into prison

## ŒDIPUS

**A**LTTOGETHER your manner is suggestive of mournful indications tell me by whose sacrifice we shall have to appease the Gods?

**CR** You command me to tell what my fears incline me to be silent about

**ŒD** If the ruin of Thebes were not sufficient reason for you to do so at least the sceptre of an allied dynasty being endangered might induce you

**CR** You will wish that you had remained in ignorance of what you are now striving to learn too much about

**ŒD** Ignorance is a very feeble remedy for evils and will you conceal a clue which might be the means of *unravelling a mystery when such a thing is for the public safety*

**CR** When a remedy is disagreeable one is loth to apply it as a means of cure

**ŒD** Speak I say what you know or you will very soon find out if you are visited with some severe punishment which the power of an outraged king can easily bring about

CR	Odere reges dicta, quæ dici jubent	520
ÆD	Mitteris Erebo vile pro cunctis caput, Alicui sacri voce ni retegis tura	
CR	Tacere liceat nulli libertas minor	
A	rege petitur ÆD Sæpe vel lingua magis	
	Regi atque regno muta libertas obest	525
CR	Ubi non licet tacere, quid cuiquam licet?	
ÆD	Imperia solvit, qui tacet, iustus loqui	
CR	Coacta verba placidus accipias, precor	
ÆD	Ulline pœna vocis expressæ fuit?	
CR	Est procul ab urbe lucus ilicibus niger	530
	Directa circa vallis irriguæ loca Cupressus alius exferens filius caput Viente semper alligat trunco nemus, Curvosque tendit quercus & putres situ	
	Annosa ramos hujus abruptit latus	535
	Edax vetustas illi jam fessa cadens Radice, fulva pendet aliena trabe Amaræ baccas laurus, & tiliæ leves, Et Paphia myrtus, & per immensum mare Motura remos alius, & Phœbo obvia	540
	Enode Zephyris pinus opponens latus Medio stit ingens arbor atque umbra gravis Silvas minores urget, & magno ambitu Diffusa ramos, una defendit nemus Tristis sub illi lucis & Phœbi infœcis	545
	Restagnat humor frigore æterno rigeus Limosa pigrum circuit fontem pulvis Huc ut sacerdos intulit senior gradum, Haud est moratus præstitit noctem locus Tunc fossa tellus, & super rapti rogis Iaciuntur ignes ipse funesto integit	550

CR Kings might sometimes dislike the truths, which they insist on being told them

ÆD You shall be consigned to Erebus, as a sacrifice to the Gods of the Manes for the public benefit, unless you unfold to me the secrets connected with the recent sacred ceremonies, and with, too, your own very lips

CR One is privileged to be silent, no less concession can be sought for at the hands of a king

ÆD The liberty of silence is oftentimes more against the interests of a king and the welfare of a kingdom, than the unrestricted use of the tongue

CR When one is denied the privilege of silence, what privilege is there left for any one?

CEO He that is commanded to speak and will persist in silence sets the imperial authority at defiance

CR I pray you hear with an unruffled temper the words which you are now dragging out of me

CEO Has any one ever been punished for speaking when he has been compelled to do so?

CR There is at some distance from the city an antique grove black with the abundance of its oak trees round about the localities where the valley is irrigated by the fountains of Dirce There a cypress raises its towering head above all the other lofty forest trees and overshadows this grove at all times (being an evergreen) with its flourishing trunk and an aged oak stretches forth its curved branches decayed and covered with moss—the destructive hand of time (*tempus edax rerum*) has disabled its trunk and it is already in a falling condition its roots having given way (unable to keep it upright) and hangs as it were supported by another tree close to it—there is the bitter laurel with its berries and with it (are seen) the slender teil trees and the Paphian myrtle (sacred to Venus) and the alder of which the oars are made which enable the mariner to work his way over the immense sea and the Pine which grows straight upwards without any flexions or prominences (branches thrown out) and which with its spreading top affords protection against the Zephyrs and tends as well to keep off the solar heat—A huge tree giant of the forest (presumably an oak) stands in the midst and overawes (in its majesty) all the smaller trees and sends out its branches with an extended circuit in fact of itself it seems to cover all the others Beneath it is a dismal fountain in a stagnant state and entirely deprived both of light and warmth and it remains frozen from the constant cold—a muddy marsh surrounds this dried up fountain and hither the aged Priest (Tiresias) wends his steps—he is never delayed from the performance of his duties the place itself on account of its utter absence of light does all the duties of Night! Then the ground is dug and torches are seized up and placed upon a funeral pile in order to ignite it—the prophet (Tiresias) arrays himself in sombrest attire and shakes his head ominously his dismal looking cloak hangs down to his feet and the sad old man steps forward in his slovenly dress—Sheep with black fleeces and black bulls are being conducted from the rear (Black animals were always selected for sacrifices to the infernal deities and white ones for



Vates amictō corpus, & frontem quatit  
 Lugubris imos palla perfundit pedes  
 Squallente cultu mœstus ingreditur senex  
 Mortifera canam talus adstringit comam 555  
 Nigro bidentes velleie atque atræ boves  
 Retro trahuntur flamma prædatu dapes,  
 Vivumque trepidat igne ferali pecus  
 Vocat inde Manes, teque, qui Manes regis,  
 Et obsidentem claustra letalis lacus 560  
 Carmenque magicum volvit, & rabido minax  
 Decantat ore, quidquid aut placat leves  
 Aut cogit umbras sanguinem libat focus,  
 Solidatque pecudes urit, & multo specum  
 Saturat cruore libat & niveum insupet 565  
 Læva, canitque rursus, & terram intuens,  
 Graviore Manes voce & attonita ciet  
 Latravit Hecates turba ter valles cava  
 Sonuere mœstum tota succusso solo 570  
 Pulfata tellus audior, vates ait,  
 Rata verba fudi rumpitur cæcum Chios,  
 Iterque populo Ditis ad superos datu  
 Subfedit omnis silva, & erexit comam  
 Duxere rimas robore, & totum nemus 575  
 Concussit horror terra se retro dedit,  
 Gemuitque penitus sive tentari abditum  
 Acheron profundum mente non æqua tulit  
 Sive ipsa tellus, ut daret functis viam,  
 Compage rupta sonuit aut ira furens 580  
 Triceps catenas Cerberus movit graves  
 Subito deliscit terra, & immenso sinu  
 Lavata paruit ipse pallentes Deos  
 Vidi inter umbras ipse torpentes lacus  
 Noctemque verum gelidus in venis stetit 585  
 Hæsitque sanguis sæva profiluit cohois,  
 Et stetit in armis omne vipereum genus  
 Fratrum, cætervæ dente Diræo fatae,  
 Avandumque populi Pestis Ogygi malum  
 Tum torva Erinnyes sonuit, & cæcus Furor, 590  
 Horrorque, & una quidquid æternæ creant  
 Celantque tenebræ Luctus evellens comam,

the gods above) And the cattle, for the few seconds that their lives lasted, trembled violently in the sacrificial fire, but the victims were soon consumed by the fiery element—Then Tiresias invokes the Manes, he exclaims, Oh! thou who rulest the Manes (Pluto), and thou, Cerberus, the guardian of the portals of the Stygian lakes! greeting, he then murmurs out some sort of magic verses, and with a fierce voice and angry look he proceeds to chant

whatever he thinks will appease or prevail over the Manes—he then sacrifices blood upon the altar and burns cattle whole and fairly saturated the cave with a deluge of blood—then he offers in libation quantities of milk of snowy whiteness and afterwards pours out wine with his left hand and chants again and looking down upon the ground he summons the Manes in a harsh and astounding tone of voice—the troop of Hecate are the first to be heard howling savagely and the hollow valleys send forth the most dismal sound three times in succession and the entire earth is loosened (loses its solidity) by the shocks and upheavals occurring subterraneously! I am heard at last! exclaims Tiresias, I have uttered with success what I thought would be to the purpose—invisible chaos is broken through and the right of way to the regions above is afforded to the subjects of Pluto! Every tree sinks its head downwards, and afterwards the leaves themselves stand out erect with very fright—the sturdy oaks are cleft in two and an overwhelming terror shakes the forest and the upper earth itself appears to be startled and seems inclined to retreat from what is being threatened around and groans from out of its very lowest strata! Whether all this was that Acheron was entertaining a feeling of resentment that the kingdoms hidden down in the lowest depths were being practised upon or whether Earth itself gave forth the sound with horror that its cohesive compactness had been disturbed in order to afford a way for those intruders arriving from the regions below or was it that the three-headed Cerberus had violently shaken his heavy chains! Suddenly however the earth gapes open and being thus exposed displays itself with its immense bosom laid bare! I saw the Pallid Deities Pluto and Proserpine amongst the other Manes—I saw the stagnant lakes and real absolute Night (that is as it exists in the regions below) my blood curdled in my veins and my heart felt as if it would beat no more! And the savage Trio the Furies (Tisiphone Alecto and Megera) leaped forth and the entire race of brothers descended from the Dragon stood up armed! the troop sprung from the Dircean teeth and all the victims of the rapacious plague that had visited Thebes! Then the savage Erinnys sent forth the sounds from her whips and blind Madness and pictured Horror and altogether whatever eternal darkness is capable of producing—Grief tearing away at the hair Disease holding up its weary head with difficulty Excessive Old Age a burden to its very self and Fear with its look of doubt and suspense! My senses left me, and Manto herself was stupefied and struck aghast and she too! who was no raw recruit in

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Agreque lassum sustinens Morbus caput,  
 Gravis Senectus sibi, & plaudens Metu,  
 Nos liquit rimum, ipsa, quæ ritus senis  
 Artesque norat, stupuit intrepidus parvus,  
 Audaxque damno, convocat Ditis feri  
 Exsanguè vulgus, illico ut nebula levis  
 Voluit, & raris libero calo trahunt  
 Non tot caducas educat frondes Eryx,  
 Nec vere flores Hybla tot medio crata,  
 Cum examen alto nectitur densum globo,  
 Fluctusque non tot frangit Ionium mare,  
 Nec tanta gelidi Strymonis fugiens muræ,  
 Permutat luemes ales, & cælum securus  
 Tepente Nilo pensat Arctoris nives  
 Quot ille populos, vatis eduxit sonus  
 Pavidæ Intebriæ nemoris umbrosi pctunt  
 Animæ trementes primus emergit solo  
 Dextra ferocem sustinens Ixion chelym,  
 Zethus, manuque sustinens turum premens  
 Qui saxa dulci trahit, Amphion, sono  
 Interque urtos Tantalus tandem suos  
 Iusto superba fert caput fastu gravi,  
 Et numerat umbras peior hinc genitrix ideo  
 Furibunda Agave, tota quam sequitur manu,  
 Partita regem sequitur & Breechus lacer  
 Pentheus, tenetque seivus etrum nunc muras  
 Tandem, vocatus sepe, pudibundum extulit  
 Caput, atque ab omni diffidet turba procul,  
 Celatque semet instrit & Stygiæ preces  
 Geminat sacerdos, donec in apertum esserit  
 Vultus opeitos Luus, sibi horreo  
 Stetit per artus sanguine effuso horridus,  
 Pædore fædo squalidam obtentus conrum,  
 Et ore rabido sicut O Cadmi esserit,  
 Cruore semper læta cognato domus,  
 Vibrare thyrsos læta cognato domus,  
 Lacerate potius maximum Thebis scelus  
 Maternus amor est patria, non ira Destin  
 Sed scelere riperis non gravi statu tibi  
 Lucrificus Auster, nec parum pluvio æthere

the arts and mysteries of that old man, Tiresias! and the  
 intrepid Parent bold on account of his loss (the loss of  
 his eyesight, but who would not have been so if he could  
 have seen what Manto saw, calls together those lifeless  
 subjects of the unrelenting Pluto How the substanceless  
 shades did flit about! here and there! and appeared  
 pleased at being able to enjoy the air in the free sky of  
 the upper world! In point of number, not so many leaves  
 have ever fallen in the woods of Eryx—Never did Hybla

grow so many flowers in the middle of spring when the dense hives gather round the trees like grapes clustered together hanging down from the branches! Not so many waves has the Ionian sea ever broken against the shore! Not so many birds (cranes and other migratory birds) flying away from the frigid Strymon to escape the winter and cutting their way through the air exchange the Arctic snows for the balmy sky of the mild Nile! How great must have been the sound which dragged forth such multitudes of the Manes! The timid trembling spirits seek refuge in the nooks and corners of the shady grove Zethus the first to emerge from the earth below restraining a ferocious bull with his right hand upon its horns and Amphion who raised the stones whithersoever he willed by his melodious strains appears holding his lute in his left hand and then one of the Fantalides (proud Niobe) in perfect security! now! poises her head with intolerable pride and counts over the numerous Manes represented by her own family! then worse than Niobe the frenzied Agave is present, and the band which tore in pieces one of our kings and Pentheus follows in her wake and even now looks austerely as if he is still retaining his anger. At length having invoked several times one of the Manes raises his head as if a feeling of shame and degradation had come over him and keeps at a distance from the rest of the Manes who are crowded together—tries to elude observation but the priest is equal to the occasion and with redoubled energy addresses in prayer, the Stygian Deities until at last Ixus shows his hitherto hidden face and brings it into full view—I shake with very alarm when I am speaking of it even—there he stood frightful to be looked upon with the blood pouring down his body and his slovenly locks besmeared with filth and nastiness and at last he spoke in an angry void—Oh! cruel progeny of Cadmus always happy in shedding the blood of one sprung from your own dynasty flourish your Thyrsus ye Bacchanals and with your own hands inspired by the Bacchic fury tear to pieces your children but I can tell you that the crime of Thebes is this—impious amour between a mother and son and oh! my country may you be relieved from the odium of this crime and not from the anger of the Gods only! It is not the sad South Wind (sad from its continuous heat) which is blowing so oppressively upon you nor is it through an atmosphere which yields not a sufficiency of rain that the earth is saturated with the exhalations arising from drought! but a blood thirsty King who holds his sceptre as the price of my cruel murder and who is now occupying the impious marriage bed of his own

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Satura tellus halitu siccæ nocet  
 Sed rex cruentus, pretia qui sævæ necis  
 Sceptra, & nefandos occupat thalamos patris,  
 Invisi proles (sed tantum peior patris,  
 Quam matris utero rursus infansito gravis)  
 Egrot qui in ortus semet, & matri impio,  
 Fatus recessit, quique vix mos est scris,  
 Fratres sibi ipse genuit, implicitum matrum,  
 Magisque monstrum sphinge perplexum furæ  
 Te, te, cruenta sceptri qui dextra geris  
 Te pater multus urbe cum tota petrum  
 Et mecum Erinyes pronubas thalamum traham  
 Traham fontantes verbera incestum domum  
 Vertrum, & Penates impio Marte obtentam  
 Præinde pulsum sinibus regem ocius  
 Agite exulem quodcumque funesto gradu  
 Solum relinquet, vix florifero virens  
 Reparabit herbis spiritus puros dabit  
 Vitalis aura veniet & silvis decor  
 Letum, Luesque, Mors, Labor, Tabes, Dolor,  
 Comitatus illo dignus excedunt simul  
 Et ipse rapidis gressibus sedes volet  
 Effugere nostras sed graves pedibus moras  
 Addam, & tenebo repet incertus viæ  
 Baculo semel triste prætentans iter  
 Præripite terras inferam cœlum præter  
 ar Et ossa & virtus gelidus invasit tremor  
 Quidquid timebam facere, secisse arguor  
 Tori jugalis abnuat Merope nefas,  
 Sociata Polybo sospes absolvit matris  
 Polybus meus uterque defendit patris  
 Cædem, stuprumque quis locus culpe est super-  
 Multo ante Thebæ Læoni amissum genuit,  
 Bæotæ gressu quam meo tetigi loca  
 Infusæ senior, an Deus Thebis graviter  
 Jam jam tenemus callidi socios doli  
 Mentitum ista præferens fraudi Deos

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father! Oh! hateful offspring! but, however, the Parent  
 Jocasta is a worse plight than the Son (Œdipus) again  
 to be doomed to the frightful results of an unlucky womb  
 (a gravid uterus), and to have a son, who approaches  
 sexually the very parts whence he dates his own birth, and  
 who has thrown back impious offspring out of his own  
 mother's womb! and this mode of procedure is scarcely the  
 one which prevails even amongst the wild beasts, a man  
 who begets children that are brothers to himself! Oh! what a  
 complication of calamities—a more puzzling enigma than that  
 propounded by the Sphinx herself and which he (Œdipus)  
 so successfully unravelled! Oh! thou, who holdest the

sceptre in thy blood stained hand! As the unavenged Father I will ever pursue thee and with the entire Theban city at my back and Oh! ye Furies (Erinnys) I will engage you in my cause as the bridesmaids to his marriage bed! I will enlist you to sound your dangerous whips—I will upset thy incestuous home and tire out thy household gods with the impious wars I will bring about (Eteocles and Polynices) Thenceforth drive away oh! ye Thebans without delay your King as an exile from your soil for whatever country he leaves behind which has been trodden by his impious feet shall as soon as he quits become prosperous with the flower producing spring and the grass will grow again in abundance—the vivifying sky shall give a pure atmosphere for you to breathe and luxuriant foliage shall adorn the groves—untimely Death Pestilence—Premature Decay—Lingering Disease—galloping consumption—inconsolable anguish—and every thing that is capable of being associated with them shall vanish at once! And he himself (Œdipus) will only be too willing to fly away with a hurried retreat from your own dear Thebes! But I will encumber his path with great difficulties feeble old age lassitude blindness and the necessity for a daughter to lead him along and one who will not allow him to destroy himself and I will keep him in that condition—He shall creep along not knowing where he is going he shall grope his unpleasant way about relying solely on that indispensable adjunct to feeble old age the staff! Oh! ye Thebans cast him forth out of your country! I his parent will do my utmost to keep him out of Heaven!

ŒD A cold shiver runs through my entire frame down to my very bones here am I accused of the very crimes which I have ever been in fear of committing! Merope who is married to Polybus indignantly repudiates such a crime as having been visited upon her marriage bed and Polybus feels secure on the point and absolves my hand of any such guilt ignores he charge of Beyond that what fou brought against me? of Laius for a long t Boeotian soil! Is that old Tiresias acting treacherously or is the God Apollo especially hard upon Thebes? But now I have it plain before my mind who the confederates in this scheme are Creon and Tiresias! Tiresias preferring a line of deceit is lying to the Gods about this matter in order that my sceptre should fall into your hands (addressed to Creon)

Vates, tibi que sceptrâ despondet mea	670
CR Egon' ut sororem regni expelli velim -	
Si me fides sacrata cognati Iuris	
Non contineret in meo certum statu	
Tamen ipsa me Fortuna terreret nimis	
Sollicita semper licet hoc rito tibi	675
Evuere pondus ne recedentem opprimat	
Jam te minore tutior ponas loco	
ÆD Hortaris etiam, sponte deponam ut mea	
Tam graua regna? CR Suraerem hoc illis ego	
In utrumque quies est liber utrum nunc status	680
Tibi jam necesse est ferre fortunam tuam	
ÆD Certissima est regnare cupienti via,	
Laudare modica, & otium ac somnum loqui	
Ab inquieto sæpe simulatur quies	
CR Parumne me tam longa defendit fides?	685
ÆD Aditum nocendi perfido præstat fides	
CR Solutus onere regio regni bonis	
Frior domusque civium cætu viget,	
Nec ulla vicibus surgit alternis dies,	
Qua non propinqui munera ad nostros lares	690
Sceptri redundant, cultus, opulente dapes	
Donata multis gratia nostra salus	
Quid tam beate deesse fortune rear?	
ÆD Quod deest secunda non habent unquam modum	
CR Incognita igitur ut nocens causa eridam?	695
ÆD Num ratio vobis reddita est vitæ meæ?	
Num audita causa est nostra Tiresiæ? tamen	
Sontes videmur fructis exemplum? sequor	
CR Quid si innocens sum? ÆD Dubia pro certis solent	
Timere reges CR Qui pavet varios metus,	700
Veros meretur ÆD Quisquis in culpa fuit,	
Dimissus odit omne, quod dubium putat	

CR Do you mean that I should be willing for my sister to be expelled from her regal surroundings? As if that fidelity which is ever a sacred bond between those of the same blood would not be a sufficient guarantee that I might be depended on, to be satisfied with, my own station! However, the anxieties and vicissitudes of Fortune which attend a kingdom, and which are oftentimes too vexing, would effectually deter me from that. But it is quite possible for you if it pleases you, to throw off such a burden with safety, lest it might prove harmful to you, when you had receded from it. Now, you can place yourself, in security, in a less aspiring position.

ÆD Do you advise me then that I should shake off the burdens of royalty, of my own free will?

CR I give such advice to those with whom it is optional which of the two conditions should be decided upon—It is already a matter of necessity for you to bear what Fortune has marked out for you

ŒO The most certain policy for any one desirous of reigning is to laud to the skies the blessings arising out of mediocrity and to dwell (in his mind) on the tranquil ease and undisturbed repose enjoyed by those who are unburdened with the cares of a kingdom—assumed sincerity is often used as a mask for considerable disquiet

CR And does my long and well tested fidelity count for so little in rebutting such an accusation?

ŒO Fidelity often affords the perfidious knave a more easy way of making himself obnoxious

CR Here I relieved from regal fardels enjoy all the advantages of royalty and my house is honored as an agreeable rendezvous for the citizens who flock thither nor does a day pass which differs from another—no alternation prevails—gifts presents as acknowledgments of my nearness of rank as regards the sceptre abound in my household—elegant furniture sumptuous apparel and a luxurious cuisine! And my heartiest welcome is accorded to many with the fullest appreciations too on their part! What can I imagine to be wanting to such a happy lot (as that)?

ŒO What is wanting? Why! prosperity never has any bounds to the ambition which arises out of it

CR Shall I be condemned to fall as a criminal for some undiscovered crime?

ŒO Have not the details of my career through life already been made known to you? And has my cause been fully examined into by Iriestias? Yet I am conclusively made out to be a criminal mind! you have furnished me with an example in yourself and I am merely following your lead?

CR But if I am innocent!

ŒO Kings are apt to fear that doubtful things contain within them the elements of certainty



CR Sic odia fiunt ÆD Odiâ qui nimium timet,  
 Regnare nescit regna custodit metus  
 CR Qui sceptrâ duro sævus imperio regit,  
 Timet timentes, metus in auctorem redit  
 ÆD Servite fontem saxeo inclusum specu  
 Ipse ad penates regios referam gradum

705

## CIIORUS

Excusat Œdipum Chorus, transferendo culpam in mala  
 Thebærum fati, quæ ab ipsâ inauspicata bove  
 Thebanos usque vexarint

**N**ON tu tantis causa periclis,  
 Non hæc Læbdacidæ premunt  
 Fata sed veteres Deûm  
 Iræ sequuntur Cæstum nemus  
 Umbram Sidonio præbuit hospiti,  
 Lavitque Dirce Tyrios colonos  
 Ut primum magni natus Agenoris,  
 Fessus per orbem furta sequi Jovis,  
 Sub nostra pavidus constitit arbore,  
 Prædonem venerans suum,  
 Monituque Phœbi, jussus erranti  
 Comes ire vaccæ, quam non flexerat  
 Vouer, aut tardi juga curvâ plaustrî,  
 Deferuit fugas, nomenque genti  
 Inauspicata de bove tradidit  
 Tempore ex illo nova monstra semper  
 Profuit tellus, aut anguis imis  
 Vallibus editus, annosa supra  
 Robora sibilat, supraque pinus,  
 Supra Chaonias celsior abores  
 Cæruleum erexit caput,  
 Cum majore sui parte recumberet,  
 Aut cæta tellus impio patu  
 Effudit arma

710

715

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730

CR He who is alarmed at empty fears, deserves to suffer from real ones

ÆD Whatever man is guilty of a crime and obtains a recognition of innocence suspects (hates) every thing, because he thinks every thing doubtful that applies to others—in other words, judges every one by himself

CR And thus it is then, that doubts become so odious

ŒD He who fears the hatred of others too sensitively knows not the true secret of governing—Fear restricts the operations of royalty

CR He who relentlessly wields the sceptre with a harsh use of his power has reason to fear those that fear him—fear recoils upon its author

ŒD Confine Creon a prisoner in a stone dungeon! I will betake myself after this to my regal abode

### CHORUS

The Chorus finds excuse for Œdipus by laying the blame on the evil destinies of Thebes which from the time of that unlucky heifer Europa up to the present time have harassed them

IT is not thou Œdipus who art the cause of so many calamities these misfortunes are not singling out the descendants of Labdacus only but it is that everlasting anger of the Gods which is the evil genius that persecutes us! The Cretan forest first afforded a shelter to the Sidonian stranger and the streams of Dirce watered the soil for the Phrygian Colonists so when first the son (Cadmus) of the mighty Agenor was utterly wearied of wandering over the earth in search of his sister Europa who had been seized and run off with by Jupiter and settled down under our hospitable roof-trees broken in courage and ignorantly venerating the God that was the abductor of his sister and by the command of Apollo was ordered to become the attendant upon a wandering heifer which had never had her neck broken to the plough or lashed to the curved yoke of the tardy-paced waggon—he then gave up his flying mission and awarded the country the name of Bœotia arising out of the circumstance of this inauspicious heifer! The oppressed land has always been bringing forward fresh monsters ever since that time either in the low valley which the aged oaks and stre over the lofty pines and whilst a great portion of its body rested on the ground, or the earth pregnant with an impious fetus has brought forth armed men and the war-trumpet sounded forth from its reflexed windings and the clarion gave out its

Sonuit reflexo classico cornu, Litatusque adunco stridulos cantu Lilit are ante non lingua	735
Agiles & ora vocis ignota Clamore primum hostico experti Agmina campos cognata tenent Digna que nato semine proles	
Ino vitam permensa die Post Luciferi nata meratus Ante Hesperios occidit ortus Horret tantis adventu monstris, Populique timet bella recentis	745
Donec cecidit fera juventus, Genitrixque suo reddi gremio Modo productos vidit alumno-	
Hæc transierit civile nefas Illi Herculeæ norint Hebræ Pia hæc fratrum	750
Quid Cadmei fera nepotis, Cum vivas cornua cervi Frontem ramis tædere novis, Dominumque carnes egere suum	
Præcepit filias montesque fugit Citius Actæon, agilique magis Pede per saltus & fera vagus Metuit motus Zephyris plumas,	755
Et, quæ posuit, retrahit vitæ Donec placidi fontis in unda Cornua vidit vultusque feros	760
Ubi virginicos foværat artus Nimum feri Diva pudoris	

## ACTUS QUARTUS

## ŒDIPUS, IOCASTA

Suspiciari jam incipit Œdipus, ne ille sorte, quem olim Delphos petens occidisset, Lajus fucit querit itaque ab Jocasta de Lajus vitæ, necis tempore, & aliis circumstantiis

**C**URAS revolvit animus, & repetit metus  
Obuisse nostre Lanum scelere autumant  
Superi inferique sed animus contra innocens,

765

shrill blasts from out of its crooked brazen throat, and before they had even used their unpractised tongues, or exercised their lips with words, which were unknown by them, they came forward at once, with a hostile war-

cry and the troops of men born at the same moment of time take possession of the plains—a progeny fully worthy of the seed whence they sprang (the serpent's teeth) passing away their brief life time in one day born at the coming of Lucifer and disappearing on the advent of Hesperus! The stranger Cadmus is horrified at so many monsters and is scared by the warfare conducted by that newly imported population! until the furious young warriors fell arising out of their internecine slaughter and that mother the Earth saw the nurslings which she had only just brought forth received again into her bosom! (Buried) And oh! that civil strife would have ended here! Thebes the birth place of Hercules has witnessed the battles of the brothers Theseus and Polynices! What shall we say (Actæon) when the horns of head and his own dogs hunt master! And the fleet Actæon and mountains and wandering with its agile strides through forests and across rocks went in dread of the purple feathers waving gently as the Zephyrs dictated (these feathers were used as snares) and avoided the nets of the hunters which he had himself placed there and at last he beheld his horns and wild appearance reflected by the waters of a placid fountain where the Goddess Diana with too severe modesty (for being so revengeful at being seen) had been bathing her Virgin Body!

## ACT IV

## ŒDIPUS—JOCASTA

Œdipus at length begins to suspect lest by chance it might have been Laius whom he slew as he was going to Delphi on one occasion—he inquires of Jocasta concerning the life of Laius the date of his death and other circumstances

## ŒDIPUS

MY mind is now revolving the responsibilities of my situation and I hark back to my old fears and misgivings! The Gods above and the Gods below are fully satisfied that Laius met his death at my criminal hands but my mind on the contrary being innocent of the charge repudiates the accusation and what is known

Sibique melius quam Deis notus, negat  
 Redit memoria tenue per vestigium,  
 Cecidisse nostri stiptis pulsu obvium  
 Datumque Diti, cum prior juvenem senex 770  
 Curru superbus pelleret, Thebis procul,  
 Phocæa trifidas regio qua scindit vias  
 Unanima conjux, explicita errorem, precor,  
 Quæ spatia moriens Læus vitæ tulit  
 PRIMONE in ævo viridis, an fracto occidit? 775  
 JOC Inter senem juvenemque, sed propior seni  
 CÆD Frequensne turba regium circumlatus?  
 JOC Plures sefellit error ancipitis viæ,  
 Paucos fidelis curribus junxit labor  
 CÆD Aliquisne cecidit regio fato comes? 780  
 JOC Unum fides virtusque confortem addidit  
 CÆD Teneo nocentem convenit numerus, locus  
 Sed tempus adde JOC Decima jam metitur fege

## SENEX, CÆDIPUS

E fene a Merope & Corinthus missio, qui Cædipum de Polybi  
 morte edoceat, regetque, ad gubernacula regni suscipienda  
 veniat, discit Cædipus, se non vere esse Polybi filium  
 nimia itaque curiositate sua veros invenit parentes

CORINTHIUS te populis in regnum vocat  
 SEN Patrium quietem Polybus æternam obtinet 785  
 CÆD Ut undique in me sæva Fortuna irruit!  
 Ediffere agedum, quo cadat fato parens  
 SEN Animam senilem mollis exsolvit sopor  
 CÆD Genitor sine ulla cæde defunctus jacet

to myself is certainly of more moment than what the  
 Gods seem disposed to imagine! But my recollection  
 returns to me, through some dim impression, that some  
 one who once opposed my path, was felled to the earth  
 by a blow from my club, and died (was handed over to  
 Pluto) from its effects, and this was when a proud old  
 man who was driving in his chariot in front of me, when  
 I was quite a young man, and it was he that blocked my  
 way—it was some distance from Thebes, just where the  
 Phocæan territory is divided off into three roads Oh!  
 my loving wife, I entreat you, correct me if I am wrong!  
 How old was Læus, when he suffered this death? Was  
 he a hale man, in the prime of life, and did he droop  
 at all, or appear to be broken down as to his bodily  
 vigor?

JOC Somewhere between old age and youth I should say but nearer old age than youth

ŒD Did a large retinue of attendants surround his royal presence?

JOC Not the winding paths of the roads so apt to mislead caused them to stray—the careful personal attendance only required the few whose duties appertained to the chariot's supervision!

ŒD Did any of the attendants meet with the same fate as the king

JOC Fidelity and affection were his only companions myself!

ŒD I now know the culprit the number of persons seen by me and the locality indicated exactly tally! But tell me how long ago this was?

JOC About ten years—ten harvests have since yielded their annual crops

### OLD MAN—ŒDIPUS

From an old man who had been despatched by Merope and the Corinthians who tells him of the death of Polybus and inquires of him whether he will come and undertake the duties of the government—Œdipus learns that he is not the son of Polybus at all there fore with his too eager curiosity he finds out who were his real parents

### OLD MAN

THE people of Corinth invite you to your father's kingdom—Polybus has gone to his eternal rest

ŒD How on all sides cruel fortune is rushingly falling upon me! Come tell me quickly man to what sort of death did my parent succumb?

OM A placid sleep spirited away the old man's existence

Testor, licet jam tollere ad cœlum pie	790
Purus, nec ulla scelera metuentes manus	
Sed pars magis metuenda fatiurum metet	
SEN Omnem paternæ regna discutient metum	
ÆD Repetam paternæ regna, sed matrem horreo	
SEN Metuis parentem, quæ tuum reditum expetens	795
Sollicita pendet ÆD Ipse me pietas fugat	
SEN Viduam relinques ÆD Tangis, en, ipfos metus	
SEN Affare, merfus quis premat mentem timor	
Præstare tacitam regibus soleo fidem	
ÆD Connubia matris Delphico admonitu tiemo	800
SEN Timere vana desine, & tumpes metus	
Depone Merope vera non fuerat parens	
ÆD Quod subditivi præmium nati petuit Æ	
SEN Regnum superbam liberi adstringunt fidem	
ÆD Secreta thalami, fure, quo excipias modò	805
SEN Hæ te parenti parvulum tradunt manus	
ÆD Tu me parenti tradis Æ at quis me tibi Æ	
SEN Pistor nivofo sub Cithæronis iugo	
ÆD In illa temet nemora quis casus tulit Æ	
SEN Illo sequebar monte cornigeros greges	810
ÆD Nunc adice certis corporis nostri notas	
SEN Forata ferro gesseras vestigia,	
Tumore nactus nomen ac vitio pedum	
ÆD Quis fuit ille, qui meum dono dedit	

ÆD My father, then, is lying dead, without any foul murder, as the cause, now I possess evidence! I can devoutly raise my unsullied hands (unsuspected) towards Heaven and not go in fear of the imputation of crime and its consequences—but a portion of my destiny still remains to me, as the source of alarm!

O M Inheriting a father's kingdom will banish every cause for fear

ÆD I would go to my father's kingdom, but I fear for the mother (alluding to the remaining portion of the destiny)

O M Do you fear a parent, who waiting in anxiety, depends on your return

ÆD My great affection for her drives away the very thought of returning

O M Would you leave a widow in such an extremity as this?

ÆD Why, you are now trenching upon my excessive susceptibilities (my one sore point)

O M Explain what is this fear sunk down in your soul? I am accustomed to perform my duties with kings with unalloyed confidence no fear of betrayal on my part!

ŒD By the decree of the Delphian Oracle I tremble at this prophesied marriage with a mother

O M Cease to be alarmed at such silly notions and banish all such unworthy fears

ŒD What dignity can a supposed or adopted son seek to arrive at

O M A kingdom Children serve to ensure more devoted loyalty from the subjects

ŒD Tell me the mysteries connected with the marriage in what way you rely upon my being merely an adopted son

O M These very hands of mine delivered you as a little fellow to your supposed parents

ŒD You delivered me to my supposed parents! But who delivered me into your hands?

O M A shepherd on the snowy summits of Cithæron

ŒD What accident led you into those forests where I was found?

O M I was the keeper of the horned flocks on that mountain

ŒD Now tell me of any certain marks that you remember on my body

O M You wore the marks where your feet had been pierced with an iron skewer the very name you bear Œdipus was given to you from the swelling and injury done to your feet

ŒD I require to know who he was that subjected my body to such treatment?

O M He fed the royal flocks the chief herdsman—a small number of shepherds served under him

ŒD Mention the names of them



Corpus, requiro SEN Regios parvit greges	815
Minor sub illo turba pastorum fuit	
ÆD Eloqueie nomen SEN Prima languescit fenum	
Memoria, longo lassâ sublabens situ	
ÆD Potefne facie noscere ac vultu virum <sup>2</sup>	
SEN Fortasse noscam sæpe jam spatio obrutam	820
Levis exoletam memoriam revocat nota	
ÆD Ad sacra & aras omne compulsum pecus	
Duces sequantur ite propere, accessite,	
Famuli, penes quos summa consistit gregum	
SEN Sive ista ratio, sive fortuna occulit,	825
Latere semper prætere, quod latuit diu	
Sæpe eruentis veritas patuit malo	
ÆD Malum timeri majus his aliquid potest <sup>2</sup>	
SEN Magnum esse, magna mole quod petitur, scitis	
Concurrit illinc publica, hinc regis salus,	830
Utrinque paria, contine medias manus,	
Ut nil laceffas, ipsa se fata explicant	
Non expedit concutere felicem statum	
ÆD Tuto movetur, quod quid extremo in loco est	
SEN Nobilius aliquid genere regali appetis <sup>2</sup>	835
Ne te parentis pigeat inventi, vide	
ÆD Vel poenitendi sanguinis quæram fidem,	
Si nosse libeat ecce, grandævus senex,	
Arbitria sub quo regni fuerant gregis,	
Phorbas referisne nonen aut vultum senis <sup>2</sup>	840
SEN Aridet animo forma nec notus satis,	
Nec rursus iste vultus ignotus mihi	
Regnum obtinente Laio famulus greges	
Agitasti opimos sub Cithæronis plaga <sup>2</sup>	

## PHORBAS, SENEX, ÆDIPUS

PHOR <b>L</b> ÆTIUS Cithæron pabulo semper novo	845
Æstiva nostro prata summittit gregi	

O M The memory belonging to youth fails in old age, as one becomes wearied in other respects, through length of time

ÆD Do you think that you would know the man by his face and general appearance?

O M Perhaps I should know him—oftentimes some trivial mark recalls one's dull memory to what one might think would be effaced by the hand of time

ÆD Come, servants! go at once and seek out those to whose charge the chief management of the flocks was entrusted, and let the head shepherd conduct the whole

of the herds driven together to the altar under the pretence of an intended sacrifice

O  
for s  
such  
laid  
truth to light

ŒD Cannot some greater calamity be feared than those you have been thinking about.

O M You must be aware that a thing is of great moment which is only arrived at with considerable difficulty. The welfare of the public interests here—the security of the throne there—meet together as things in common in fact identical! No! preserve thou the middle course let nothing harass you—the Fates will unweave soon enough what is to be—at all events it is not advisable to shake the stability of a fortunate position.

ŒD When misfortunes are at their very worst some times they are dealt with more safely in other words I think my position is most unfortunate therefore I shall endeavour to make it more certain.

O M Do you desire anything more elevated than a Royal descent? Listen to me you are not about to worry because you have found a father!

ŒD But I must and will find out the truth about my miserable origin—Look! behold that extremely old man with whom the tending of the royal flocks once rested I wonder whether he is able to remember what he once knew? It is this Phorbas standing before us—Do you remember the name and general appearance of this old man?

O M His appearance recurs readily to my memory but he was never sufficiently known to me to say more but his face now that I take another look is not unknown to me (Addressing Phorbas) Were you not the shepherd that drove the fat flocks on the plains of Cithæron when Laius held the kingdom?

#### PHORBAS—OLD MAN—ŒDIPUS

##### PHORBAS

CITHÆRON always exuberant with its fresh herbage a series of crops supplies succeeding flocks from the summer produce of its meadows

SEN	Noscisne memet? PHOR	Dubitat inceptis memoria	
ÆD	Huic aliquis a te traditur quondam pueri?	Effare dubitas? cur genas mutat color?	
	Quid verba queris? veritas odit moras		850
PHOR	Obducta longo temporum tractu moves		
ÆD	Frater, ne te cogat ad verum dolor		
PHOR	Inutile isti munus infantem dedi		
	Non potuit ille luce, non cœlo frui		
SEN	Procul sit omen vivit, & vivat precor		855
ÆD	Supereffe quare traditum infantem negas?		
PHOR	Ferrum per ambos tenue transactum pedes		
	Ligabat artus vulnere innatus tumor		
	Puerile fœda corpus urebat luce		
SEN	Quid quaeris ultra? intra non accedunt prope		860
ÆD	Quis fuerit infans, edoce PHOR Prohibet fides		
ÆD	Huc aliquis ignem flamma non excutiet fidem		
	Per tam cruentas vera quaerenti vias		
	Ignosce, quaeso, si ferus videor tibi,		
	Et impotens, patata vindicta in manu est		865
	Dic vera quisnam, quove generatus patre,		
	Qua matre gentus? PHOR Coniuge est genitus tua		
ÆD	Dehiscce, tellus tuque tenebrarum potens,		
	In Tartara intra, rector umbrarum rube		
	Retra reversas generis ac stupis vices		870
	Congerite, cives, saxa in infundum caput		
	Maestate telis me petat ferro parens,		
	Me natus in me conjuges arment manus,		
	Fratesque, & ægei populus ereptos iugis		
	Jaculetur ignes seculi crimen vagor,		875
	Odium Deorum, juris exitium facio,		
	Qua luce primum spiritus hausi rudes,		

O M Do you remember me, Phorbas?

PH My treacherous memory keeps me in a state of uncertainty

ÆD Was there not once a little boy handed over to you by some person? Speak, Sir! Why do you hesitate? Why do your cheeks change color? (blush) Why do you seem at such a loss for words? Truth, you know, shuns such quibbling evasions

PH You are testing my memory, as to matters that have been long hidden in the bosom of Time (a long space of years)

ÆD. Tell me, Sir, lest some punishment be employed to force you to tell the truth

PH I once gave that old man the care of a feeble infant that did not seem likely to enjoy the air and light of heaven for any length of time (that is half dead)

O M Let that impression of yours pass for naught! He does live! and will continue to live I humble pray!

ŒD Why did you imply that the infant which you had delivered up had not survived?

PH A thin iron skewer transfix'd both his feet and bound them together and a welling grew over the seat of the wound and the little boy's body burned with fever from the foul poison engendered by the wound [constitutional disturbance arising from the wound itself (pain) and the poisonous secretions arising from it]

O M What more do you require beyond this? (addressing Œdipus) we are very near the fatal news now!

ŒD Tell me who was the infant?

PH The pledge of secrecy forbids this

ŒD Bring hither (to attendants) some means of torture in the shape of fire! Now I will shake all this nonsense about pledges out of you by applying this fire (whatever that was)

PH Will the truth be sought for by means so cruel? Be thou still in ignorance I beseech thee!

ŒD If I seem cruel and unreasonable with you that vengeance is in your own keeping (that is it depends on yourself answering my question) Tell the truth! Who am I? By what father was I begotten? Of what mother was I born?

PH That son was born from your wife!

ŒD Oh! Earth open wide and thou Pluto the ruler of the dark kingdom snatch me away to the depths of Tartarus! Oh! Ruler of the Manes me who have returned to the genitals of my own mother against the very laws of nature! Heap heavy stones upon my impious head! Oh! ye citizens—sacrifice me with your darts—let every parent—every child—seek me out with the drawn sword as the cause of this pestilence—wives and brothers direct your armed hands against me and let the languishing

Jam morte dignus redde nunc animos, parens  
 Nunc aliquid aude secleribus dignum tuis  
 I, perge, propero regiam gressu pete 880  
 Gratulare matri liberis auctam domum

## CHORUS

Varietati obnoxium arguit Chorus excoelsum statum, medium itaque  
 fortunam optat cujus ludes erunt, a similitudine navis  
 modico vento actæ, & exemplo Icarï

**F**ATA si licet mihi  
 Fingere arbitrio meo  
 Temperem Zephyro levi  
 Vela, ne pressæ gravi 885  
 Spiritu antennæ tremant  
 Lenis & modice fluens  
 Auræ, nec vergens latus,  
 Dueat intrepidam ratem  
 Tutæ me mediæ vehat 890  
 Vitæ decurrens via  
 Cnossum regem timens,  
 Astra dum demens petit,  
 Artibus fîsus novis,  
 Certat & veras res 895  
 Vincere, ac falsis nimis  
 Imperat pennis puer  
 Nomen eripuit freto  
 Callidus medium scævæ  
 Dædalus librans iter 900  
 Nube sub mediâ stetit,  
 Alitem expectans suam  
 Qualis recipitris moras  
 Fugit, & speratos metu  
 Colligit fœtus vis 905  
 Donec in ponto manus  
 Movit imphicitis puer,  
 Comes audacis viæ  
 Quidquid excoessit modum,  
 Pendet instabili loco 910  
 Sed quid hoc postes sonant  
 Mæstus & simululus maris  
 Regius quassat eripit  
 Ede quid portas novi

people, suffering from the pestilence, hurl their blazing torches upon my funeral pile<sup>1</sup> Henceforth, I shall wander abroad, as the criminal of the age, the odium of the

Gods and the violator of the sacred laws both of the Gods and mankind! I was worthy of Death only from the moment I first drew my unfortunate breath—accord me now oh! my parent thy fullest hatred—now let me have the courage to do something which is owing for this my crime! Let me go let me persevere—let me seek out my palace with hurried steps and congratulate my parent upon the increase of a family in the shape of children begotten by me out of her my own mother!

### CHORUS

The Chorus finds fault with exalted greatness as exposed to greater variations of fortune therefore it inculcates the desire for a moderate position—the praises of which it chants from the comparison (set up) between a ship wafted along by a moderate breeze and the example afforded by the fate of Icarus

LET it be our lot to shape our career according to our own judgment that we may trim our sails to the gentle Zephyrus lest the yards may carry away under a too stiff breeze let the wind gentle and blowing with moderation speed onwards our craft with no disasters to be dreaded and let not her broadside heel over to leeward under the strong pressure of canvas! Let our career in life lead us in the middle course! He that feared the anger of the Gnosian King (Minos) whilst he madly sought his way to the stars relying upon a novel invention (wings) endeavouring to outdo the real feathered fraternity and the Boy Icarus relied too much on his power of managing those pretended wings and gave his name to a sea in consequence (the Icarian Sea) whilst the more skilful Dædalus balancing himself at a moderate height in the middle regions of the air and eagerly expected his brood (one bird only!) to seek his protecting wing (Dædalus feared that Icarus was in danger and anxiously waited for him to descend just as the mother bird fears the swoop of the hawk and calls together with fluttering wings her scattered brood! At last Icarus the companion of Dædalus in this daring aerial journey duly exerts his entangled hands in the seal! Whatever deviates from the path of moderation rests only on an insecure foundation! But what is this? The portals are sounding! (are being opened) one of the royal servants enters shaking his head and looking as if his task were a sad one! Tell us what news have you brought?

## ACTUS QUINTUS

## NUNTIUS

Nuntius Œdipi excecationis consilium & modum narrat

<b>P</b>	RÆDICTA postquam fata, & infandum genus	915
	Deprendit, ac se scelere convictum Œdipus	
	Damnavit ipse, regiam infestus petens	
	Invisa propero tecta penetravit gradu,	
	Qualis per arva Libycus infant leo,	
	Fulvam minaci fronte concutiens jubam	920
	Vultus furore torvus, atque oculi truces,	
	Gemitus, & altum murmur, & gelidus fluit	
	Sudor per artus spumat, & volvit minas,	
	Ac merfus alte magnus evundat dolor	
	Secum ipse sævus grande nescio quid parat,	925
	Suique fati simile Quid pœnas moror?	
	(Ait) hoc scelestum pectus aut ferro petat,	
	Aut fervido aliquis igne vel faxo domet	
	Quæ tigris, aut quæ sæva visceribus meis	
	Incurrat ales? ipse tu scelerum capax,	930
	Sacer Cithæron, vel feras in me tuis	
	Emitte silvis, mitte vel rabidos canes	
	Nunc redde Agaven anime, quid mortem times?	
	Mors innocentem sola fortunæ eripit	
	Hæc fatus, aptat impiam capulo manum,	935
	Infemque ducit Itane tam magnis breves	
	Pœnas sceleribus solvis? atque uno omnia	
	Pensabis ictu? moreris? hoc patri sat est	
	Quid deinde matri? quid male in lucem editis	
	Natis? quid ipsi, quæ tuum magna luit	940
	Scelus ruina, flebili patriæ dabis?	
	Solvendo non es Illa quæ leges ratas	
	Natura in uno vertit Œdipoda, novos	
	Commenti partus, supplicis eadem meis	
	Novetur iterum vivere, atque iterum mori	945
	Liceat, renasci semper ut toties nova	

## ACT V

## MESSENGER

The Messenger relates the design of Œdipus and the mode, in which he effected his blindness

**Œ**DIPUS at last fully realises in his own mind, the destiny, which had been predicted, and his own terrible condition, and is sure that he is guilty of the crime with which he had been charged, and tortured

in his mind he seeks the palace with hurried steps and enters that abode which has become hateful to him Just as the Libyan lion rages along the plains shaking the tawny mane which surrounds his menacing head—so was Œdipus—his countenance fierce with pent up rage—his eyes having a malignant glare—he gives forth a desperate groaning and makes loud noises whilst the cold sweat breaks out over his whole body—he foams at the mouth and indulges in a round of curses—and grief sunk down deep in his inner soul is overflowing to a degree and he is then very savage and is evidently concocting something terrible within his own mind but I know not what but about something on a par with his own terrible destinies! Why should I delay my punishment he exclaimed let me seek out this impious breast of mine with the sword or may some one utterly crush me with fiercest fire or hurl me down on the dangerous rock! What tiger will spring upon me or what ravenous bird of prey will peck away at my entrails? And thou oh! accursed Cithæron so capable of affording a place for crimes (alluding to the exploits of the Bacchanals) send forth your wild beasts from your forests or let loose upon me your rabid dogs—Oh! my soul! Now let Agave appear why should I dread death? Death only relieves innocent men of their misfortunes! Having spoken these words towards himself the Messenger relates how he places his merciless hand upon the hilt of his sword and draws it from its scabbard—Shall I atone he says my great crime by so short a punishment (meaning that the mere killing himself out right was not a sufficient penalty) and with one blow render compensation for every thing? Shall I die thus? Is this enough for the father? (his murder) But after that what about the mother? What about the sons born to see the light of day under such evil auspices? (Incest) What shall I award myself for the weeping country which is suffering through my crimes from overwhelming ruin? I alone am not equal to the task of expiation That nature which reverses her established laws in the person of an Œdipus only she having permitted to be brought about unchastitous conceptions hitherto unknown that same nature must be visited by something novel as regards its punishment! It is to be born again and to die again and to be born again and again so that I might suffer as often so many fresh punishments—let me as a miserable wretch employ my ingenuity! (I did so successfully with the Sphinx) What cannot be effected at separate times must be done at once completely—in order to constitute a lasting infliction a long protracted form of chronic death must be chosen one that will





check with his weeping! (He says) Is it sufficient for me to weep merely? Thus far let these eyes pour forth their watery tears—let them torn from their resting places (sockets) follow the tears! He then said—I at these eyes which have played their part in my impious marriage be dug out forthwith! His threatening visage is burning with savage wrath and his eyes are nearly starting out of his head—he becomes violent—his look is most determined. He is at the very height of pent up rage and his ferocity is only on a par with some bloodthirsty executioner! but one bent on plucking out his own eyes! He groaned Ah! and a dreadful groan it was! He turned his hands towards his face and his eyes as your gaze met them were fixed and cruelty was marked upon them—and being stretched outwards a little they easily followed the hand which he had introduced and they then appear at the wound which he had made in order to get at them—he then anxiously and critically explores his eyes with bent fingers and at the same moment almost he rolls out the two eyes thoroughly torn away from their deepest attachments—he then plants his fingers in the hollow recesses before occupied by the eyes themselves (the vacated orbits). He then rages in a most impotent manner and shows more anger perhaps than there was any occasion for. So great is his fear of any thing like light that he then raises his head and with his hollow sockets appeared as if he were gazing up into the regions of the sky to make sure that there was no light remaining! He then tears away any loose membrane or attachments hanging down from the parts whence he had dug out the eyes and as a boastful conqueror he addresses all the Gods Alas! my country I pray I have now fulfilled the decrees—I have undergone the punishment which was my due—Eternal night has at length been arrived at!—Messenger says a foul discharge ran down over his face and from his disfigured orbits issued a copious flow of blood arising from the ruptured veins!

### CHORUS

THE Chorus is rather inclined to be lenient with Œdipus but they argue according to the tenets of the Stoic Philosophers who subject every thing even the Gods themselves to the overruling will of the inevitable Fates

WE are ruled by the Fates yield therefore in good part to your destinies—not the most watchful care can disarrange the threads of the spindle when once the distaff is in play! Whatever our mortal

Mutare rati flamina fusi  
 Quidquid patimur mortale genus,  
 Quidquid facimus, venit ex alto  
 Servatque suæ decreta colûs 985  
 Lachesis, dura revoluta manu  
 Omnia certo tramite vadunt  
 Primusque dies dedit extremum  
 Non illa Deo ventisse licet,  
 Quæ nexa suis curunt crûsis 990  
 It cuique ratus, piece non ulla  
 Mobilis, ordo multis ipsum  
 Metuisse nocet multi ad fatum  
 Venêre suum dum fata timent  
 Sonuere fores, atque ipse suum, 995  
 Duce non ullo, molitur iter  
 Luminis orbus

### ŒDIPUS, CHORUS, JOCASTA

Jocasta se interficit Œdipus excæcatus in exilium abiit

**B**ENE habet, peractum est iusta perfolvi patii  
 Juvant tenebræ quis Deus tandem mihi  
 Placatus atra nube perfundit caput? 1000  
 Quis scelera donat? conscium evasi diem  
 Nil, parricida, dexteræ debes turæ  
 Lux te refugit vultus Œdipodem hic decet  
 CHOR En, ecce, rapido sæva profiluit gradu  
 Jocasta vecors qualis attonita & furens 1005  
 Cidmea? mater abstulit nato caput,  
 Sensitve raptuur Dubitat, afflictum alloqui  
 Cupit, pavetque jam malis cessit pudor,  
 Et hæret ore primo vox JOC Quid te vocem?  
 Natumne? dubitas? natus es natum pudet 1010  
 Invite loquere nate, quo avertis caput,  
 Væcuosque vultus? ŒD Quis frui & tenebris vetat?  
 Quis reddit oculos? matris, heu, matris fonus  
 Perdidimus operam congrædi fas amplius

race goes through—whatever we do or undertake to do, comes as a decree from on high, and Lachesis, whose department it is, rigidly upholds the decrees as revealed by the distaff, wound by unrelenting fingers. All things go on in a pre-ordained path, and the first day will guide us, as to the last (the horoscope, the casting of nativities). It is not in the power of Jupiter himself to reverse the decrees, which, once wound round, run on uninterruptedly

to their appointed end and this established course goes on with every one and is not to be set aside by prayers of any sort—with many too it is not desirable that they should fear too much for some arrive at their destiny whilst they are still going in fear of their ultimate fate. The doors are sounding (are opened) and Œdipus gropes his way along deprived of sight—without any guide.

### ŒDIPUS—CHORUS—JOCASTA

JOCASTA kills herself Œdipus made blind by his own hands goes away into exile

#### ŒDIPUS

IT is well the thing has been thoroughly done I have rendered just atonement as far as the father is concerned. Darkness is now a source of consolation. What God at last has been so beneficent as to obscure my vision by shedding this impenetrable cloud around my head? What God is it that rewards crime in this manner? Here! I have been enabled to escape from the noxious light of day and I a parricide owe nothing now to my right hand! light has fled from me for ever and methinks that this condition of the countenance is just fit for an Œdipus!

CH Look! Look! Jocasta presenting a frightful visage is bursting in at a rapid pace quite demented exactly like the Cadmean mother (Agave) thunderstruck and raging when she had taken off the head of her son Pentheus (in the midst of the revels) and with the same expression of countenance too which Agave presented when she recognized what she had captured (out of the scramble amongst the Bacchanals) so Jocasta is bewildered! She wishes to say something to afflicted Œdipus! She dares not! But at length her diffidence gives in confronting her misfortunes and she tries to speak but the words cling to her mouth as she makes a supreme effort

JOC What shall I call thee? Son? thou thou hesitatest! Thou art my son although it may shock thee to be that Son! Speak! Unwilling Son! Why dost thou avert thy head and thy disfigured face?

ŒD Who is now forbidding me to enjoy my darkness? Who at this moment is (practically) restoring my sight? (Mentally he means Ah! the sound of a mother's voice)



CFD Now mother spare thy speech and at the same time have mercy on my ears! I implore thee by what remains of my mutilated body—by the inauspicious evidence of my own blood (his own children by JOCASTA) by the every right and wrong of our names on sanguineously and matrimonially Mother and Son or Husband and Wife!

JOC Oh! my soul! Why am I so obtuse? Why is thy companion in crime do I deny myself condign punishment—every economy of nature is subverted and destroyed—and the honor of all human laws has been outraged by me—in incest! Let me die and take away with the sword my own wicked life or will not the father of the Gods who disturbs the heavens with his thunder bolts hurl down upon me the glittering thine with his avenging hand! Shall I as an impious mother ever offer adequate atonement for my crime—death pleases my inclination and the mode of that death must be sought for! Come O dipus lend assistance to thy mother—if thou art already a parricide let this last operation devolve on me! Let a sword be brought! Why my husband died by this very sword

CFN Why dost thou call him though by that wrong name? Thou shouldst say Father in law!

JOC Which shall I do Insert the weapon into my breast or shall I press it down into my open throat

CFN Thou knowest not how to choose a spot! Take this sword and seek out with it thy capricious womb which has given birth to such an offspring as Husband and Son!

CFN She is lying expiring from a wound inflicted by her own hand and the blood flowed so copiously that it forced the sword out with its violence

CFD Oh! thou who art the presiding deity over the truthfulness of the Gods I invoke thee—I owed retribution to the Fates for a father—I am twice a parricide! I am a greater criminal than I feared I was, I have killed a mother—she is certainly killed through my crimes! Oh! mendacious Apollo! I have exceeded thy cruel decrees—let me follow my treacherous rough precipitous path with st  
uncertain tre  
regulate my  
right hand  
nion! Let  
progress—let

with my  
I let me  
tremblin  
ns comp  
y slippery  
me pause

I, profuge, vide siste, ne in matrem incidās  
 Quicumque scissi corpore & morbo graves  
 Semivivam trahitis pectora, (en fugio exeo)  
 Relevate colla mitior cali status  
 Post terga sequitur quisquis exilem parens 1055  
 Animam retentat, vividos haustus levis  
 Concepirat ite, ferte depositis opem  
 Mortiferam mecum vitra terrarum extraho  
 Violentam sitis, & horridus morbi tremor,  
 Marcesque, & atra pestis & rabidus dolor 1060  
 Mecum ite, mecum ducibus his uti libet

though, lest I should fall upon my mother! (her dead body) Whoever ye are, oh! ye plague ridden Thebans, weary in body or broken down by disease, drawing your breath with difficulty (chest not fully expanded from sheer debility and languid circulation), behold! I am going! I am fleeing! Raise your drooping necks! a bettered state of the atmosphere (pestilence-freed) will follow, when my back is turned upon you and whoever is lying stricken down and is only just holding on to life by a slender thread will then inhale the pure air again and become refreshed with a new lease of life (may have a prolonged existence), and all of you, render assistance to any whose cases are despaired of! I shall drag the death-producing evils of this world about with me—violent strokes of fate—the dreadful, trembling weakness brought on by disease, emaciation! And let for ever the cruel pestilence and maddening grief go with me, and let it be my lot, having them with me, to use them as my guides!

# TROADES



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HECUBA	ANDROMACHA
CHORUS TROADUM	SENEX
TALTHYBIUS	ULYSSES
AGAMEMNON	ASTYANAX
CALCHAS	NUNTIUS
HELENA	POLYXENA, muta persona
PYRRHUS	

## ARGUMENTUM

Græci, exciso jam Ilio, reditum in patriam cogitantes contrario vento detinebantur. Apparens noctu Achillis umbra solvere eos posse negat, nisi sibi debitis inferis mactata Polyxena, cujus nuptiarum prætextu interfectus est. Non fert Agamemnon sibi amatam Polyxenam mactari. Qua de re orto cum Pyrrho jurgio, interuenit consultus Calchas, qui omnino immolandam pronuntiat, unaque necandum Astyanacti, quem a matre absconditum abducit Ulysses, & de Scæa porta dejicit Polyxenam ab Helena iussu, ritu cultuque sponsæ deductam ad patris tumulum, Pyrrhus mactat.

## ACTUS PRIMUS

## HECUBA

Luget Hecuba patriæ, domus, suam ipsius calamitatem

**Q**UICUNQUE regno fidit, & magna potens

Dominatur aula, nec leues metuit Deos,  
 Animumque rebus credulum lætis dedit,  
 Me viderit, & te, Troja non unquam tulit  
 Documenta Fois majora, quam fragili loco  
 Starent superbi columnen eversum occidit  
 Pollentis Asiæ, cœlitum egregius labor  
 Ad cuius arma venit, & qui frigidum  
 Septena Tanaim ora prudentem bibit,  
 Et qui renatum primus excipiens diem.  
 Tepidum rubenti Tigrum immiscet freto  
 Et quæ vagos vicina prospiciens Scythas  
 Ripam catevis Ponticam viduis ferit  
 Excisa ferro est Pergamum incubuit sibi

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HECUBA  
 CHORUS OF TROJANS  
 TALTHYBILUS  
 AGAMEMNON  
 CALCHAS  
 HELENA  
 PYRRHUS

ANDROMACHE  
 OLD MAN  
 ULYSSES  
 ASTYANAX  
 MISENER  
 IOLYXENA mute personage

## ARGUMENT

THE Greeks Troy having been destroyed thinking of returning to their native country were detained by adverse winds. The Shade of Achilles appearing in the night refuses to allow them to set sail unless Iolyxena is sacrificed to his Mines having been slain under the pretext of Nuptials being performed between him and Polyxena Agamemnon who was in love with her himself would not allow her to be sacrificed whereupon a quarrel took place between him and Pyrrhus. Calchas who was consulted became umpire and he pronounced in favor of her being sacrificed without reserve and that Astyanax should be killed at the same time whom Ulysses found hidden away by his mother and who taking possession of him threw him from the Scæra gate (one of the gates of Troy). Pyrrhus then sacrificed Iolyxena who was conducted to the tomb of Achilles his father having had her escorted thither by Helena and dressed in bridal attire and with all the rites and ceremonies appertaining to marriage being duly carried out.

## ACT I

## HECUBA

WHOEVER reposes confidence in the security of his Kingdom and rules all powerful in his magnificent palace and has never gone in dread of the frivolous deities but has given up his trusting mind without reserve to the happy circumstances around him visible evidence is given let him look on thee and me Oh! Troy! never has fickle fortune furnished so many striking proofs as to the flimsy foundation on which the high and mighty on this earth do rest—the very prop torn from its basis of mighty Asia has fallen raised to what it originally was by the assiduous labor of the gods themselves. To whose aid Rhesus the king of Thracia came and those who satisfy their drinking wants from

En alta muui decora congeſti jacent	15
Tectis aduſtis regiam flammæ ambiunt,	
Omnisque late fumat Affaraci domus	
Non prohibet avidas flamma victoris manus,	
Duipititur ardens Troja, nec cœlum patet	
Undante fumo nube ceu denſa obſitus,	20
Ater favilla ſquallet Ilirci dies	
Stat avidus ire victor, & lentum Ilium	
Metitur oculis, ac decem tandem ſeius	
Ignoſcit annis horret afflictam quoque,	
Victamque quamvis videret, hœud credit ſibi	25
Potuiſſe vinci ſpolia populatoꝝ rapit	
Dardania prædam mille non capiunt rates	
Teſtoꝝ Deoꝝ numen adverſum mihi,	
Patriæque cineres, teque rectorem Phrygum,	
Quem Troja toto conditum regno tegit,	30
Tuoſque mœnes, quo ſtetit ſtante Ilium,	
Et vos meorum libeiũm magni greges,	
Umbræ minores quidquid adverſi accidit,	
Quæcunq; Phœbas ore lymphato furens,	
Credi Deo vetante, prædixit malũ,	35
Prior Hecuba vidi gravida, nec tacui meſus,	
Et vana vates ante Caſſandram fui	
Non cautus ignes Ithacus, aut Ithaci comes	
Nocturnus in vos ſpaſit, aut fallax Sinon	
Meus ignis iſte eſt facibus ardetis meis	40
Sed quid ruinas urbis everſæ gemis	
Vivax ſeneſtus? respice infelix ad hos	
Luſtus recentes Troja jam vetus eſt murum	
Vidi execrandum regis cædis nefas,	
Ipoſque ad aras majoris admiſſum ſcelus	45
Ajacis armis cum ferox ſæva manu	
Comæ reflectens regnum tota caput	
Alto nefandum vulnere ferrum abdedit,	
Quod penitus actum cum recepiſſet libens,	
Enſis ſenili ſiccus e jugulo rediit	50

the frozen Tanais (The Don) which opens into the ſea with its ſeven mouths, and thoſe who are the firſt to enjoy the luminous arrival of coming day in the far Eaſt! (becauſe Phœbus riſes there) and where the warm Tigris mixes with the red-tinted ſea (on account of Aurora or the riſing ſun caſting a reddiſh hue), and Pentheſilea, queen of the Amazons, who in her character as neighbour, looks down upon the wandering Scythians and makes her power felt on the banks of the Euxine with her battalions of armed virgins Pergamos has fallen by the ruthleſs ſword of the enemy—it has tumbled to pieces Behold! the lofty decorations of the palace,—walls lie heaped together in a common ruin, with the

buildings burnt from basement to roof—every house far and wide in the city of Assaracus (Ilium) is sending up clouds of smoke the flames however do not arrest the pillaging hands of the conqueror burning Troy falls a prey also to the looters the serene sky is invisible from the volumes of smoke and the sombre daylight, beset as it were with one dense cloud grows murky with the ashes of Troy The conqueror in his raging anger stands gazing and scans with measuring eyes Ilium falling slowly but surely and in his ignorant cruelty forgets that this has been going on for ten years even he seems shocked at what his anger has wrought upon afflicted Troy—and although he sees that it is conquered—he can scarcely think it possible to have been conquered the Dardanian ravager seizes upon the spoils and a thousand ships do not suffice to contain them I call to witness the deity amongst the gods that is my enemy and oh! my country's ashes! I call upon thee the Phrygian ruler whom Troy covers up hidden from the entire kingdom and thy Manes who when thou didst stand Troy stood and ye the numberless members of my family and ye the Manes of less degree Whatever adversity has befallen and whatever misfortunes Cassandra (Phœbris) in her rage has predicted with her angry lips the God Apollo meanwhile having forbidden that she should be believed in I Hecuba when I first became pregnant foresaw what was to come nor have I at any time pretended to conceal my fears and thus I was the idle foolish prophet before Cassandra! No! it is not the cautious Ulysses nor the nocturnal companion of Ulysses (Diomedes) who has scattered those flames broadcast upon thee nor the treacherous Sinon (the Greek who introduced the wooden Horse) No! this is my especial fire! Thou art burning now from my torches (When Hecuba was passing through utero gestation she dreamt she would bring forth a burning torch so she did in the shape of Paris) But thou of old age why groanest thou over the ruins of the overthrown city? Ye that are sufferers look upon all these recent sources of lamentation Troy is now an ancient grievance a thing of the past I have witnessed that execrable crime the slaughter of the king (Priam) and a greater crime committed even than when Ajax approached to the very altars armed as he was and defiled Cassandra in the temple before the shrine of Minerva and that was when Pyrrhus savagely bent back the king's head with the old man's locks twisted up in his cruel hand and buried the sword deep down in the wound which the old man received without a murmur and when the savage

Placere quem non potuit et crede esse  
 Mortalis tui cardinem extremum premens?  
 Superique testes sceleris? & quondam sacrum  
 Regni jacentis? Ille tot regum parens  
 Cuiet sepulcro Priamus, & flamma indiget 55  
 Ardente Troja non tamen superis sit est  
 Dominum, ecce, Priami nuribus & natis legens  
 Sortitur urna praeda quem visis sequar?  
 Hic Hectoris conjugia despondet sibi,  
 Hic optat Heleni conjugem, hic Antenoris, 60  
 Nec deest tuos, Cassandra, qui thalamos petat  
 Meri fors timetur sola sum Durius metus  
 Lamenta cessant? turba, captivæ, mea,  
 Ferte palmis pectora, & plinctus date,  
 Et iusta Trojæ facite jandudum sonet 65  
 Fatalis Ide judiciis diri domus

### CHORUS TROADUM, HECUBA

Chorus Iliadum cum Hecuba exidium patriæ, Hectoris & Priami  
 mortem lugentium

**N**ON rude vulgus, lacrimisque novum  
 Lugee jubes hoc continuis  
 Egimus annis, ex quo tetigit  
 Phrygius Grajas hospes Amyclæ,  
 Secuitque fretum pinus mari 70  
 Sacra Cybellæ  
 Decies nivibus carnit Ide,  
 Ide nostris nudata rogis,  
 Et Sigeis trepidus campis  
 Decumis secuit messor aristas, 75  
 Ut nulla dies mœrore caret,  
 Sed nova fletus causa ministrat  
 Ito ad plinctus,  
 Miseramque leva, regina, manum 80  
 Vulgus dominam vile sequemur  
 Non indociles lugere fumus

deed was completely effected, the sword returned from the wound scarcely tinged with blood! What savage is there but Pyrrhus, who would not restrain himself, engaged in such a cruel act of slaughter, from pressing down his sword as far as it would go into the body of a man of extreme old age? and yet the Gods above were witnesses of that abominable wickedness! Priam, himself the sire of so many kings, is actually without a tomb, and whilst Troy itself is burning at every turn, he is denied the

flames himself! (the funeral pile and sepulture) Not how ever is this enough for the revengeful gods! Behold! the future lord and master whilst the urn is casting the lots each man is selecting his prize from amongst the daughters of Priam and the other women belonging to the royal family! Whose booty shall I be? a sorry one! This one promises himself the wife of Hector that one the wife of Helenus the other one is to be Antenor's nor will there be long wanting a wooer for thee! Cassandra! for thy hand in marriage my destiny is held in dread! I am only an object of fear with the Greeks! Will lamentations ever cease? Oh my followers—oh! my captive companions beat thy breasts with thy palms and give way to thy bewailings and at least do that last act of justice to thy—condolence! Let Ida the home of that cruel judge (Paris) and long ago an instrument in the hands of Fate now resound in response to thy cries!

### CHORUS OF THE TROJANS—HECUBA

The Chorus of Trojans bewail with Hecuba the destruction of their country and the death of Hector and Priam

#### CHORUS

**T**HOU invitest to tears no raw recruits in the art of weeping none to whom that is a new sort of thing! Why we have been engaged in weeping during many continuous years of misery from the time when first the Phrygian stranger visited the Grecian Amyclae and the craft built of the pine cut from Mount Ida sacred to Cybele our Magna Mater cut its way through the sea Ida has been covered with its white mantle of snow ten times and the forests of Ida have been cut down till they are quite bare of trees to supply fuel for our funeral piles and the timid husbandman fearing the enemy might come down upon him whilst at work at his harvest operations has reaped his tenth year's corn from the Sigæan plains! So that no time has ever been free from our troubles but a fresh cause now exists. Give yourselves up to your wailings and raise Oh! Queen! thy miserable hand (after the fashion of the Præficæ who were hired to assist at the funerals of the ancients putting on a professional style of mourning raising the hand in a peculiar manner) and we the wretched herd of mourners will imitate thee we are not altogether dull students in the art of mourning

HEC Fidæ casus nostrî comites, Solvite crinem per colla fluant Mœsta capilli tepido Trojæ	85
Pulvere tui pes paret exertos Turba lacertos veste remissâ Subfringe sinus, uteroque tenus Pateant artus cui conjugio Pectora velas, captive pudor!	90
Cingat tunicas palla solutas Vacet ad crebri verbera planctus Furibunda manus placet hic habitus, Placet agnosco Troada turbam Iterum luctus redeunt veteres	95
Solium fendi vincite morem Hectora flemus CHOR Solvimus omnes Lacerum multo funere crinem Coma demissa est libera nodo,	100
Sparsitque cinis fervidus oia HEC Complete manus hoc ex Trojâ Sumpsisse licet cadat ex humeris Vestis apertis imumque tegit Suffulta latus jam nuda vocant	105
Pectora dextas nunc nunc vires Exprobre, dolor, tuas Rhœtea fonent litora planctu Habitanisque cavis montibus Echo Non, ut solita est, extrema brevis	110
Verba remittat totos reddat Trojæ gemitus audiat omnis Pontus, & æther sævite, manus, Pulsi vasto tundite pectus Non sum solito contenta sono	115
Hectora flemus CHOR Tibi nostra ferit dextra lacertos, Humerosque ferit tibi fanguineos Tibi nostra caput dextera pulsat Tibi maternis ubera palmis	120
Laniata jacent fluit, & multo Sanguine manat, quæcumque tuo Funere feci, rupta cicatrix, Columnen patriæ, moira factorum, Tu præsidium Phrygibus fessis,	125
Tu murus eras, humerisque tuis	

HEC Oh! faithful fellow-sufferers in our affliction, let down your hair, let your locks fall upon your shoulders, let them even be soiled with the dust of Troy! Let the throng of women appear with their arms bared (token of tribulation), bind up thy dress, which is now hanging down with a belt fastened to it Let your lower limbs

be uncovered as far as the lower part of the abdomen (the pubic region in which the uterus lies) For what husbands are ye now concealing your bosoms! Oh! the modesty of a captive even! Let the long robe encircle your loose undergarments your unrestrainable hands will then be at liberty for the frequent manual indications of your grief (beating the breasts and other movements) Ah! this dress will do (seeing one of them carrying out instructions) this pleases me exactly! I shall recognize now the Trojan women (by these symbols of grief) Then the old style of crying is renewed put aside the accustomed fashion of weeping we must adopt a fresh kind of lamentations We are now weeping for Hector

CHOR We all let down our dishevelled locks with so much death around us—the hair is now lowered freed from the knot which gathered it up before and the ashes of burning Troy still hot are even sprinkled over our faces (The hair as they went along flinging it up on account of its length)

HEC Fill your hands with the ashes for the conquerors will think they have a right to take *them* even! Let thy garments fall from thy bared shoulders and cover the lower part of thy side supported in their position by a belt and now the naked breasts invite visitations (beatings) from thy right hands! Now! Now! let thy grief manifest itself by exerting thy energies—let the Rhœtean shores resound with thy cries not even does that nymph Echo send back the voice as she used to do they seem to fall off short with the last words when the voice drops! But she nevertheless will now send back (in full power) the universal groanings of oppressed Troy!—Every sea—every sky—(country) will hear us Impart vigorous energy to thy hand and beat thy breasts with firm blows—I am not content with ordinary sounds sound more loudly! we are weeping for Hector!

CHOR Our right hands are now beating our arms (the open palm of each hand striking with some force the supinator or external side of the fore arm opposite to it) we are beating our shoulders till they bleed, our right hands strike blows too on our heads and faces our full breasts are torn by the wounds inflicted by our maternal palms (suckling mothers) they flow and run with much blood we have done everything out of condolence for thy death—old cicatrices have even been opened up and bleed afresh! Oh! thou (quondam) prop of our country Oh! thou stronghold of the Phrygians wearied out with the



Stedit illa decem fultū per annos  
 Tecum cecidit summusque dies  
 Hec̄toris idem patriæque fuit  
 HEC Vertute planctus Priamo vestros 130  
 Fundite fletus satis Hec̄tor habet  
 CHOR Accipe, Hectori Phrygiæ, planctus  
 Accipe fletus, bis c̄rpte senex  
 Nil Troja semel te rege tulit  
 Bis pulsati Dardana Gryo 135  
 Mænia ferio, bisque phaietias  
 Passa Herculeas post elatos  
 Hecubæ partus, regumque gregem,  
 Postrema p̄ter funera cludis,  
 Magnoque Jovi victima cæsus 140  
 Sigea premis litorū truncus  
 HEC Alio lacrimas flectite vestris  
 Non est Priami miseranda mei  
 Mor̄, Iliades Felix Priamus,  
 Dicite cunctæ libei M̄ues 145  
 Vadit ad imos nec feret unquam  
 Victa Grajum cervice jugum  
 Non ille duos vidit Atidas,  
 Nec fallacem cernit Ulyss̄em  
 Non Argolici præda triumphū,  
 Subjecta feret colla tropæis 150  
 Non assuetas ad sceptra manus  
 Post terga dabit, curusque sequens  
 Agamemnonios, aurea dextra  
 Vincula gestans, lætis fiet 155  
 Pompa Mycenis CHOR Felix Priamus,  
 Dicimus omnes secum excedens  
 Sua regna tulit nunc Elysi  
 Nemoris tutis errat in umbis,  
 Interque piis felix animas 160  
 Hec̄tora querit Felix Priamus!  
 Felix, quisquis bello moriens  
 Omnia secum consumpta videt!

procrastinations of Fate—thou wast our wall of defence, and Troy has stood propped up by thy shoulders for ten long years, and it has fallen with thee! and thus the last day of Hector was the same last day for his country!

HEC Change thy form of bewailings—Pour forth thy tears for Priam—Hector has received a sufficient share

CHOR Hear, oh! quondam ruler of Phrygia, our cries, receive our lamentations, thou, old man, hast been a double captive (from thy country's service, secondly by death) Troy never suffered once, when thou! wast king—the

Dardanian walls have twice been carried by the Grecian sword—twice have they had to sustain the brunt of the Herculean arrows and after the sons of the king and the offspring of Hecuba had been carried out for sepulture thou oh! father closest in as the last of the royal deaths and as a sacrifice to Jupiter Herceus thou wast killed in front of the altar thy miserable body is now only pressed down by the Sigean soil (Priam was simply put under the ground) and not consumed by any fire according to custom!

HEC Now direct thy lamentations towards another theme it must not be now oh Priam we are miserable on account of thy loss—thou must all ye assembled Trojans now say—Happy Priam! he is now free and joins the Manes (formerly a prisoner now free) nor will Troy! now see the Grecian Yoke as the badge of subjugation around his conquered neck! He does not now behold the two Atridæ nor does he see the treacherous Ulysses nor will he suffer the indignity of having his neck labelled as a trophy of victory and carried along with the other spoils to add to the Grecian triumph! and he will not have to put his hands behind him in token of submission those hands that have wielded the Trojan sceptre—he will not have to follow the chariot of Agamemnon wearing the golden manacles on his right hand that he may be exhibited with all the elation of pompous display to gratify the people of Mycenæ (the city of Agamemnon)!

CHOR Happy Priam! let us all sing!—He has left his misfortunes behind and taken away his kingdom along with him—he is now wandering in safety amongst the Manes in the groves of Elysium! and happy whilst he is seeking for Hector amongst the pious spirits he finds there! Happy Priam! Happy is every warrior dying on the battle field who sees everything around him carried away with himself (taking his kingdom with him)!

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

## TALTHYBIUS, CHORUS TROADUM

Narrat Talthybius, apparuisse Achillis umbam, exprobratque Grecis ingratitude, postulasse, ut Polyxena, eius nupturam prætextu ipse interfectus est ad tumulum suum pro inferis mactaretur, alios Græcos non habituros ventum ad reditum

TAL	QUAM longa Darius semper in portu mora,	
	Seu petere bellum, petere seu patriam volunt	165
CHOR	Quæ causa ratibus faciat & Darius moram,	
	Effare, reduces quis Deus eludit vias	
TAL	Pavet immus artus horridus quassit tremor	
	Majora veris monstra via capiunt fidem	
	Vidi ipse, vidi summa iam litæra jugæ	170
	Stringebat ortus vicerat noctem dies	
	Cum subito creto terra mugitu fremens	
	Coneussæ, totos traxit ex imo sinus	
	Movete sibiæ exipit, & excelsum nemus	
	Fragore vasto tonuit, & lueus facer	175
	Idæa ruptis sava ceciderunt jugis	
	Nec sola tellus tremuit & pontus suum	
	Adesse Achillen sensit, ac stravit vada	
	Tum scissa vallis aperit immensos specus,	
	Et hiatus Erebi pervium ad superos ier	180
	Tellure fracta præbet ac tumulum levat	
	Emucit ingens umbra Thesæiæ duæ,	
	Threicia qualis una proludens ius	
	Jam, Troja, fatis stravit aut Neptunium	
	Cana nitentem perenhit juvenem comæ	185
	Aut eum inter acies Marte violento furens,	
	Corporibus omnes clusit, & querens iter	
	Tardus cruento Xanthus erravit vado	
	Aut cum superbo victor in curru stetit,	
	Egitque habenas, Hectorem & Trojam trahens,	190

## ACT II

## TALTHYBIUS—CHORUS OF THE TROJANS

Talthybius relates that the Ghost of Achilles has appeared, and reproves the Greeks for their ingratitude, and demanded that Polyxena, under the pretext of marriage with whom, he was slain, should be sacrificed at his tomb, as a propitiation to the infernal gods, otherwise the Greeks would not have the wind rendered favorable for their return

## TALTHYBIUS

**H**ow long is this delay? does the Greek mean to remain for ever in harbor? What does he want to do?—to seek for another war or return to his country?

**CHOR** What is the reason which occasions this delay in the departure of the ships and the detention of the Greeks tell us what deity stops the way of their return?

**TAL** My mind is growing fearful—a dreadful trembling seizes my entire frame—wonderful things so much more wonderful than what are known to be true the sun was just showing himself above the mountain tops and the dawn of day had chased away the night—when suddenly the earth was shaken by some internal shock rumbling with obscure roaring sounds which evidently derived all their powers from beneath the earth—the forest trees shook their lofty branches and the stately woods thundered forth with a tremendous crash as well as did the grove sacred to Cybele—the rocks of Ida fell down from the mountain side nor did the earth alone tremble but the sea perceived that its own Achilles was approaching and pacified its waves in recognition Then the valley rent in twain opened out to the view an immense cavern and the earth's surface being thus broken through this opening out of Erebus afforded an easy approach towards those living on the earth above and the stone which covered over the remains of Achilles became lifted up (the tomb) The huge ghost of Achilles the Thessalian general then stood forward and as a prelude to the recital of his victories said how he had subdued the Threician auxiliaries, such a thou art Oh! Troy handed over to thy destinies or he remarked how he had struck down the handsome son of Neptune Cycnus with his white locks (afterwards turned into a swan) or when raging amongst the hostile battalions in violent combat he actually choked up the rivers with the bodies he had slain and the gently flowing Xanthus seeking its level wandered out of its usual channels with its streams reddened with the blood of his enemies or when as a proud conqueror he stood up in his war chariot handling his proud reins and dragging in his train Hector and with him Troy itself Angry sounds fill the shore at every turn Go! go forth he says desist from any further honors to my Manes that are my due and get ready for starting over our country's seas weigh the anchors of thy ungrateful crafts—Greece shall not suffer from the anger of Achilles for a slight

Implevit omne litus irati fonus  
 Ite, ite inertes debitos manibus meis  
 Auferte honores solvite ingratas rates  
 Per nostram ituri maria non parvo luit  
 Iras Achilles Græcia at magno luet 195  
 Desponsam nostris cineribus Polyxenam  
 Pyrrhi manu macretur, & tumulum riget  
 Hæc fatus alta voce, dimisit diem,  
 Repetensque Ditem, merfus ingentem specum  
 Coeunte terra junxit immoti jacent 200  
 Tranquilla pelagi ventus abjecit muros,  
 Placidumque fluctu murmurat leni mare  
 Tritonum ab alto cecinit hymenæum chorus

PYRRHUS, AGAMEMNON, CALCHAS

Agamemnonis cum Pyrrho jurgia super Polyxenam compefcit Calchas

PYRRHUS **C**UM læta pelago vela rediturus dares,  
 Excidit Achilles cujus unius manu 205  
 Impulsa Troja, [corruit tandem solo,  
 Brevis repensans] quidquid adjecit more  
 [Seyros, fretumque Lesbos Ægæum fecans]  
 Illo remoto, dubia quo caderet, stetit  
 Velis licet, quod petitur, ac properes dare, 210  
 Seio es daturus jam suum cuncti duces  
 Tulere pretium que minor merces potest  
 Tantæ dari virtuti? an is meruit parum,  
 Qui, fugeie bellum iustus, & longa sedens  
 Ævum senectâ degere, ac Pylæi fenis 215  
 Transcendere annos, evuens matris dolos,  
 Falsisque vestes, fassus est armis virum?  
 Inhospitâli Telephus regno impotens  
 Dum Mysiæ ferocis introitus negat,  
 Rudem cruore regio dextram imbuat, 220  
 Fortemque eandem sensit & mitem manum  
 Cecidere Thebæ vidit Eetion capi  
 Sua regna victus clade subversa est pari  
 Imposita celfo parva Lyrnessos jugo,  
 Captaque tellus nobilis Briseide, 225  
 Et, causa litis regibus, Chryse jacet,

matter, but it shall suffer grievously for a grave one! Let Polyxena be sacrificed to my ashes by Pyrrhus, and let her lie rigid in the arms of death, at my tomb (cadaveric rigidity) Having spoken thus in a thundering voice, he left the light of day, down he entered the immense cavern, and the earth closed up, and the untroubled sea lay as in a perfect calm—the winds left off their boister-

ous howlings and the placid ocean only whispered with the gentlest of ripples and the chorus of Sea Gods (Tritons) sang from out of the depths of the blue blue sea a joyous marriage anthem (*epithalamium*)

### PYRRHUS—AGAMEMNON—CALCHAS

Calchas settles the strife between Agamemnon and Pyrrhus respecting Polyxena.

#### PYRRHUS

WHILST just about to return thou art setting thy rejoicing sails to ply the ocean waves—Achilles is no more he by whose hand alone Troy has been overthrown What adds to our delay? (at last Troy was beginning to crumble rized to the ground but Achilles consoling himself for a short time had tarried at Scyros and Lesbos which divides the *Ægean* sea) he being at a distance Troy remained doubtful when she would ultimately fall It is now in thy power and hasten to set sail the thing which thou hast been seeking for It is quite right that thou shouldst wish and even hasten to give what is sought for in honor of Achilles but thou art now too late to give any of the spoils every general amongst us has already borne away his prize indeed what less recognition could there be for such valor (as ye have displayed) But! alas! does not Achilles deserve a little he who was distinctly ordered to avoid war and by keeping quiet  
old age and ever  
to the old King c

mother's artful contrivances (woman's clothes) and false attire and did he not proclaim himself to be the man for arms and warfare? And when that insolent Telephus king of an inhospitable kingdom denied him a passage through that wild country Mysia Achilles imbued his inexperienced hand with the blood of that royal obstacle (at that time Achilles was a mere tyro in the art of war) and that gave him an insight into the strength of his arm as well as the mildness and gentleness with which he could use it when required of him! He showed his mildness of heart afterwards by curing the wound of Telephus (he had learned medicine and surgery from Chiron the Centaur)—Thebes fell by his hands—Eetion (father of Andromache having been vanquished saw that his kingdom had fallen from him—the little city of Lyrnessus met with a similar overthrow and was subjected

Et nota fama Tenedos, & quæ pascuo  
 Fœcunda pingui Thracios nutrit greges,  
 Syros, fretumque Lesbos Ægeum secans,  
 Et sacra Phœbo Cilla quid<sup>3</sup> quis illuit 230  
 Vernis Crycus gurgitem attolens aquis<sup>3</sup>  
 Hæc tanta clades gentium ac tantus pavor,  
 Sparse tot urbes, turbinis vasti modo,  
 Alterius esset gloriæ ac summum decus  
 Iter est Achillis sic meus venit pater, 235  
 Et tanta gessit bella, dum bellum parat  
 Ut alia sileam merita, non unus satis  
 Hector fuisse<sup>3</sup> Ilium vicit pater,  
 Vos dirivitis inclitis ludes juvat,  
 Et clara magni facta genitoris sequi 240  
 Jacuit peremptus Hector ante oculos patris,  
 Patriique Memnon, cujus ob luctum parens  
 Pallente mœstum protulit vultu diem,  
 Suique victor operis exemplum horruit,  
 Didicitque Achilles, & Dei natos mori 245  
 Tum sæva Amazon ultimus cecidit timor  
 Debes Achilli, merita si digne æstimas,  
 Et si Mycenis virginem atque Argis petat  
 Dubitatur etiam<sup>3</sup> placita nunc subito improbas<sup>3</sup>  
 Priamique natam Pelei nato ferum 250  
 Mastare credis<sup>3</sup> at tuam natam parens  
 Helenæ immolasti solita jam & facta expelo  
 AGAM Juvenile vitium est, regere non posse impelum  
 Ætatis alios fervor hic primæ rapit,  
 Pyrrhum paternus spiritus quondam truces, 255  
 Minasque tumidi lentus Æacidæ tuli  
 Quo plura possis, plura patienter feras  
 Quid cæde dira nobilem clari ducis  
 Aspergis umbiam<sup>3</sup> noscere hoc primum decet,  
 Quid facere victori debeat, victus pati 260

to his exalted power, and that noble country with the captured daughter of Brises, Briseis or Hippodamia, and Chryse, daughter of Chryses, who was the cause of the dispute between the Kings, Agamemnon and Achilles, lay at his feet, and Tenedos of well-known reputation (it was here the Greeks concealed themselves to induce the Trojans to think they had departed before they had finished the siege, and the fertile Syros, which fattened the Thracian herds with its luxuriant pastures, and Lesbos which divides the Ægean Sea (here Achilles fell in love with Apriates, and this love-making episode retarded his arrival at the seat of war—See Line—"repensans") And Cilla (Troados) sacred to Apollo, and what shall I add to these conquests, Oh the regions which the Caycus (a river of Mysia with its rising waters) bathes with—its

spring tide streams—Such wholesale slaughter of hostile peoples and such terror as they all felt—So many cities scattered as it were as if by means of some enormous whirlwind! Should all this glory and extraordinary renown be placed to the credit of another? Thus then is the Itinerary of Achilles thus did my father come upon the scene and wage so many small wars whilst he was preparing for the great war *the War!* (Trojan) and if I were inclined to be silent as to his other claims was not the overthrow of Hector enough to confirm my statements? My father conquered Troy—ye others have broken it up—it is gratifying to chant his glorious praises and to blazon forth the illustrious deeds of so noble a father Hector lay slain before the very eyes of his father (Priam) as also did Memnon before his uncle (Uncle on the father's side) whose parent presented a pallid visage on account of his intense grief for many a sorrowful day and the Conqueror himself was horrified at the spectacle which he had been the means of bringing about and Achilles learned then that the sons of Goddesses even could die! (Memnon was the son of Aurora) —Then the savage Amazon Queen Penthesilea the last object of danger fell by the sword of Achilles! Ye are all indebted to Achilles if ye take his deeds and services at a proper valuation although he did single out the virgins at Mycenæ and Argos! Why then is there any hesitation? Why do ye condemn suddenly without thinking of the decrees which have gone forth? (The sacrifice of Polyxena) Is it because ye think it so cruel to sacrifice a daughter of Priam for the sake of the son of Peleus? but thou as a parent hast sacrificed thy own daughter for Helen's benefit before! (that is, in order to obtain favorable winds to rescue Helen thou sacrificedst Iphigenia in order to obtain the same for the Greeks I propose to sacrifice Polyxena! (to the Mances of Achilles!))

AGAM It is one of the great faults of youth not to be able to curb its impetuosity but this hot headedness of impatient manhood has characterized others besides thyself—the old paternal spirit and fierce haughtiness seem revived in thee Pyrrhus! for I have quite submissively put up  
 es (the *Ælaciæ*  
 vas) The more  
 more thou wilt  
 be able to bear with patience—why dost thou desire to tarnish the fair fame of so illustrious a general as Priam with the cruel slaughter of his daughter? It is right to admit at once how far a conqueror ought to go and how



Violentæ nemo imperia continuit diu  
 Moderata durant quoque Fortuna altius  
 Evexit ac levavit humanas opes,  
 Hoc se magis supprime felicem decet,  
 Variosque casus tremere, meluentem Deos 265  
 Nilvum faventes magnæ momento obrui  
 Vincendo didici Troja nos tumidos facit  
 Nilvum ac feroces stamus hoc Divi loco,  
 Unde illa cecidit fateor, aliquando impotens  
 Regno ac superbus, altius memet tuli 270  
 Sed fregit illos spiritus hæc, quæ dare  
 Potuisset alii, causa, Fortunæ favori  
 Tu me superbum, Priame, tu timidum facis  
 Ego esse quidquam sceptræ, nisi vano putem  
 Fulgore tectum nomen, & falso comam 275  
 Vinclo decentem casus hæc rapiet brevis,  
 Nec mille forsan ratibus, aut annis decem  
 Non omnibus Fortuna tam lenta imminet  
 Equidem fatebor (pace dixisse hoc tua,  
 Argiva tellus, liceat) affligi Phrygas 280  
 Vincique volui ruere, & æquari solo,  
 Etiam arcuisssem sed regi frenis nequit  
 Et ira & ardens hostis, & victoria  
 Commissa nocti quidquid indignum aut ferum  
 Cuiquam videri potuit, hoc fecit dolo, 285  
 Tenebræque, per quas ipse se irritat suoi,  
 Gladiusque felix, cujus insecti semel  
 Vecors libido est quidquid everse potest  
 Superesse Trojæ, maneat, exactum sitis  
 Pœnarum, & ultra est regia ut virgo occidat, 290  
 Tumuloque donum detur, & cineres riget,  
 Et facinus atro cædis ut thalamos vocem,  
 Non patitur in me culpa cunctiorum redit  
 Qui non vetat peccare, cum possit, jubet  
 PYRRH Nullumne Achilles præmium manes ferent? 295  
 AGAM Ferent, & illum laudibus cuncti canent,  
 Magnumque terræ nomen ignotæ audient

far, at the same time, the conquered party, ought to be made to suffer. No one goes on for long with violent measures, whilst the moderate exercise of power lasts—sometimes, mere chance has called forth and magnified human endeavours, far higher than there was any right to expect! It is more becoming in a successful man, to impose some restraint upon himself, and to go in fear of the fluctuations of fortune, rather dreading the deities than otherwise, when they might appear too kind!—I have learned in my experience, as a conqueror, that great events can be brought about most unexpectedly, in a moment, in fact! Does our Trojan success render us

puffed up and too severely inclined? As Greeks we are remaining in this place where Troy has fallen I confess freely I am sometimes austere in my rule and inspired with proud ideas! But the accidental circumstance of power the gift of fortune has curbed that spirit for that fortune might have given the same thing to another! Thou oh! Priam! When I think of thy fate it makes me proud one minute and distrustful of what may happen the next Can I suppose any thing but that a sceptre is only an empty name a thing varnished over with unmeaning splendor and the setting off a head with a pretentious diadem (crown) which outside is all joy and happiness whilst it contains inside all the elements of bitterness and misery—A small accident will snatch it away—it would not require perhaps a thousand war ships and a ten years campaign to effect this for fortune does not hover over the heads of mankind at all times at such a slow pace although I am bound to acknowledge I may be permitted to observe oh! my Grecian father land for thy peace of mind it was I who wished that the Phrygians should be conquered utterly fall and be levelled to the ground and I ever contended against them most determinedly and one's anger is unwilling to be under qualifying restraint then there was the raging enemy to reckon with and one culminating achievement was the memorable night attack (the admission of the horse) and whatever could by any process of reasoning be deemed unworthy of our dignity or cruel as the invaders—our grievance (the abduction of Helen) recounts for all this! and the darkness which of itself goads you on to still further rage and the victorious sword which when it has once been stained with blood requires a mad thirst for more but whatever now remains of overthrown Troy by all means let it so remain! enough punishment! has been exacted and beyond what Troy has already suffered why should a royal maiden fall a sacrifice and be served up as a donation to a miserable tomb to be made stiff in death to propitiate the Manes and how can I construe a black crime of murder into a marriage ceremony? I will not permit it the justly merited obloquy of every body would recoil upon me! He who does not forbid a crime when he has it in his power to do so practically only orders it to be committed!

PYR Dost thou mean to argue, that the Manes of Achilles are to receive no testimonial of any kind

AG All men offer what they choose and all men may sing of him in songs of praise—all the known regions of

Quod si levatur sanguine infuso eunt, Optima Phrygiæ colla eruantur gregis Fluatque nulli flebile matri cruor	300
Quis iste mos est, quando in inferiæ homo est Impensus hominibus detrahe invidiam tuo Odiunq; patri, quem eoli pœna jubet,	
PYRRI O tumide rerum dum secundarum statum I tollit nimos, tumide, eum inersit metus	305
Regum tyrannæ, pœnne strummatum peris Amore subito pectus, ac Veneris novæ Solutne totius spolia de nobis serent	
Hæc dextra Aehilli victimam reddam suam Quam si negas retinesque majorem dabo,	310
Dignamque, quam det Pyrrhus & nimum dui A erede nostræ regni cæstræ manus, Pœnamque poscit Priamus AGAM Haud equidem nro	
Hoc esse Pyrrhi maximum in bello decet, Sevo percussus ense quod Priamus pœci	315
Supplex paternus PYRII Supplices nostri patris, Hostesque eosdem novimus Priamus tamen Presens rogavit tu gravi pœvulus metu Nec ad rogandum fortis, Vrci pœces	
Ithæoq; mandas, elusus, atque hostem tremen-	320
AGAM At non timebat tunc iuus fatcor pœci, Interque erdes Græciæ, atque istis ralis, Segnis pœcebat, belli & armorum inmemor Levi emoram verberans plectro chelym	
PYRRI Tunc magnus Hæctor armæ contemnens tur, Cantus Aehillis timuit & tanto in metu Navalibus pœcæ alta Thessalicis fuit	325
AGAM Nempe istdem in istis Thessalis navalibus Pœcæ alta rursus Hæctoris patris fuit	
PYRRI Est regis alti, spiritum regi dare	330

the earth will in process of time, hear of his great fame, but if his Manes can be appeased in any way, by the simple letting of blood, why, the primest of the Phrygian herds can be slaughtered for the occasion—but let no blood be spilled to invoke the tears of a mourning mother! By-the-bye, what new custom is this, when a living man is to be considered an indispensable sacrifice to the Manes of a dead one? dismiss therefore all thoughts from thy mind, as to this invidious and repulsive sacrifice to thy father, whom in fact thou art adjudging to be appeased by the death of a royal Virgin!

PYR Oh thou puffed up man, as long as thy surroundings pander to thy proud spirit, but, oh! thou craven one, when fear finds its way into thy heart (proud in prosperity, cast down in adversity) Oh! thou very tyrant

amongst Kings art thou suddenly assuming a state of mind fired by amorous longings and for some fresh Venus Polyxena as thou formerly didst with Chryse and Cassandra? Or dost thou alone lay claim to the prizes so many times taken from our family (Briseis) from a father who was living and denying Polyxena to the Mines of my dead father? With this right hand I will render to Achilles the sacrifice which is his due which if thou refusest and keepest back I will give him a greater one (thyself) and one which Pyrrhus would give worthy of the cause and my hand has rested too long already from the shedding of royal blood and Priam deserves a companion (Priam's case requires the death of something as a companion to be slain by my hand)

AG Indeed I do not deny that the achievement of Pyrrhus was the most glorious deed done during the whole of the war when Priam lay killed by thy cruel sword, when he presented himself as a paternal suppliant (said ironically)

PYR We have known him in both capacities as the suppliant of my father spared events Priam as a suppliant not having the courage to ask for thyself remained shut up in thy tent and trembled as if thou wert afraid to face the enemy, and entrusted thy requests to Ulysses and Ajax

AG I am ready to acknowledge that thy father went in no sort of fear even while slaughter was going on at an alarming rate amongst the Greeks and their ships were being burnt wholesale—He could afford to be quite indifferent and quite oblivious of such things as war and armaments striking with the delicate plectrum (quill or bow) his harmonious lute

PYR Then the mighty Hector who looked upon thy arms with contempt was even of Achilles and a the Thessalian war ship existed

AG Dost thou mean to imply that Hector's father was again the cause of the profound peace amongst those Thessalian war ships?

PYR It is the part of one exalted King to spare another king as my father did Priam

AGAM	Cur dextrā regi spiritum eripuit tua?	
PYRRH	Mortem misericors sæpe pro vita dabit	
AGAM	At nunc misericors virgines busto petis	
PYRRH	Jamne immolari virgines credis nefas?	
AGAM	Præferre patriam liberis regem decet	335
PYRRH	Lex nullū capto parcat, aut pœnam impedit	
AGAM	Quod non vetat lex, hoc vetat fieri pudor	
PYRRH	Quodcunque libuit facere victori, licet	
AGAM	Minimum decet libere, cui multum licet	
PYRRH	His ista jactas, quos decem annorum gravi	340
	Regno subactos Pyrrhus exfolvit jugo?	
AGAM	Hos Scyrus animos? PYRRH Scelere quæ fructum caret	
AGAM	Inclusa fluctu PYRRH Nempe cognati maris	
	Atrei & Thyestæ nobilem novi domum	
AGAM	Ex virginis concepte furtivo stupro,	345
	Et ex Achille nate, sed nondum vivo	
PYRRH	Illo ex Achille, genere qui mundum suo	
	Sparfus per omnem cœlitum regnum tenet,	
	Thetide æquor, umbras Æaco, cœlum Jove	
AGAM	Illo ex Achille, qui manu Paridis jacet	350
PYRRH	Quem nec Deorum comminus quisquam petuit	
AGAM	Compescere equidem verba, & auidcem malo	
	Poteram domare sed meus captus quoque	
	Scit parcere ensis potius interpres Deum	
	Calchas vocetur fata si poscunt, dabo	355
	Tu, qui Pelasgæ vincla solvisti rati,	

AG Why did it please thee then to take away the life of that king with thy murderous right hand?

PYR Often times a man is doing an act of piety, when he grants a man death (in taking away his life)

AG And now as a merciful man I suppose thou art on the look out for virgins for sacrifices (said in bitterest irony)

PYR And hast thou come at last, to think it wicked for virgins to be sacrificed?

AG It becomes a king to think more of his country than even his own sons and daughters

PYR No law spares a captive, or prevents the punishment of one

AG What does the law not forbid, shame sometimes forbids to be done

PYP It is permissible that a conqueror should do what it pleases him to do

AG The man to whom great power is accorded should be pleased to exercise it as little is possible

PYP Thou art throwing these remarks at those who have put up with thy own rule for these ten years and I Pyrrhus amongst the number have groined under thy yoke

AG Did that ignoble country Scyros inoculate thee with this frame of mind?

PYP Yes where the country was not tainted with the crimes of the brothers Atreus and Thyestes

AG Thou meanest where thou wast shut in by the waves

PYP Yes! that is true as a blood relation of Thetis (Thetis was the mother of my father) but I have learned nevertheless all about the noble dynasty of Atreus and Thyestes

AG And thyself conceived through the illicit violation of a virgin's modesty and a son of that Achilles who had not as yet revealed his sex as a man (Deidamia daughter of Lycomedes king of Scyros bore a son Pyrrhus to Achilles who was disguised at her father's court in female apparel and went by the name of Pyrrha)

PYP Yes from that Achilles who on account of his consanguinity is interspersed with the race of Gods who rule every kingdom in the world Thetis who rules the sea Æacus the infernal regions and Jupiter the heavens!

AG From the warlike Achilles who fell by the hand of that effeminate Paris (said in contempt)

PYP Whom not one of the gods ever sought to en counter face to face

AG I could certainly make thy language a little more tolerable and might visit thy audacity with punishment but my sword knows also how to spare even my prisoners I would rather that thou Calchas who hast let loose the chains that have held back the Grecian fleets and have put a stop to this protracted war who revealest the wonders of the heavens with thy mystic arts to whom

Morasque bellis, arte qui referas polum,  
 Cui viscerum secreta, cui mundi fragor,  
 Et stella longa semitam flamma trahens  
 Dant signa fati, cuius ingenti mihi  
 Mercede constant ora, quid jubeat Deus  
 Effare, Calcha, nosque consilio rege  
 CAL Dant fata Danaï, quo solent pretio, viam  
 „Maestanda viro est Thessali busto ducis,  
 „Sed quo jugari Thessalæ cultu solent,  
 „Ionidesve, vel Mycenææ nurus  
 „Pyrrhus parenti conjugem tradat suo  
 „Sic rite dabitur non tamen nostras tenet  
 „Hæc una puppes causa nobilior tuo,  
 „Polyæne, cruore debetur cruori,  
 „Quem fata quærunt turre de summa cadat  
 „Priami nepos Hectoræus, & letum oppetat  
 „Tum mille velis impleat classis freta

160

335

365

340

370

345

## CHORUS TROADUM

Chorus e mulieribus Trojanis, tam mente, quam corpore captis,  
 quo Achillis animam apparuisse neget, ex Epicuri sententiâ,  
 quæ nec Stoicorum multo sanior, stulte & (ut  
 semel de toto Choro moneam) impie ani-  
 mam cum corpore interire aſſertit

350

355

**V**ERUM est? an timidos fabula decipit,  
 Umbras corporibus vivere conditis?  
 Cum conjux oculis imposuit manum,  
 Supremusque dies solibus obstitit,  
 Et tristis cineres urna coercent,  
 Non prodest animam tradere funeri,  
 Sed restat miseris vivere longius?  
 An toti morimur? nullaque pars manet  
 Nostræ, cum profugo spiritus halitu  
 Immixtus nebulis cessit in æra,  
 Et nudum tetigit subdita fax latus?

375

life

380

hen

rt on  
erest

the secrets hidden in the entrails of animals when inspected  
 by thee, to whom the thunders of the sky serve as a wicked  
 guide and "that elongated star" (comet) which drags  
 path along with a long flaming tail—all those give the  
 sure interpretation of the will of the Fates and w<sup>icked</sup>  
 utterances afford me valuable consolation Oh! Cal country  
 what does the deity command thee to say? guide m<sup>y</sup>  
 thy counsel! he punish-

CAL The Fates are affording a passage to the  
 on the terms laid down, as they are accustomed to sometimes

by which thou must abide. A virgin Polyxena must be sacrificed at the tomb of the Thessalian general Achilles but dressed in the same kind of marriage clothes as the Thessalian women are in the habit of wearing at their nuptials with the women of Ionia or the maidens of Mycenæ in attendance. Pyrrhus will hand over the bride to his father so that the ceremony may be conducted with all the proper rites not however is this the only impediment which is detuning the ship—blood more noble than thine Polyxena is demanded and—the male offspring of Hector is the one whom the Fates require—let the grandson of Ilium (Hector's son) Astyanax be let to fall from the highest tower and meet his death. Then shall the fleet crowd the sea with its thousand full set sails!

### CHORUS OF TROJANS

The Chorus of the Trojan women who are captives apparently as much in the mind as they are in the body deny that Achilles appeared as a spirit and thus they assume from the doctrine of Epicurus which is not much sounder than that of the Stoics who frivolously and (as I at once pronounce is the gist of the whole chorus) impiously assert that the soul dies for ever with the body!

Is it true or does a trumped up story mislead and deceive the timid portion of mankind—that the souls of men continue to live after their bodies have been disposed of either by burial or cremation and when the wife performs her last act towards her deceased spouse gently pressing his eyelids with her fingers (this was always done amongst the ancients by the nearest relative) and the last day of mortal existence has effectually shut out life and light and the trustful urn returns the ashes of the dead—is it of no use to hand over the soul to the funeral pile but does it remain to the credit of its miserable possessor and maintain a protracted existence here after? Or do we die body and soul entirely when we leave this earth? And does no part of us remain? When life with its fleeting breath passes away into the air and becomes mixed with the clouds whilst the torch placed beneath the naked carcass reaches its victim and it is consumed! Whatever the rising or the setting sun has any cognizance of or whatever object the Ocean washes with its blue waves at its recurring flowing or ebbing rapacious time seizes with the rapidity of Pegasus himself (the winged horse sprung from the blood of Medusa) in





these Stygian lakes which claim oathful allegiance from the Gods! When he quits the regions above the living world it is ever the same—as the dirty smoke from the kindled fires ascends and vanishes after its very short journey and as the fury of Arctic Boreas drives before it and dissipates the clouds heavily charged with rain so the spirit which animates our bodies and regulates the term of existence will pass away after death there is nothing—death itself is nothing only the most recent arrival or goal reached in the velocity of space! Let the avaricious ones discard their hopes (who would expect happiness after death) and let the anxious ones set aside their fears (who would fear punishment after death) Dost thou betray any curiosity to know where thou wouldst rest after death? Where do those rest that have not come into existence at all? Rapacious time swallows us up and we merge into chaos! Death is the inseparable bugbear of the body nor does it spare the soul any more than it does that body! The story of Tænarus the descent to the infernal regions and the kingdom under that relentless ruler (Pluto) and about the dog Cerberus which blocks the way and guards that not very easy approach—all this is nonsense! empty stories idle talk—and only on a par with the terrors revealed during a frightful nightmare!

### ACT III

#### ANDROMACHE—OLD MAN—ULYSSES

The wife of Hector having taken alarm at a vision in her dream hides away her son in his father's tomb Ulysses in his cleverness discovering where he was drags him forth to meet his death as soon as he is removed from his place of concealment

#### ANDROMACHE

**W**HY do ye oh! Trojan women my sorrowing subjects rend thy locks and beating thy forlorn bosoms inundate thy cheeks with thy profuse weeping We have suffered only light troubles as yet if we can only restrain our grief from injuring ourselves through its excess—Up to the present time Troy has only fallen from thee and quite lately fell from me in a similar way when the fierce conqueror seized my Hector his horses being urged on to full speed and the axle of the chariot

Mea membra iapeiet, & gravi gemitet sono  
 Peliacus axis pondere Hectoreo tremens  
 Tunc obiuta atque everfa, quodcunque incidit,  
 Torpens malis rigensque, sine fenfu fero 420  
 Jam erepta Danais conjugem fequeier meum,  
 Nifi hic teneret hic meos animos domat,  
 Morique prohibet cogit hic aliquid Deos  
 Adhuc rogare tempus æumnæ addidit  
 Hic mihi malorum maximum fructum abftulit, 425  
 Nihil timere profperis rebus locus  
 Fieptus omnis dira, qua veniant, habent  
 Miferimem eft timere, cum fperes nihil  
 SEN Quis te repens commovit afflictam metus?  
 ANDR Exoritur aliquid majus e magno malum 430  
 Nondum ruentis Ili fatum ftetit  
 SEN Et quis reperiet, ut velit, clades Deus?  
 ANDR Stygis profundæ clauftra, & obfcuri fpecus  
 Læantur &, ne defit everfis metus,  
 Hoftes ab uno conditi Dite exeunt 435  
 Solifne retro perivium eft Danaus iter?  
 Certe æqua mors eft turbat atque agitat Phrygas  
 Communis ifte torior hic proprie meum  
 Exteriet animum noctis horrendæ fopor  
 SEN Quæ vifa portent, effei in medium, metus 440  
 ANDR Partes fere nox alma tranfierat duas,  
 Clarumque feptem veterant ftelle jugum  
 Ignota tandem venit afflicte quies,  
 Brevifque feffis fomnus obiepsit genis,  
 Si fomnus ille eft mentis attonite ftupor, 445  
 Cum fubito noftros Hectoi ante oculos ftetit  
 Non qualis ultio bella in Argivos ferens,  
 Grajas petebat facibus Idæis iates,  
 Nec cæde multa qualis in Danaos furens  
 Vera ex Achille fpolia fimulato tulit 450  
 Non ille vultus flammæum intendens jubat,

of Achilles creaking with a tremendous sound, as it trembled with the weight of Hector, as he was being dragged round the walls! Then down-trodden—overcome—I bore whatever came next, with my senses completely gone, benumbed and petrified by my calamities, and then I felt, as if I could have followed my Hector, as a voluntary captive to the Greeks, unless this little son had not held me back—it was he who calmed down my demented feelings and forbade me to die, and it is he, who now forces me to ask something from the unwilling gods—time has added to my misery—he it is, who has relieved me of a great portion of my misfortunes—enabled me to fear nothing, although every thing around is void of an auspicious outlook—things are dreadful, from whatever

source they flow but it is painfully wretched to have to fear when one is not able to hold out the encouragement of any hope to oneself!

O M What fear creeping upon thee has moved thee thus in thy affliction?

ANDR Some greater calamity is likely to arise out of the one which is already grievous enough not yet has the fate of Troy been done with!

O M And what deity even if he wills to do so will find out what that calamity is to be?

ANDR The entrances to the Stygian depths and the dark caves of Pluto's kingdom are now open and lest any fear should not be felt by the conquered ones as to their fate enemies hidden down in the lowest depths of Hell make their appearance and walk the earth and is there no retrogression left for any one only for the Greeks. Death is certainly an established fact for all and one universal terror invades and troubles every Trojan alike (the appearance of Achilles) but my sleep of last night horrible to relate frightens my mind in a peculiar way (her frightful dream)

O M What visions have inspired thee with such alarm put me in possession of their nature

ANDR The night of her second vigil (the vigils—the Romans 1 first middle and in the Greeks) and the had not yet reverse Arcas) at last sleep which is such a stranger to the wretched supervened and a short slumber visited my weary eyelids when suddenly Hector stood before my eyes (in my sleep) not however as he was waging war with the Greeks with such determination and went so eagerly in search for the Grecian ships with burning torches from the forests of Ida nor such as he was when raging against the Greeks he took veritable spoils (namely his life from the sham Achilles (Patroclus) accoutred with the arms of Achilles whom he tried to resemble—Hector slew him) and not with that countenance which looked like a flashing meteor but a weary and cast down expression and worn out with weeping but still like my own dear Hector—his head though covered with slovenly

Sed fessus ac dejectus, & fletu gravis,  
 Simulisque nostro, squallida oblectus coma  
 Juvat timen vidisse tum quaffans caput,  
 Dispelle somnos, inquit, & nartum eripe, 455  
 O fida conjux Interit hæc una est salus  
 Omittit fletus Troja quod cecidit, gemis<sup>2</sup>  
 Utinam jaceiet tota<sup>1</sup> festinam amove  
 Quocumque nostre parvulum stirpem domus  
 Mibi gelidus horror ac tremor somnium excutit, 460  
 Oculosque nunc huc prœvidi, nunc illuc frens,  
 Oblita nati, misera quæsiivi Hæctorem  
 Fallax per ipsos umbra complexus abiit  
 O nate, magni certi progenies patris,  
 Spes una Phrygibus, unica afflicta domus, 465  
 Veterisque soboles fringuis nimium incliti,  
 Nimumque patri similis hos vultus meus  
 Habebat Hæctor talis incessu fuit,  
 Habituque talis sic tulit fortes manus  
 Sic celsus humeris, fronte sic torva morax, 470  
 Cervice fufam dissipans liti comam  
 O nate, sero Phrygibus, ut natri cito,  
 Eritue tempus illud, ac felix dies,  
 Quo Troici descensor & vindex soli,  
 Recidiva ponas Pergamæ, & sparsos fuga 475  
 Cives reducas<sup>2</sup> nomen & patriæ suum,  
 Phrygibusque reddas<sup>2</sup> Sed mei fati memmor,  
 Tam magna timeo vota quod captis fat est,  
 Vivamus heu me, quis locus fidus meo  
 Erit timori<sup>2</sup> quave te sede occultam<sup>2</sup> 480  
 Arx illa pollens opibus & munitis Dæum,  
 Gentes per omnes claua, & invidiæ cupra,  
 Nunc pulvis altus statura sunt flamma omnium,  
 Superestque vasta ex urbe ne tantum quidem  
 Quo Interit infans quem locum frudi legam<sup>2</sup> 485  
 Est tumulus ingens conjugis cari ficer,  
 Verendus hosti, mole quem immensa patens  
 Opibusque magnis struxit, in luctus suos  
 Rex non avarus optime credam patri  
 Sudor per artus frigidus totos cadit 490  
 Omen tremisco misera feralis loci  
 SEN Hæc causa multos una ab interitu arcuat,

locks, oh! it did delight me, whatever his condition was, to see him, then nodding his head, he said Rouse thyself from thy sleepy mood, and without delay, seize upon our son and put him in some place of concealment—this is our only safety! Leave off thy weeping Dost thou grieve because Troy has fallen—I wish that it had fallen through and through Hasten, remove the little representative of our

dynasty wherever he may be — A cold chill and shivering, shook me out of my sleep — one minute I cast my eyes in one place then shifted them to another bewildered and forgetting all about my son I in my misery craved for Hector again and then the delicate apparition eluded my embraces. Oh! my son the versatile progeny of an illustrious father — the one hope is left to the Trojan and the solitary one of our wretched Dynasty the offspring of an exceedingly ancient race and of a wonderfully true resemblance to his father — My Hector possessed thy features exactly — thy walk is like his was and the general manner and style the same as his — and like thee my Hector had a powerful frame like thee a lofty carriage and just the same commanding expression on his determined face and like thee wearing his hair gracefully hanging down over his broad shoulders! Oh! my soul too late to be in aid and defence to thy country and too soon for me as thou art now the source of anxiety and solicitous fears! Will ever that time arrive and that lucky day be seen when as the avenger and defender of the Trojan soil when thou wilt raze up Pergamus a ruin out of its ruins and summon back its exiled subjects wherever they may be) and restore to the Trojans their country and all their ancient renown! But although thoroughly alive as to what my own fate will be ultimately and although I dread to wish for too much and what is thought quite sufficient for captives to expect I must say let our lives be spared to us! Ah! me! what place is to be depended upon to conceal the object of my anxiety (her son) in what nook shall I hide my son's that citadel once so proud in its military resources and the fortifications built by the Gods (Neptune and Apollo) its renown acknowledged by every nation and the envy of every country is now nothing but dust and ruins and the debris is scattered about the work of the flames! Does there not remain indeed a single place in this vast city, which I can single out to assist me in my scheme of concealment? Yes! There is a huge tomb sacred to the memory of our dear Hector who struck very terror into his enemies which his father Priam who was not a grasping monarch built with great pains and at an enormous expense as a monument of his deep sorrow. A cold sweat breaks out over my entire body and in my misery I shudder at the bad omen naturally suggested by such a mournful place!

O M When it has been given out that people have perished such a reason alone has rescued many from the fate of a real burial

Credi pernisse	ANDR	Vix spei quidquam est super	
Grave pondus illum, magna nobilitas, premit			
SEN	Ne prodit aliquis, amove testes doli		495
ANDR	Si quæret hostis?	SEN	Urbe in eversa perit
ANDR	Quid proderit latuisse redituro in manus?		
SEN	Victori feroces impetus primos habet		
ANDR,	Quid? quod latere sine metu magno nequit?		
SEN	Miser occupet præsidia, securus legit		500
ANDR	Quis te locus, quæ regio seducta, mura		
Tuto reponet?	quis sciet trepidis opem?		
Quis proteget?	qui semper, etiam nunc tuos,		
Heætor, tuere, conjugis solum præ			
Servæ, & fidei emere victurum excipe			505
Succede tumulo, nate quid ietio fugis,			
Turpesque latebras speinis? ignosco indolem			
Pudet timere spiritus magnos fugæ,			
Animosque veteres sume quos casus dedit			
En intuere, turba quæ sinus super,			510
Tumulus, puer, captiva cedendum est malis			
Sanctas parentis conditi sedes, age,			
Aude subire fratris si miseros juvant,			
Haec salutem satris si vitam negavit,			
Haec sepulcrum	SEN	Claustra commissum tegunt	515
Quem ne tuus producat in medium timor,			
Procul hunc recede, teque diversam amove			
ANDR	Levius solet timere, qui propius timet		
Sed, si placet referimus hinc alio pedem			
SEN	Cohibe præsumper omnia, questusque opprime		520
Gressus nefandos dux Cephallenum admovet			
ANDR	Dehisce tellus, tuque conjux ultimo		
Specu revulsam fonde tellurem, & Stygis			
Sinu profundo eonde depositum meum,			
Adest Ulysses, & quidem dubio gradu			525
Vultuque nescit pectore istus callidos			

ANDR There appears to me scarcely any hope, except this plan

O M Lest any one should make the discovery, remove all traces of the deception

ANDR If an enemy should search for my son

O M Then say, he perished amidst the ruins of Troy

ANDR Of what use will it be to have him in concealment, if he is only likely to fall into the hands of our enemies?

O M It is only in their first transports of anger, that conquerors are cruel

ANDR What was that thou didst say? that one could remain hidden without great causes for alarm!

O M The wretched outcast as a candidate for concealment puts up with the best thing he can get whilst he who has any cause for fear of being discovered can select at will his own place

ANDR Oh! what place of security will receive thee my son! What secluded inaccessible spot? Who will protect us? Oh! Hector who always defended thy country—now take care of thy own son take him into thy watchful keeping this secret of thy affectionate wife and receive him to make him safe by the side of thy remains! Come get into the tomb my son why dost thou start back and shun the odious darkness? I recognise thy noble strain. Thou art ashamed to show fear but banish thy proud spirit and think no more of thy former lot but take what chance has given us. Look around see the company we constitute just above the tomb the son and the captive mother we must yield to our misfortunes come have the courage to enter this sanctified resting place if the Fates are inclined to be merciful to the miserable we shall be safe if the Fates deny thee thy life here is a sepulchre ready for thee!

O M The interior of the tomb now hides what we have committed to it to the discovery of whom no fears of thine should contribute. Move from here to some distance get away in some sort of disguise!

ANDR One is apt to have one's fears lessened if one is near at hand to the object of our anxiety but if thou thinkest it a more prudent plan I will betake myself to some other locality

O M Speak low for just a little time and don't look as if thou hadst been weeping check thy moaning the general of the Cephallenes (the Cephallenes were a contingent of the Grecian forces) Ulysses is wending his dreaded way towards us

ANDR Oh! Earth! gape open and thou Hector my husband make thy exit from the lowermost cave of hell and carve for thyself a road through the divided Earth and hide in the deep bed of the Styx what I have here deposited for safety (our son) Ulysses is coming and indeed judging by his walk and expression of face he is planning in his mind some cunning crafty work



Ut dura minister forti hoc privata peto  
 Ut ore quiviva verbe die niter erro  
 Non esse caelis nostris Graecum vocari  
 Procerumque vox est perire quod est deo  
 Heclorea loboles prohibet hunc esse  
 Sollicita Dano puer meo  
 Sempiternabit sempiternitate  
 Respicere coeternum nec perire  
 Dum Phrygiabum nunc nunc  
 Andromache ubi Venerat  
 Ut si necet suorum hunc Graecum  
 Dicebat Hector, eripit & sumpit  
 Generosa in ortu semine extirpata  
 Sic ille munit parvum nunc  
 Primitisque nondum cornu hunc  
 Cervice subito celsus, & stetit  
 Gregem patrum dicit, ac perire  
 Quae tenera cetero virgo de hunc  
 Par ipsa matris tempore ex quo subit  
 Umbraeque terrae redit & caelo nunc  
 Sic male relictae hunc de  
 Vires resinit est quidem injuncta dolor  
 Rerum estimator hunc tamen  
 Venum dabit quod bella post hunc  
 Idemque melle jam senex miles tua  
 Aliisque clades rursus, ac nunquam bene  
 Trojam praecentem magna res Dano  
 Inturns Hector libera Graecos rictu  
 Haec una naves causa deductas tenet  
 Haec classis haeret neve crudelium pater  
 Quod forte iussus Hectoris utrumque  
 Petissem Orestem perire quod victor tulit  
 ANDR. Unam quidem esse nate matrem in manu  
 Noffemque, quis te casus creptum mihi

UL As the representative of a difficult task I ask before hand, that I may be distinctly understood, that although what I say may be spoken by myself, personally I am the representative voice of entire Greece, and those kings and princes and those senior in military command. My duty, then, is to look out for any of the children of Hector, which hinder them from returning to their homes already left behind too long. This the Fates absolutely demand, an anxious dread of doubtful peace will always possess the minds of the Greeks, fear will always lead them to entertain a retrospective doubt as to the durability of their successes. Therefore, Andromache whilst a son of the house of Priam lives, he will animate the spirit of the Trojans, and thus would not permit of our arms being laid aside<sup>1</sup>

oracle chant his notes in that key?

has our oracle could be perfectly silent  
 very existence of a Hector has spoken  
 same effect (this speaking is figurative  
 I dread even now for his lofty fruits of  
 id to show themselves in his offspring  
 way that the stripling from out of the  
 young bull calf) the skin of whose fore  
 horns have not yet broken through  
 in a short time shows himself  
 elders and with his determined aspect  
 archal protection of the herd and the  
 dares not to say Nay —(commands  
 same way too that the tender twig  
 a part of some felled tree comes to  
 rt of its parent in a short time and  
 d shade on the earth around and as a  
 ve of the forest seeks its way aspiringly  
 the skies! And thus it would be a  
 ck if a single cinder were left to  
 and kindle afresh the dimensions of  
 ation! Grief and fear are often times  
 opraizers of real facts and possibilities!  
 ncies point to such a view of the case  
 rightly consider all these things thou  
 n I frankly tell thee as an old soldier  
 ving gone through a military campaign  
 and ten summers a renewal of hostilities  
 of slaughter and whilst for some time  
 ying restful and quiet for some grand  
 re Greeks and some future Hector to  
 enel No! I say rid the Greeks of such  
 as this and that is one of the reasons  
 ndering our ships from starting away  
 h the fleet is kept lingering here! And  
 ust not deem me cruel because acting  
 mission I ask for this son of Hector's  
 similar circumstances have demanded  
 om his own father Agamemnon—there  
 y what the conqueror has decreed!

*(trying to put Ulysses off the scent)*

OL

me or to what region of the earth even  
 t were pierced with all the combined



UL Away with such dissembling talk it is not an easy thing to deceive an Ulysses for I have worsted many a tricky matron and for that matter Goddesses even that have been bent on cajoling me therefore be persuaded by me do abandon at once those futile attempts! Where is thy son—Astyanax?

ANDR Thou mightest with equal reason ask me Where is Hector? Where is Priam? Where are all the Trojans? Thou art simply asking about one out of that number I am doing the same thing as regards all of them

UL When the screw is applied thou wilt be compelled to speak and disclose what thou art now refusing to do voluntarily!

ANDR That woman who can who ought and who wishes to die is quite safe (whatever thy threats may imply)

UL When death comes quite close to thee it will shake to the winds all this grandiloquent verbiage!

ANDR If thou desirest Ulysses to coerce Andromache with threats and to threaten her life have I not said it is a wish of mine to die

UL The pain arising from stripes the cautery tortures, and certain death to follow on in case of refusal will force thee however unwilling to speak out whatever thou art wishing to keep back and drag out from the very depths of thy soul thy hidden secrets Compulsion is apt to be far more efficacious than any pious resolves!

ANDR Threaten me with the flames wounds and all the horrible inventions of diabolical cruelty starvation unendurable thirst every species of loathsome pestilence surrounding me at all sides and the red hot swords piercing my burning entrails the deadly gloom of the dark dungeon and whatever else an angry conqueror swelling with rage could inflict upon me—as a courageous mother I do not recognize any fear!

UL Thy reticence is foolish to keep back what thou so soon wilt have to bring to light This very strong affection of thine in which thou art so persistent and even contumacious urges the Greeks more and more to attach importance to the existence of those little children—After ten years of war at such a distance from one's own country I should fear has adduced if I fe only paving the way carried on by my son Telemachus

could possibly threaten may happen, and the Fates may  
release me from off this mortal coil by an easy and speedy

death and bury me in my own native soil lest I should be carried away as a captive and my native earth will press lightly on Hector whilst my son is dead (deprived of light) and lies amongst the abodes of the departed and who being handed over to the tomb has only offered what was due from sad mortality!

UL. The Fates are now satisfied the race of Hector being extinct I shall only be too glad to hold out to the Greeks the prospects of a substantial peace (to himself) What art thou now proposing Ulysses Dost thou believe the parent? But could any parent dissemble in this manner? and does not she fear the presages of a death greatly to be dreaded?—People usually fear these presages (omens) when they fear nothing else and she has bound herself by the sacred obligations of an oath—If she is perjuring herself what more dreadful consequences could a woman fear? Now let me my good genius so advise me use all my powers of stratagem! Now let me have recourse to deception and trickery to arrive at the truth for my own purpose and let Ulysses be the very concentration of Ulysses—the truth never can be anything but the truth! Let me watch that mother closely! She grieves she weeps—she steps here and she steps there in a very confused and anxious manner and she pricks up her ears as one is speaking so as not to lose a single word one utters and the influence of fear for all my ingenuity to speak of other parents as it were in a similar condition of grief! (Aloud) Well oh! miserable Andromache! I think I mus  
 thou seem to want  
 thy death was waiting  
 as t er the only tower  
 whic ,!

ANDR. My courage has forsaken me my limbs shake with dread they sink from under me and my circulation is torpid with the inward cold which freezes up my blood

UL. (Aside) Ah! she is frightened! I must persevere with my plan laying stress upon this—this part of the enquiry—Fear has betrayed the mother I have forced her hand I will try again working upon her fears (Aloud) Go! Go! Attendants hasten thy steps hand me over and bring to view when he has been ferreted out from where he is being hidden the enemy of the Grecian cause—our last trouble has been secreted by his mother's artifice! Well done! Here he is! persevere make haste bring

Bene est tenetur perpe f fluit at r r  
 Quid respicis, trepidatque? j in e de p r r  
 ANDR Utram timent? solit ex lo q o e f r  
 610  
 Dedit enim sero que l didici d r  
 ut Lustrale quoniam debuit m r r r  
 Sacrum antecellit nec potest v r r r  
 Meliore fato rapus hoc Cal h r r  
 Modo priori poste re itur r r r  
 615  
 Si placet undas Hec ori spari em r  
 Ac tumulus mio totu equ ar fo'o  
 Nunc ille quoniam debuit m effu it m r r r  
 Lrit admovent' sedibu fieris m r r  
 ANDR Quid agimus amum distola? pnam t r r  
 620  
 Hinc natus, illac conjugi curi em  
 Pars utra vincea rhor immitte Deo,  
 Deosque veros conjugis man r r r  
 Non aliud, Hector, in meo nato nahu  
 Placere, quam ut vivat, ut possit tuos  
 625  
 Referre vultus prorutus tumulo em  
 Mergetur ossa fluctibus spari suam  
 Disjecta vastis potu hic morte n opp r r  
 Poteris nefinde deditum mter neci  
 Videte poteris celsa per fistula  
 630  
 Missum rotari potero perpetur seram  
 Dum non meus post fira victoris manu  
 Jactetur Hector hic su in panam potest  
 Sentire, at illum fira jum in tuto locat  
 Quid flucturris? statue, quem pene ex r r r  
 635  
 Ingrata, dubitas Hector est illic tunc  
 Eiras utrinque est Hector hic sensus poten,  
 Forsan futurus ultor extinciu j r r r  
 Utrique parci non potest quidnam facis?  
 Serva e duobus, anime, quem Divi timent  
 640  
 ut Responsa peragrari funditus busta errant  
 ANDR Que vendidistis? ut Pergam, & e summo aggre  
 Traham sepulera ANDR Ccelum appello fidem  
 Fidemque Achilles Pyrrhe, genitoris tui  
 645  
 Munus tuere ut Tumulus hic campo statim  
 670

him here! (Ulysses is saying all this, watching the face of Andromache, then addressing her) Why dost thou look behind thee? Why dost thou tremble so?—surely, it is true thy son has perished?

ANDR I wish I could fear—my ordinary reason for fear is far away, the mind dismisses from itself, in the course of time, what may have possessed it even over the longest period!

UL Since thy son has anticipated the expiatory sacrifice due to the walls (the tower), nor can any one who has been taken away by a better fate follow the decrees of

any prophet Calchas says the ships will be allowed to return if expiation be afforded in the following manner if the ashes of Hector that are scattered about be thrown into the sea and the entire tomb levelled to the ground from the very depths of it the Fates will then be appeased Now since thy son has eluded the kind of death marked out for him our operations shall forthwith be directed to the demolition of the sacred tomb where Hector rests!

ANDR What shall I do? A two fold fear distracts my mind Here is the son—there are the ashes of my dear Hector which alternative shall influence me the more?—I call to  
of my  
pleases

reproduce thy looks but what then shall thy ashes be removed from the tomb and sunk amongst the waves? Shall I let thy bones be cast into the vasty deep? No the son must undergo death rather! But can I the miserable mother see my son given up to such an impious death as the one in store for him? Can I see him whirled in the air and sent headlong from a lofty tower? Yes! I can bear it—I will bear it—I will suffer for it hereafter so that my dear Hector after death be not tossed about as a sport by the hands of a conqueror! This son may feel his punishment Oh! ungrateful Andromache that I am! Why do I hesitate thus? Whilst thy Hector is where he is! I am only rambling now why! a Hector is on each side of me! The son is living—a power! and perhaps may live to be the future avenger of his dead father I cannot be the means of sparing both what then am I the more inclined to do? Let me reserve that one O! my soul which the Greeks fear the most!

UL Let us strictly follow out the oracular decree—let us thoroughly clear out the tomb!

ANDR What! take possession of what thou hast sold!

UL We shall push on with our task and drag forth the contents of the sepulchre from its lowermost strata!

ANDR I appeal to the honor of the Gods—and the good faith of Achilles Oh! Pyrrhus throw protection over the gifts of thy father

UL The tomb shall be immediately distributed over the entire surface of the adjoining plain



Toto jacet ANDR. Iuerat hoc profu nef Diras inuisum templi violasti Deo Furam faventes busti traheret feror Resistam meruit, offeram armatis me in Dabit ira vires quili Argolica serox Turmas Amazon stravit, aut quibus Deo Percussa Mœnas, cithœo sibiæ prælu Animata thyrsu terret, atque exopt sua Vulnus dedit nec sensit, in meior r' in, Tumuloque cineris focu defenso eadem VI Cestatis & vos flebili eluor movet, Turorque castus fann' jussa oen Peragite ANDR. Me, ne sternerit heic sero præ Repellor heu me! rumpe fatorum mor Molire terras Hæctor, ut Ulyssim domer Vel umbra satis est arua concussit manu Iaculatur ignes cernit, Divum Hæctorem An sola video? VI Iunius cuncta erue ANDR. Quid agis? rura mater & natum & virum Prosternis una forsitan Dirnos prece Plicare poteris conditum elidet stum Immanc busti pondus intereat miser Ubicunque potius, ne præter natum obruit Prematque patrem natus id præter accido Supplex, Ulysse, quamque nullus pedes Novere dextram, pedibus admovco tuis Miserere matris, & preces phœidus pris Patiensque recipe, quoque te celsum altius Superi levavunt, mitius lapsos preme Misero datur quodecunque, fortunæ datur Sic te revisit conjugis sanctæ torus Annosque, dum te recipit, extendat suos Lactat sic te juvenis excipit tuus, Et voti vincens vestra felici indole, Ætate vum transcendat, ingenio prærem!	675 680 685 690 695 700 705
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ANDR. Hitherto, such an impious deed has never been attempted by the Greeks, thou hast violated the sanctity of the temple, insulting the gods who have ever been favorable to thy cause, and thy madness has not even permitted thee to respect the sacred tomb of the departed! I will resist thee—I will oppose with all my weaponless strength thy armed force, my anger will afford me artificial power, and in the same way that the ferocious Amazon, Penthesilea, routed the Argolic battalions, or, in the same manner, that the Mænad (Agave), urged on by the inspirations of the God (Bacchus), terrified the entire forest, as she madly rushed on, armed with her thyrsus, and not being in her right mind at the time, inflicted wounds right and left upon every one she encountered, and then

forgot all about what she had done when the paroxysm of her excitement was over! I will rush into thy midst and as the tutelary companion of the venerated ashes yonder I will fall in the defence of that tomb!

ULYSSES (*to those who have been told off to destroy the tomb*)

Now then why art thou thus delaying the operations? and does a weeping noise like that work upon thy sympathies and the foolish ravings of a woman affect thee? Go on quickly with my orders

ANDR Stab me! oh stab me first with thy sword! am I really defeated? Ah! me! through this delay of the earth that thou mayst cheer be enough! Hear! Heer in his hands and is scattering abroad his torches again (seeking to fire the ships) Do ye not see Hector oh ye Greeks! am I the only one who sees him? (This said during an attack of hysterical delirium)

ULYSSES (*to attendants*)

Bring forth every thing from the lowest foundations

ANDROMACHE (*addressing herself*)

What am I doing? I a mother scattering pell mell in one common ruin a son and a husband! Perhaps I can pacify the Greeks with entreaties the immense weight of that tomb will kill that hidden treasure my son—be it how it may he will have to perish but which shall I rather choose? Shall the father be caused to crush the son or the son to fall upon the ashes of the father? I approach thee Ulysses as a suppliant at thy feet I have never ere this shown obeisance to mortal man Ulysses! pity a mother! patiently and mercifully listen to her pious supplications! Although as the Gods above have raised thee still higher already exalted (as thou wert) visit (on that account) with greater kindness those that are fallen low! Whatsoever is granted to the miserable by thee is a score in thy favor as a clamant at the hands of fate! Thus when thou joyfully shalt revisit the couch of thy pure and expectant wife Penelope longing for thy return may thy father Laertes when he receives thee feel that years are being added to his life and in like manner (touched by such prosperity) may thy son greet thee and



UL Bring out thy son and then begin with thy entreaties

ANDR Come hither from thy hiding place oh! thou pitiable stolen secret of a wretched mother! Here Ulysses! is my son—here is the way back for thy thousand ships! Join thy hands Astyanax and prostrated look up obeisantly to thy Master do not regard as ignominious what the Fates have ordained for us miserable mortals! Put away from thy thoughts all reminiscences about grandsire kings and the glorious surroundings of thy illustrious grandfather Priam renowned throughout every land and let thy father Hector die out of thy recollection Put on the captive—and with thy bended knee and if not as yet thou understandest what thy death is to be imitate the weeping of thy afflicted mother! Troy of old has witnessed the tears of a boy king and that little boy Priam it was calmed down the anger of the fierce Alcides (Hercules) Hel! he that formidable conqueror to whose strength every wild beast—every monster every thing savage or non human yielded and forced his way into the dark realms of Pluto and found his way back being fairly melted by the tears of his tiny enemy he exclaimed Take up my little boy as ruler the reins of government and sit exalted on thy father's throne! but wield the sceptre with stricter fidelity and justice!—And it was well for him that he had been the captive of so noble a conqueror! Profit then Ulysses by this gentle specimen of anger on the part of a Hercules Are the arms of a Hercules the only ones that can afford to be lenient? Not a less humble suppliant than the boy Priam is the suppliant lying at thy feet and he is merely asking for his life! (Not to return the kingdom) The Fates will hold in their hands the kingdom of Troy in any and every way they may wish to ordun!

### ULYSSES—ANDROMACHE—ASTYANAX

Andromache mingles curses and threats with her supplications entreating Ulysses but not prevailing upon him

#### ULYSSES

THE anguish of a terrified mother does indeed exercise a certain effect on me but the Grecian mothers grief would tend far more in that direction for the amount of sorrow that would accrue to them, if that boy were allowed to grow up!

ANDR An his ruinas urbis in cinerem datas  
 Hic excitabit hæc manus Trojam erigent<sup>2</sup>  
 Nullas habet spes Troja, si talcs habet  
 Non sic jacemus Troes, ut cuiquam metus  
 Possimus esse spiritus genitor facit<sup>2</sup> 745  
 Sed nempe tractus ipse post Trojam pater  
 Posuisset animos, magna quos frangunt mala  
 Si pœna petitur, quæ peti gravior potest<sup>2</sup>  
 Famulare collo nobili suberat iugum 750  
 Servire liceat aliquis hoc regi negat<sup>2</sup>  
 UL Non hoc Ulysses, sed negat Calchus tibi  
 ANDR O machinator fraudis, o scelerum artifex  
 Virtute cujus bellica nemo occidit,  
 Dolis & astu maleficæ mentis percent 755  
 Etiam Pelasgi, vatem & infantes Deos  
 Prætendis<sup>2</sup> hoc est pectoris tui,  
 Nocturne miles, fortis in pueri necem  
 Jam solus rudes aliquid, & claro die  
 UL Virtus Ulyssis Danavidis nota est satis, 760  
 Nimisque Phrygiis non vixit vanis diem  
 Conterere verbis anchoras classis legit  
 ANDR Brevem moram largire, dum officium parens  
 Nato supremum reddo, & amplexu ultimo  
 Avidos dolores scio UL Misereri tui 765  
 Utinam liceret<sup>1</sup> quod tamen solum licet,  
 Tempus moramque dabimus arbitrio tuo  
 Implere lacrimis stetus ærumnarum levat  
 ANDR O dulce pignus<sup>1</sup> o decus ipsæ domus<sup>1</sup>  
 Summumque Trojæ funus<sup>1</sup> o Danavum timor<sup>1</sup> 770  
 Genitricis o spes vana<sup>1</sup> cui demens ego  
 Laudes parentis bellicas, annos avi  
 Medios precabar voti destituit Deus  
 Illic non tu sceptrâ regali potens  
 Gestabis aula, jura nec populus dabis, 775

ANDR Would that boy raise again, as if by magic, the  
 ruins of a city which has already been converted into ashes?<sup>2</sup>  
 Would those little hands live to rebuild proud Troy?<sup>2</sup> Does  
 Troy hold out no prospects of peace to the Greeks if she  
 only possesses such an obstacle as this?<sup>2</sup> We Trojans, are  
 not so situated, alas<sup>1</sup> that we can possibly be an object  
 of fear or apprehension<sup>1</sup> Does a father, as a matter of  
 course, transmit to his son, his own disposition and  
 martial qualities?<sup>2</sup> But taking for granted about the drag-  
 ging of Hector round the walls of Troy, did that father,  
 after Troy's hopes were gone, show such a stubbornness  
 of disposition, which if he did, the great misfortunes  
 which befell him utterly stamped out. If any punishment  
 is demanded, surely none needs to be put in requisition.  
 Now let my son wear the slave's yoke round his noble

neck—let him be condemned to life long servitude! Could any one deny this to the boy king?

UL Ulysses does not deny thee this but Calchas does

ANDR Oh! thou artful concocter of deceit oh thou fabricator of premeditated wickedness by whose pretended military prowess no one yet was ever defeated even the Greeks are at the mercy of thy trickery and the cunning born o  
aside  
who a

nothing more than the wickedness arising out of thy own wicked heart—thou nocturnal soldier! [This is said in the deepest contempt, alluding to the undignified vocation of the night companion so-called as compared with the nobler one of the regular soldier (see line 38) the duties of the former being to sneak about at night under the guise of exploration and stealing anything they could find for example stealing the tents of Rhesus and Palladius] Thou art brave enough as regards the slaughter of my little boy by this time thou art able to do any thing without a companion and in the broad of day!

UL The valor of Ulysses is already known to the Greeks and too much so to the Trojans to their cost! Really I cannot spend the day in bandying words the fleet is now ready to weigh anchor!

ANDR Grant a little time whilst I as a parent requit myself of my final duties to a son and reward my longing grief with a last affectionate embrace

UL I wish that I could pity thee—I will however grant thee the time and delay for which thou askest which is perhaps permissible under the circumstances to exhaust thyself with tears at thy discretion—weeping we all know tends to alleviate grief

ANDR Oh! my sweet reminder of former days oh! the representative glory of a fallen dynasty! and the consuming death of noble Troy! Oh! thou cause of so much alarm to the Greeks! Oh! the frail aspirations of a loving mother! for whose sake I have sighed in my madness for the warlike renown of thy father to be renewed in thee and for the middle age of thy grandfather—that is the prosperity wealth and power in the Royal Palaces of Troy—thou wilt never administer laws to thy people nor wilt thou ever bend the conquered nations

VICTASQUE gentes sub tuum mittes jugum, Non GRÆCÆ cædes terga, non Pyrrhum trahes, Non ARMÆ tenera parva tractabis manu, SPARTASQUE passim saltibus lætis feras Audax sequeris, nec stulto lustris die Solenne rescrens Troici lusus sacrum,	780
Puer citatas nobilis turmas æges Non inter aras mobili velox pede Revocante flexo concitos cornu modos, Barbarica prisco templa siltatu coles O morte dira tristius leti genus!	785
Flebilis aliquid Hectoris magni nece Muri videbunt UL Rumpere jam fletus parens Magnus sibi ipse non facit finem dolor ANDR Lacrimis, Ulyssæ, parvæ, quam petimus, mora est Concede, parvos ut mea condam manu Viventis oculos occidis parvus quidem, Sed jam timendus Trojæ te expectat tua I, vade liber liberos Troas vide	790
AST Miserere, mater ANDR Quid meos retines sinus, Manusque matris? cassa præsidia occupas Fremitu leonis quavis auditio tener Timidum juvenis applicat matri lætus At ille sævus matre summotus leo, Prædam minorem morsibus vastis premens	795
Frangit, vehitque talis e nostro sinu Te rapiet hostis oscula, & fletus, puer, Lacerosque crines excipe, & plenus mei Occurrit patri pauca maternæ tamen Perfer querelæ verba Si manes habent Curas priores, nec perit flammis amor	800
Servire Grajo pateis Andromachen jugo, Crudelis Hector? lentus & segnis iaces? Redit Achilles fume nunc iterum comas, Et fume lacrimas, quidquid e misero viri Funere relictum est fume, quæ reddas tuo Oscula parenti matris hanc solatio	805
	810

to thy yoke—thou wilt never drag the slaughtered Greek at the tail of thy war chariot, thou wilt never avenge thyself upon a Pyrrhus, (for the slaughter of Priam) thou wilt never wield with those tender hands of thine the arms of a conqueror! and thou wilt never fearlessly track out to their lairs, the wild beasts scattered over the spacious forests! nor wilt thou as a noble lad assume the chieftainship over the select concourse of youths, whilst celebrating the solemn ceremonies of the Trojan games! (On set days, at the expiration of every lustrum, these games were celebrated by the young Phrygian nobles, mounted

and armed) Nor wilt thou before the altars with nimble steps keeping quick time with the enlivening strains from the curved trumpet assist at the worshipping in the Phrygian temples and joining at the ancient Phrygian dances! (The dances in the temple of Cybele were more exciting than the Doric Ionic or Lydian and partook more of the character of that of the Bacchanals—exciting the dancers to warfare and inspiring them with fury) Oh! this hideous form of annihilation more terrible than the stings of ordinary death! Will the walls of the great Hector ever seek again anything more sorrowful than this death of my boy?

UL Now thou parent break off with thy weeping that great grief of thine betrays no symptoms of a cessation

ANDR Oh! Ulysses by weeping is all I ask—those little orbs with which she is doing so) Indeed thou art dying very young but thou hast already made thy mark in intimidating the Greeks—thy Troy is waiting for thee! (Those that have been killed in battle) Go! depart as a free citizen (without the stigma of servitude)—go and join the Trojans where they are free also but in another world!

AST Pity me dear mother

ANDR Why dost thou so retain hold of my dress Astyanax and clasp thy mother's hands so tightly—thou art clinging to a very frail prop In the same way that the tender hope of the flock (the young bull) draws his timid side towards his mother when he hears the roaring of the lion but as that lion the mother being left alone frightened away seizes upon the smaller prey tears it with his tremendous fangs and carries it off so the cruel enemy is snatching thee from my bosom take to heart these kisses—these tears and these rent and dishevelled locks and meet thy father with a memory full of thy mother's love—However convey a few words by way of a maternal injunction if the Manes have not anything of greater interest to them and if affection has not been utterly dissipated by the flames of the funeral pile will ever Hector be so cruel as to allow his Andromache to be handed over as a slave under the Grecian yoke. Why Hector dost thou rest so dull and unconcerned? Achilles appeared when he was summoned Take again these locks these tears and whatever is left to me from the funeral remains of my poor Hector—take these kisses



Relinque vestem tumulus hanc tetigit meus,  
 Manesque cari quidquid heic cineris litet,  
 Scrutabor ore UL Nullus est flendi modus 815  
 Abiurpate proferere clāssis Argolicæ moram

## CHORUS TROADUM

Asportandæ Troades in varis Græciæ locis, prout forte Achivis  
 dispersitæ contigerant, in quacunque tamen Græciæ partem  
 abduci præoptant, quam in Spiritam Mycenar, & Ithracam,  
 Helenæ, Agamemnonis, & Ulyssis patriam

**Q**UÆ vocat sedes habitanda captas<sup>3</sup>  
 Theffali montes, & opaca Tempe<sup>3</sup>  
 An viros tellus dñe militares  
 Aptior Phthiæ<sup>3</sup> meliorque foetu 820  
 Fortis armenti lapidosa Trachin?  
 An maris vasti domitrix lolcos<sup>3</sup>  
 Urbibus centum spatiosa Crete<sup>3</sup>  
 Parva Gortyne, sterilisque Tricce<sup>3</sup>  
 An frequens ruscis levibus Mothone, 825  
 Quæ sub Cætæis lutebrosa silvis  
 Misit infestos Troiæ ramis  
 Non semel arcus<sup>3</sup>  
 Olenos tectis habitata raris<sup>3</sup>  
 Virginis Pleuron inimica Divæ<sup>3</sup> 830  
 An maris liti sinuosa Tiœzen<sup>3</sup>  
 Pelion regnum Prothoi superbum,  
 Tertius cælo gradus<sup>3</sup> hic recumbens  
 Montis exesi spatiosus antro  
 Jam trucidis Chiron pueri magister, 835  
 Tinnulas plectro, feriente chordas,  
 Tunc quoque ingentes acuebat iras  
 Bella canendo  
 An sciax varii lapidis Crysstos<sup>3</sup>  
 An premens litus maris inquieti 840  
 Semper Euripo proferante Chalcis<sup>3</sup>  
 Quolibet vento faciles Calydne<sup>3</sup>  
 Ac carens nunquam Gonoessu vento<sup>3</sup>  
 Quæque formidat Borean Enispe<sup>3</sup>

which thou wilt give to thy parent—the tomb and the  
 Manes of my dear one have been in contact with it—it  
 is a dear memento! I shall salute every part of it with  
 my lips, whatever has been hidden under those ashes

ULYSSES (*to the attendants*)

Is there to be no limit to all this weeping<sup>3</sup>—Come quickly,  
 remove all cause of further delay to the Argolic Fleet

## CHORUS OF TROJANS

The Trojans are to be conveyed to various parts of Greece just as they happen to the lot of the Greeks—amongst whom they are to be divided but to what ever part of Greece the allotters wish them to be taken—some to Sparta some to Mycenæ some to Ithaca and the country of Helen Agamemnon and Ulysses

WHAT place of settlement is indicated as the future abode of the captives? the mountains of Thessaly and the shady groves of Tempe! Or will Phthia the country of Achilles and the myrmidons be more appropriate for the fighting portion of them (the soldiers of Troy) or will the stony Trachine be preferred? celebrated for its breed of sturdy cattle or Iolcos the country of Jason which overlooks a vast expanse of sea or spacious Crete with its hundred cities or the insignificant little Gortyne (a town of Crete) or Iricce a town of Thessaly with its scanty herbage or Mothone abounding in the graceful holly oak or that city hidden by the woods of Oeta which have furnished the deadly bows more than once for the destruction of Troy or Olenos a town of Elis boasting of a very limited supply of human habitations or Pleuron a city of Ætolia so hateful to that chaste virgin Diana or Trœzene the country of Theseus presenting a winding coast to the wide sea board or Pelion the proud kingdom of Prothous the lowest of the three mountains piled up by the Giants (Pelion Ossa Olympus) here it was that the huge centaur Chiron the tutor of that boy Achilles would lie down in a cave of the dilapidated mountain (Disintegration) and whilst the plectrum tenderly struck drew forth the tinkling harmonies and it was then in chanting his war songs as an accompaniment that Achilles first became inspired with his fierce warlike proclivities or Carystos one of the Cyclades noted for its variegated marbles or Chalcis a city of Eubœa with its rapid flowing Euripus beating against the shores with its boisterous waves or the Calydon easily approached whichever way the wind blew or Gonoessa (in Ætholia) where thou art never without the wind (land and sea breezes) and Enispe where the blustering Boreas is an object of dread

of Attica or with  
its silent sacred

which is the true city of Ajax or Calydon a city of Ætolia celebrated for the wild boar sent by Diana or whatever lands the Titaressos waters with its sluggish

Attica pendens Peparethos ora <sup>3</sup>	815
An sacris gaudens tractis Eleusina	
Numquid Aëcis Salamina verum <sup>3</sup>	
Aut sciri notam Carydoni fœra <sup>3</sup>	
Quisque profundit subiturus æquor	
Segnibus terris Iutarcos undis	850
Bessa <sup>3</sup> & Scarphen Pylon in fœdem	
Pharis <sup>3</sup> in Pisam, Iovis & coronis	
Eliada elaram <sup>3</sup>	
Quolibet tristis miseris procella	
Mittit, & donet emicunque terra	855
Dum lucem tantam Irore atque Aëthis	
Que tulit Sprite procul absit absit	
Aigos, & fœvi Pelopis Myæna,	
Neritos parva breviori Zæyntho,	
Et nocens fœvis Ithace dolosis	860
Quod manet fatum, dominusque quis te,	
Aut quibus terris, Hecube videndam	
Ducet <sup>3</sup> in cuius moriere regno <sup>3</sup>	

## ACTUS QUARTUS

HELENA, ANDROMACHIA, HECUBA,  
POLYXENA *muti personæ*

Ut mambus Achilles rite inferre peragantur, excoGITATA ratio est, qua ut veste, ita animo nuptiali affectu mœtetur Polyxena vid supra vers 360 que partes dantur Helenæ, ut Polyxenam hœtct utri spe nuptiarum cum Pyrrho quis illi primo simulat, mox Andromachæ iurgio excoiffa dolos fitetur, & rem aperte fundet

HFL	<b>Q</b> UICUNQUE hymen sanctus, illretabilis,	
	Lamenta, cædes, sanguinem, gemitus habet,	865
	Est ruspice Helenæ dignus everfis quoque	
	Nocere cogor Phrygibus ego Pyrrhi toros	
	Nurire falsos iubeor, ego cultus dare,	
	Habitusque Gryos arte carpietur mei,	
	Meaque fraude concedet Piridis foroi	870

streams, as it is about to flow towards the sea, or Bessa of Phocis or Scarpe in Eubœa or ancient Pylos, a town of Messenia, or Pharis or Pisa, and Elis renowned for the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and the wreaths awarded as prizes to conquerors in the Olympian games—wherever the sad storms may land the miserable captives, and hand them over to whatever country the Fates decree Let

Sparta be left out of the reckoning the city of Helen which has brought about so much grief to Trojan and Grecian alike! Let Argos be left out and Mycenæ the country of that cruel old Pelops that small mountainous region of Ithaca Neritos which is smaller than Zacynthus and Ithaca so dangerous owing to the sunken rocks and varying depths of the water—What fate now remains worth mentioning We wonder Hecuba, to what lord and master thou wilt fall as a prize or what country will hold thee up as Hecuba to be seen here! and lastly in what kingdom thou wilt breathe thy last!

## ACT IV

HELEN—ANDROMACHE—HECUBA—  
POLYXENA (*a silent personage*)

The plan is being discussed how the sacrifices to the infernal deities and the Manes of Achilles are to be conducted with the nuptial ceremonies prescribed and in what garments Polyxena who is to be sacrificed under the impression of a real marriage is to be arrayed, what part shall be played by Helen in order that she may cajole Polyxena, with the vain hope of marrying Pyrrhus in sustaining which part she at first keeps up the pretence but after a time dismisses her intention of prolonging the deception when owing to some altercation with Andromache she confesses everything and openly recommends the fulfilment of the scheme

## HELEN

W HATEVER luckless joyless marriage contains the fruitful germs of grief—deeds of slaughter—reckless shedding of blood groaning and moaning—such a marriage undoubtedly is worthy of the support and connivance of Helen and in addition to which view of the case I am called upon to use my damaging exertions against the down fallen Phrygian—I am told off to enter into the pros and cons of this sham marriage of Pyrrhus and I am selected to pose as dictatrix to the bride elect as to her dress and general get up but it must be after the Grecian modell Polyxena is to be  
 cajoled by my of Paris  
 is to face her Well!  
 let her be de kindest

Fallatur ipſi levius hoc equidem reor  
 Optanda mors eſt, ſine metu mortis mori  
 Quid juſta ceſſas agere? ad auctores redit  
 Sceleris coacti culpa Dardaniæ domus  
 Generoſa virgo, melior afflictoſ Deus 875  
 Reſpicere cœpit, teque felici parat  
 Dotare thalamo tale conjugium tibi  
 Non ipſa ſoſpes Troja, non Priamus daret  
 Nam te Pelagæ maximum gentis decus  
 Ad ſancta lecti jura legitimi petit, 880  
 Cui regna campi lita Theſſalici patent  
 Te magna Tethys, teque tot pelagi Deæ,  
 Placidumque numen æquoris tumidi Thetis  
 Suam vocabunt te datam Pyrrho focæ  
 Peleus nurum vocabit, & Neieus nurum 885  
 Depone cultus ſquallidos, feſtos cape  
 Deduſce captam deprime horrentes comas,  
 Crinemque docta patere diſtingui manu  
 Hic forſitan te caſus excelſo magis  
 Solio reponet profuit multis capi 890  
 ANDR Hoc deerat unum Phrygiſ everſis malum,  
 Gaudere? flagrant ſtrata paſſim Pergama  
 O conjugale tempus, an quiſquam audeat  
 Negare? quiſquam dubius ad thalamos eat,  
 Quos Helenæ ſuadet? peſtis, exitium, lues 895  
 Utriuſque populi! cernis hoſ tumultoſ ducum?  
 Et nuda totis oſſa quæ paſſim jacent  
 Inhumata campis? hæc hymen ſparſit tuuſ  
 Tibi fluxit Aſiæ, fluxit Europæ cruor,  
 Cum dimicantes lenta proſpicereſ viroſ, 900  
 Incerta voti perge, thalamos appara  
 Tædiſ quid opuſ eſt? quidve ſoleni face?  
 Quid igne? thalamis Troja præluceſ novis  
 Celebrate Pyrrhi, Troadeſ, connubia,  
 Celebrate digne planctuſ & gemituſ ſonent 905

thing I can do for her! As death is the object to be arrived at, then to die without any preliminary fear of impending death muſt be beſt for her! Come! Why am I ſeeming to dally about the taſk, which is ſet for me, the blame of this compulsory wickedneſſ on my part will aſſuredly recoil upon its author! (Turning to Polyxena) Here thou art, Polyxena, a noble virgin of pure Dardanian deſcent (Trojan), one of the gods above haſ begun at laſt to be in a clement mood, and is looking mercifully on the afflicted Troians, he is laying himſelf out to arrange a fortunate marriage for thee—not all Troy itſelf, in its palmeſt days, could have deviſed ſuch a deſirable betrothal—not even Priam himſelf could have done thiſ for thee! For the bridegroom, Pyrrhuſ, the moſt illuſtrioſ

ornament of the Pelasgian nation seeks thy hand in marriage according to the solemn institutions appertaining to lawful wedlock—he who claims the extensive dominion over the broad lands of Thessalia in fact only consider his relations—the mighty Tethys goddess of the sea and wife of Neptune and all the rank and file of sea goddesses and that amiable deity of the swollen oceanic depths Thetis mother of Achilles and wife of Peleus will look upon thee as her own child—Peleus although the father of Achilles will be as a father in law to thee when thou art married to Pyrrhus and will look upon thee as an actual daughter in law! And Nereus will regard thee in the same relationship—Come doff thy untidy dress and don a gay befitting costume forget that thou art only a captive Princess let thy untrimmed locks fall down and allow them to be made smart by some one skilled in the art of female hairdressing Perhaps this accident of Fortune may more than repay thee in the exalted throne which thou wilt share thou seest after all it is sometimes an advantageous thing to be a captive even!

ANDR The one great misfortune which was wanting to the down fallen Trojans was to try to experience joy! Troy appears strewn upon the ground on every side! Oh for the time of marriages to come to us at last! And could any one deny us that? any one hesitating about such a trifling matter as marriage has only to go to Helen and she will soon be persuaded into it! Oh! the results of infectious diseases pestilence destructive agencies of every sort dealt out as a punishment alike to the Greek and Trojan! Dost thou notice the tombs of the various generals who have fallen and the fleshless bones which are to be seen in all the fields round about every where—unburied! Thy marriage brought about all these scattered bones! (Addressing Helen) The best blood of Asia has flowed for thee and the blood of Europe also! When thou canst calmly look upon the two men Menelaus and Paris contending for the possession of thyself thou cannot be very certain as to which one thou wouldst rather choose! But never mind persevere anyhow! prepare for this marriage of Pyrrhus! What necessity is there for torches at all! What need is there of the nuptial torches? why have the fiery element imported into the matter? The flames of burning Troy will give their light to these novel nuptials! Celebrate the marriage of Pyrrhus! Oh! ye Trojans! by all means—celebrate it becomingly! Let the wailing and mourning sound our approval! (This is said in bitter sarcasm)

HEL Ratione quamvis careat, & flecti neget  
 Magnus dolor, fociosque nonnunquam sui  
 Mœioris ipsos oderit, causam tamen  
 Possum tueri iudice infesto meam,  
 Graviora passa luget Andromacha Hectorem, 910  
 Et Hecuba Priamum solus occulte Paris  
 Legendus Helenæ est durum & invisum & grave est,  
 Servitua ferre patior hoc olim jugum  
 Annis decem captiva prostratum Ilium est,  
 Versi penates perdere est patiam grave, 915  
 Gravius timere vos levat tanti mali  
 Comitatus in me victus & victor furit  
 Quam quisque famulam traheres, incerto diu  
 Casu pependit me meus traxit statim  
 Sine forte dominus causa bellorum fui,  
 Græcæque Tencris cladis hoc verum puta,  
 Spartana puppis vestra si fecit freta,  
 Sin raptâ Phrygus præda remigibus fui,  
 Deditque donum iudici victrix Dea  
 Ignosce Paridi iudicem iratum mea 925  
 Habitura cruxi est ista Menelaum manent  
 Arbitria nunc hunc luctibus paulum tuis,  
 Andromacha, omiffis flecte vi lacrimas queo  
 Retinere ANDR Quantum est, Helena quod lacrimat, malum'  
 Cur lacrimat utem<sup>?</sup> fare, quos Ithacus dolos, 930  
 Quæ scelera nectat utrum ab Içæis jugis  
 Jactanda virgo est<sup>?</sup> arcis an celsæ edito  
 Nuttenda saxo<sup>?</sup> num per has vastum in mare  
 Volvenda rupes latere quas scisso levat  
 Altum viduos Sigeon spectans sinus<sup>?</sup> 935  
 Dic, fare, quidquid subdolo vultu tegis  
 Leviora mala sunt cuncta, quam Priami gener  
 Hecubæque Pyrrhus fare, quam pœnam pares  
 Exprome, & unum hoc deme nostris claudibus,  
 Falli piratas perpeti mortem vides 940  
 HEL Utinam juberet me quoque interpretes Deum

HEL Although great grief is sadly wanting in reason-  
 ableness and refuses to be diverted from its course, some-  
 times it may regard with hatred the very companions, it enlists  
 in its behalf—although I have undergone greater troubles,  
 I can plead my own cause, even before an unrelenting  
 tribunal! Does not Andromache bewail her Hector,  
 openly and Hecuba her Priam? Is Paris to be grieved  
 for, only stealthily, by Helen? It is a hard, hateful, and  
 terrible lot to put up with slavery! I have suffered the  
 captive's yoke for ten years—Troy has been laid low, the  
 household gods have been destroyed! Oh! it is a hard  
 case to have been thy country's ruin, but it is more  
 terrible still to have to fear it (the revenge of a deserted

husband) having had so many companions in thy troubles has lightened the burden for thee where as with myself the conqueror and the conqueréd are both leagued in their wrath agunst me! It has long been a matter of uncertainty amongst you all what fair maiden each man would select but my future lord and master (Menelaus) fastened on me without the formula of a lot drawing! I have thus been made the cause of war and of such great slaughter to the Trojans but put the matter in a truthful light was it not because thy Trojan vessels sailed into the Spartan waters and I was but the spoil kidnaped by the Phrygian boatmen! Put Paris out of the question! Did not the victorious goddess (Venus) present me as a gift to that judge who awarded her the palm of beauty? My cause is yet to be tried before an angry tribunal and the judgment remains within the discretion of the judge Menelaus! Now Andromache shake off those tears of thine for a time and prevail upon Polyxena and reconcile her to this marriage I can only with considerable difficulty refrain from tears myself! What great misfortune can it be for which Helen can shed a tear (said sarcastically)

ANDR But what can she have to cry about? Tell me rather what treachery—what wickedness Ulysses is hatching? Whether the virgin Polyxena is to be thrown headlong from Ida's mountain top or whether she is to be hurled from the lofty walls of a once proud citadel or whether she is to be thrown into the vast sea over those rugged rocks which Sigeon as it overlooks the waters beneath with its fordable bays throws up from its disintegrated sides the result of gradual separation from the parent promontory—(the sea being on each side of this cape has formed these rocks by perpetually beating on them and at length separating them as described by the Poet) This was the place too where so many battles were fought between the Greeks and Trojans—Tell me! Speak out whatever thou art hiding away in that deceitful face of thine—all the misfortunes hitherto are of a light character compared with this son in law business on the part of Pyrrhus towards Priam and Hecuba! Tell me what punishment art thou planning—tell me point blank and remove this one picce of cruelty from the rest of our misfortunes namely the being deceived—Cannot thou understand that those who are prepared for death are the best able to bear it?

HEL I wish that Calchas the interpreter of the Gods would order me to cut short the life that is clinging to me



Abrumpere ense lucis inuisæ moras,  
 Vel Achillis ante busta, fuitbunda manu  
 Occidite Pyrrhi, fata comitantem tua,  
 Polyxene miseranda, quam tradi sibi, 945  
 Cineremque Achilles ante mactari suum,  
 Cumpo maritus ut sit Elysi, jubet  
 ANDR Vide, ut animus ingens lætus audierit necem  
 Cultus decoros regis vestis petit,  
 Et admoveri criminibus patitur manum 950  
 Mortem putabat illud, hoc thalamos putat  
 At misera luctu mater audito stupet  
 Labefacta mens succubuit affurgere alleva  
 Animum, & cadentem misera firma spiritum  
 Quam tenuis unum vinculo pendet levi<sup>1</sup> 955  
 Minimum est, quod Hecubam facere felicem potest  
 Spuat revivit prima mors miserios fugit  
 HEC Adhuc Achilles vivit in pœnas Phrygum<sup>2</sup>  
 Adhuc rebellat<sup>3</sup> o manum Paridis levem<sup>1</sup>  
 Cinis ipse nostrum sanguinem ac tumulus sitit 960  
 Modo turba felix latera cingebat mea  
 Lassarbar in tot oscula, in totum gregem  
 Dividere matrem sola nunc hæc est super,  
 Votum, comes, levamen, afflictæ quies  
 Hæc totus Hecubæ sætus hac sola vocor 965  
 Jam voce mater dura & infelix, age,  
 Elaborere unum denique hoc unum mihi  
 Remitte funus irrigat fletus genas,  
 Imberque victo subitus e vultu cadit  
 Lætare, gaude, nata quam vellet tuos 970  
 Cassandra thalamos, vellet Andromache tuos<sup>1</sup>  
 ANDR Nos, Hecuba, nos, nos, Hecuba, lugendæ fumus,  
 Quas mota classis huc & huc spiritus feret  
 Hinc cara tellus sedibus patius teget  
 HEC Magnis invidetis, si turam sortem scias 975  
 ANDR An aliqua pœnæ pars meæ ignota est mihi<sup>2</sup>  
 ILL Verfata dominos una captivis dedit

with the aid of the sword, and that I, Oh! Polyxena, so much to be pitied could be a companion to thee, why thou meetest thy fate, and fall too, by the furious hand of Pyrrhus before the tomb of Achilles, in the same way, that he orders thee to be handed over to be sacrificed to his ashes, in order that he, Achilles, may be thy husband in the Elysian Paradise! (Campus, the resting-place and abode of the happy spirits that have quitted the "corpus vile")

ANDR Notice, what an amount of fortitude and even joy Polyxena evinced, when she heard of her approaching death fate! She even seems anxious now about the becoming style of her royal wedding equipment, and

patiently permits the hand of the operator whilst manipulating her locks! She thought that the marriage thou didst mention meant death she is now thinking that death means marriage—But the miserable mother is stupefied with the tristful news she has heard and with her mind completely crushed has succumbed to the shock—Come rouse thyself be firm and raise thy drooping spirits compose thy mind On what a slender thread does our frail existence hang! It is a thing of secondary moment that Hecuba should be able to make herself contented—it is a great thing to say that she breathes (lives)—she has revived! Death alas is the first to desert the miserable! (Recovers from her swoon)

HEC Up to the present time Achilles has only whilst he was alive punished the Trojans now (that he is dead) he is beginning to show the warlike spirit again—Oh! the hand of Paris who dealt that blow so lightly!! His Manes and his tomb forsooth are thirsting for all our race! It was only as it were quite lately that a merry group of my own children were assembled round me and that I was fairly wearied out with receiving the kisses of so many and of playing the loving mother with the entire family circle Now there is only one left besides myself—my every wish—my companion—my comfort—a real solace to me in my affliction—this daughter now represents the once large family of Hecuba and I am now only addressed as mother by this solitary child! Be it so slip thou away from me Oh! my very life miserable and difficult to escape from! Grant that this may be the last finishing stroke of death for me to suffer! Polyxena tears are escaping from those eyelids of thine and with a sudden rush they fall on thy downcast face! Rejoice rather, in thy happiness daughter mine how Cassandra would wish for such a marriage—how Andromache would welcome it! With what joy!

ANDR Wel Hecuba! We all of us Hecuba weep sincerely for thee whom the fleet when it sails hence will take here—will take there!

HEL Thou wouldst be inclined to be further displeased didst thou know the lot in store for thee

ANDR Well! Is there any portion of my punishment with which I am not already acquainted?

HEL The fatal urn has been brought into requisition and has parcelled out the captives in lots

ANDR Cui famula tradar, ede quem dominum voco <sup>2</sup>	
HEL Te forte prima Scyrius juvenis tulit	
ANDR Cassandra felix <sup>1</sup> quam furor forte eximit,	980
Phœbusque HEL Regum hinc maximus rector tenet	
HEC Estne aliquis, Hecubam qui suam dici velit <sup>2</sup>	
HEL Ithaco obtigisti præda nolenti bievis	
HEC Quis tam impotens ac dirus, & iniquæ seius	
Solitator unæ regibus reges dedit <sup>2</sup>	985
Quis tam sinister dividit captas Deus <sup>2</sup>	
Quis arbiter crudelis, & miseris gravis,	
Eligere dominos nescit <sup>2</sup> & sæva manu	
Dat iniqua miseris fata <sup>2</sup> quis matrem Hectoris	
Armis Achilles miscet <sup>2</sup> ad Ulyssen vocor	990
Nunc victor, nunc captiva, nunc cunctis mihi	
Obsessa videor cladibus domini pudet,	
Non servitutis Hectoris spoliū feret,	
Qui tulit Achilles <sup>2</sup> sterilis, & sævis fretis	
Inclusa tellus non capit tumulos meos	995
Duc, Duc, Ulysse nil moror dominum sequor	
Me mea sequentur fati non pelago quies	
Tranquilla veniet, sæviet ventis mare,	
Et bella, & ignis, & mea, & Priami mala	
Dumque ista veniunt, interim hoc pœnæ loco est	1000
Sortem occupavi, præmium eipui tibi	
Sed incitato Pyrrhus accurrit gradu,	
Vultuque torvo Pyrrhie, quid cessas <sup>2</sup> age,	
Reclude sero pectus, & Achilles tu	
Conjunge soceros perge, mactator fenum,	1005
Et hic decet te sanguis abreptum trahe	
Maculate superos cæde funesta Deos,	
Maculate Manes quid precer vobis <sup>2</sup> precor	
His digna facris æquiora hoc classi accidat,	
Toti Pelasge, ratibus hoc mille accidat,	1010
Meæ precabor, cum vehar, quidquid rati	

ANDR To whom am I to be handed over as a maid<sup>2</sup>—  
Come tell me whom I am to call lord and master

HEL The Scyrian youth Pyrrhus has secured thee in  
the first lot

ANDR Oh! fortunate Cassandra, that she is exempt,  
whom her reputation as a prophetess and her relations with  
Phœbus, in that particular has made so

HEL The chief ruler of the kings, the King of kings,  
I may say has possession of her already (without the lot  
drawing)

HEC Is this the somebody who wishes that Hecuba  
should be called—his very own<sup>2</sup>—(said with satire)

HEL Thou hast fallen to the lot of Ulysses although by no means anxious—for a short time

HEC Who is that cruel unjust and unrelenting distributor of the lots from that iniquitous urn who has given one of royal rank to another of regal degree (King of kings) What evil deity has parcelled out the captives in this manner? What cruel overbearing judge does not know how to select lords and masters for the wretched captive recipients with greater show of consistency but deals out unjust decrees with an unsparing hand? Who could have suggested the intermingling of the mother of Hector with the arms of Achilles? and so I am called upon for Ulysses! (deprecatingly) First as a conquered enemy then as a captive at last I see myself hemmed in by every species of degradation I am ashamed and disgusted with my master but not with the actual slavery! He will carry away the spoils of Hector as he has already disposed of those of Achilles (Astyanax and Polyxena) A sterile land shut in by the boisterous waves does not meet my ideas of a burial place Lead on lead on Ulysses I wish for no delay may however my evil star follow me may anything but a tranquil calm hover over the surface of the ocean but rather let the sea rage with the fury of the winds and may wars and conflagrations my misfortunes and those of Priam follow on! Whilst these calamities are progressing this fate of mine has its means of inflicting punishment—thou hast been awarded to accept me as thy lot but I have deprived thee of any reward arising out of it—(alluding to her want of youth and being of no use saddled with an old woman) But Pyrrhus is now advancing with a hurried step and savage countenance—Oh! Pyrrhus, why hesitate? proceed and unsheath thy sword for this breast of mine and join in thy murderous work the father in law and mother in law of thy father Achilles Go on I say thou old man's assassin! and this blood of mine it would become thee to take as well There drag away from me the daughter thou art robbing me of Brand the gods above with the odium of this wicked slaughter Brand the Muses of Achilles with the stigma as well! What vengeance shall I pray may befall thee for this deed! I pray that the seas may show themselves ready to render condign punishment (wishing them to encounter storms ship wreck and all the dangers the sea can bring about) May this my curse be visited upon the entire Grecian Fleet—those thousand ships! and may the same evils befall the identical vessel in which I shall become a passenger!

## CHORUS TROADUM

Chorus occasione sumpta ab Helenæ dicto supra vers 916 *vos levat tanti mali comitatus, solatur se communi malo, quasi solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris, quod tamen solatum ipsis fortuito disjunctis ablatum fore*

**D**ULCE mœrenti populus dolentum,  
 Dulce lumentis resonare gentes  
 Lentius luctus lacrimæque mordent,  
 Turba quas fletu simili frequentat 1015  
 Semper, ah, semper dolor est malignus  
 Gaudet in multos sua fata mitti,  
 Seque non solum placuisse pœnæ  
 Ferre, quam fortem patiuntur omnes,  
 Nemo recusat 1020  
 Nemo se credet miserum, licet sit  
 Tolle felices removeto multo  
 Divites auro removeto centum  
 Rura qui scindunt opulenta bubus,  
 Pauperi surgent animi jacentes 1025  
 Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus  
 Dulce in immensis posito ruinis  
 Neminem lætos habuisse vultus  
 Ille deplorat, queriturque fatum,  
 Qui secans fluctum rate singulari 1030  
 Nudus in portus cecidit petitos  
 Æquior casum tulit, & procellis,  
 Mille qui ponto pariter carinas  
 Obrui vidit, tabulaque litus  
 Naufraga spargi, mare cum coactis 1035  
 Fluctibus Corus prohibet reverti  
 Questus est Hellen cecidisse Phryxus,  
 Cum gregis ductor radiante villo,  
 Aureo fratrem simul & sororem  
 Sustulit tergo, medioque jactum 1040  
 Fecit in ponto tenuit querelas  
 Et vii, & Pyrrhe, mare cum viderent  
 Et nihil præter mare cum viderent,

## CHORUS OF TROJANS

The Chorus (the subject being taken from a remark by Helen, verse 916, having companions in our grief relieves us of so much of the evils arising out of it) derives consolation from the misfortune being shared by so many, "as if for the wretched to have companions in sorrow were a solace," and then draws attention to the fact that the solace in question will lose its efficacy, as they will be separated by the allotting that has been going on

IT is a pleasant thing to an individual sorrower to find a whole concourse of mourners round about him and it is certainly a great relief to our grieving hearts that an entire nation should cause the very air to echo their outbursts of lamentations! Grief and tears are relieved of much of their poignancy when the masses are rehearsing the same kind of sorrow that thou art experiencing thyself—(see Lucretius Lib. II line 1) As a rule yes as a rule we may safely say that grief possesses this evil characteristic wishing that others should suffer like thyself and this not out of any malicious sentiment but the mere selfishness to enlist fellow sufferers and (ergo) real sympathizers! The great consummation which grief brings about is in the desire it manifests in visiting so many and that it does not seem contented with the punishment of some solitary object! Thus no one is inclined for rebellion when he has to undergo the lot which every one in common is suffering with himself No one need regard himself wretched if he will only take a philosophical view of his situation (literally and though there may be some grounds for it he will ignore it) Of course we must except those who are surrounded with every thing that can conduce to their contentment excepting likewise those that are blessed with abundance of gold (money) also we must exclude from the category those who plough their opulent (fertile) lands with their hundreds of yoked oxen! It is the down trodden spirit of the poor man which buoys him up and he rises to the occasion—thus no man is really miserable and it is only by comparison that he can be considered so! It is gratifying to any man surrounded by overwhelming disasters to see everyone around him in sympathy pulling a long face (that no one shows a bright countenance) The man who sails across the waves in his solitary craft is desirous of entering the port for which he is steering but his vessel founders and he has to swim towards the shore deprived of every thing he possesses this is the man that croaks and bewails his terrible fate But another man does not fear a similar disaster when it is shared by others and looks with comparative equanimity upon the raging storms if he can see a thousand ships struggling with the waves and becoming hopelessly dismantled and lining the shore with the proceeds of the wrecks! And because they are in a plight similar to his own when the north west wind is blowing great guns and is lashing the sea into foam preventing them from putting to sea again provided others are similarly prevented! (The Poet to my mind must use the *mare reverti* in the sense I have put it here they are beating against a

Unici terris homines relicti  
 Solvet hunc cœtum lacrimarumque nostras 1045  
 Spruget huc illuc agitata classis,  
 Et tuba iussi dare vela nautæ,  
 Cum simul ventis properante remo  
 Prenderint altum, fugietque litus  
 Quis status mentis miseris, ubi omnis 1050  
 Terra decrescet, pelagusque crescat?  
 Celsa cum longe habitabit Idæ?  
 Tam puci matroni, genitricum nato,  
 Troja quæ peccat regione monstrans  
 Dicit, & longe digito notabit 1055  
 Ilium est illic, ubi sumus alte  
 Scipit in cœlum, nebulæque turpes  
 Troes hoc signo parturam videbunt

## ACTUS QUINTUS

### NUNTIUS, ANDROMACHIA, HECUBA

Nuntius matribus nati, ut e tuum præcipitatus fuerit Αἰγανῶν,  
 & Polyxena ad tumulum Achillis cæsa

NUNT **O**DIRA fati, sæva, miseranda, horrida,  
 Quod tam ferum, tam triste bis quinis scelus 1060  
 Mars vidit annis? quid prius referens gemam?  
 Tuosne potius, an tuos luctus, unus?  
 HEC Quoscumque luctus fleveris, flebis meos  
 Sua quemque tantum, me omnium clades premit  
 Mihi cuncta pereunt, quisquis est, Hecubæ est, miser 1065

lee-shore, and being knocked to pieces against the rocks, the sea is rolling in and is so dangerous that they cannot take the sea if they would, the wind blowing dead against them, thus they are literally between Scylla and Charybdis,) Phryssus wailed when Helle was lost to him, when the ram with the glittering fleece carried both brother and sister on his golden back, but the latter becoming giddy, a portion of his burden fell into the sea (Helle gave the name to the sea—Hellespont) But both Deucalion and Pyrrha restrained their complaints when they looked at the sea and could see nothing else but that sea and they were the only beings left on the earth. The fleet driven hither and thither will soon break up our large family of captives, and scatter our tears in all directions (the Chorus

here means the harmonious sympathies of the many will be split up into divided fragments and lose the solace imported by the numbers joining in their lamentations) and the sailors by sound of trumpet receive orders to set their sails and at the same time that they seize with alacrity their oars to assist the breeze to carry them to sea and they will soon leave the shores behind them! But what will the state of mind be on the part of us poor captives! When the land will grow smaller and smaller and there is nothing but the sea around us (growing greater and greater) When even lofty Ida will be hidden from our sight! Then the little son will prattle to the mother and the mother will say to the son as she tries to explain as to the region in which Troy was situated There is Troy she will say as she points out with her finger to a spot a long way off—thou seest my child where the smoke is rising up to the sky and those murky clouds—and in some such way only will the rising generations of Trojans be enabled to see their country again!

## ACT V

### MESSENGER—ANDROMACHE—HECUBA

The Messenger informs the mothers Hecuba and Andromache that Astyanax has been hurled from the tower and Polyxena slain at the tomb of Achilles

#### MESSENGER

**O**H! the dreadful cruel lamentable horrible Fates which befall mankind! Whenever has Mars witnessed such cruel and disastrous wickedness as he has seen during this ten years war? But why should I the simple reporter of what I have seen be the first to bewail it openly? Rather I conceive it should devolve on thee Andromache this demonstration of grief or thou Hecuba as the senior mayst prefer to take the initiative in evincing thy deep sorrow?

**HEC** Whatever grief thou feelest or hast felt is equal to grieving for us each one of us has her own grief it is true but the aggregate disasters of all press hard upon me individually all things as far as I am concerned have ended for my misery whoever else is miserable has Hecuba to share her troubles





highest point and amongst the loftiest battlements he issued his military orders as the commander in chief during the war with regard to the manœuvring of the armies. On that same tower he has been seen frequently and oft petting in his kind old arms (hugging him with his affectionate embrace) his little grandson when he would descant on the prowess of his son Hector and the way he had routed the enemy with fire and sword and how the enemy retreated in fear and confusion. The old man would then call the attention of the little boy to his country's wars. This once famous tower and distinguishing ornament to the walls of Troy is now nothing but a wild looking rocky elevation and on all sides is made the lounging place of the common people as well as numbers of military captains and the entire crews of the various ships when on leave flock thither and to all of these so assembled the hill affords a very full prospect of places and spots at a great distance and to such as these also the elevated rocky portions from whose summits the spectators standing on tip toe obtained still greater facilities of observation. The lofty pine is climbed up by some another lot perch themselves on the topmost branches of the tall laurel trees whilst another detachment make use of the stately beech and in fact the whole collection of trees trembled again at the weight of those suspended amongst those branching growths! Some make for the extreme end of the rugged mountain top but it offers them at best only a dilapidated disused guard house or they crowd on some overhanging rock of the tumble down wall—all of them bent on seeing Astyanax thrown from the tower and there a somebody shocking to relate sits like a cruel spectator on the very tomb of Hector! Along a path full of sightseers on all sides marches Ulysses at a solemn pace, leading along the little grandson of Priam with his right hand but mark the boy advances towards the lofty turret with by no means a laggardly step and as he stands in front of the elevated tower hither and thither he looks around with a severity of countenance amply proclaiming his unflinchingness of spirit much the same as the young and tender cub of the ferocious lion that is not yet able to act as it feels and assist its anger with the use of its fangs yet however it rouses itself into fierce attempts and makes vain attacks with its dental weapons and is swelling up meanwhile with its pent up rage—so the little boy Astyanax preserves a dignified expression of anger as he is being led forth by the hand of his enemy and evokes the sympathies of the herd of spectators and captains who are looking on eagerly from their various coigns of vantage (places of

Ipsumque Ulyssen non flet e turba omnium,  
 Qui fletur ne dum verba fatidici & preces  
 Concepit Ulysses vatis, & sevos ciet  
 Ad frera superos, sponte desiluit sura 1105  
 In media Priami regura  
 ANDR Quis Colchus hoc, quis scdis incerta Scythia  
 Commisit? aut que Caspium iugens mare  
 Genus iuris expers iura? non Huiusmodis  
 Puerilis ius sanguis aspicit sen 1110  
 Nec parva gregibus in mbra Diomeles fuis  
 Epulanda posuit quis tuos ritus teget  
 Iunuloque tradet? NUNTI Quos enim preceps locus  
 Reliquit ritus? ossa disiecta & gravi  
 Elisa casu, signa elati corporis 1115  
 Et ora, & illis nobiles patris notas  
 Confudit inram pondus ad terram datum  
 Soluta cervix filicis impulsu eripit  
 Ruptum, cerebriio penitus expulso jact  
 Deforme corpus ANDR Sic quoque est similis patri 1120  
 NUNTI Præcepit ut altis eecidit e muris puer,  
 Flevitque Achivum turba, quod fecit, uctis,  
 Idem ille populus aliud ad facinus redit,  
 Tumulumque Achillis hujus extremum latus 1125  
 Rhæter leui verberant fluctu vadit  
 Aversæ cingit erumpus, & elivo leui  
 Erecta medium vallis includens locum  
 Crescit theatri more concursus frequens  
 Implevit omne litus in elassis moris  
 Hæc morte solvi tentat in stirpem hostium 1130  
 Gradent recedi magna pars vulgi levis  
 Odit scelus, spectatque nec lrocs minus  
 Suum frequentant funus, & praxidi metu  
 Putem ruentis ultimam Troje vident

observation), and even Ulysses himself seems moved, but he is the only one out of that assembled throng who give themselves up to tears, who shows no signs of actual weeping, and whilst Ulysses is putting together some sort of speech out of the words supplied by Calchas for the occasion, and a few miserable prayers, invoking the cruel gods above, to accept the sacrifice, Astyanax, of his own accord, leaped down from the tower towards the earth below, that earth once a constituent atom of the kingdom of Priam!

ANDR What Colchian (an inhabitant of Colchis, endeared famous for the cruelties of Medea)—What wild Scythian with no fixed country (thus supposed lawless) would have perpetrated such atrocity? Or what country on the

borders of the Caspian sea bereaved of all human laws would have dared to do such a deed? Why! Not even the cruel BUSIRIS ever went so far as to shed the blood of youths at his impious altars! Nor did even DIOMEDES himself serve up little tender children for his horses to be feasted upon! Oh! my ASTYANAX! who will inter thy remains and deliver thee over to the tomb?

MES What thou meanest alas! is what the fall from this lofty tower has left of his remains! His bones are dislocated and crushed by the heavy fall but there are still some indications of his noble person but the weight of the body coming down with such force to the ground has made any identification difficult as to his face and those other noble points in which he so resembled his father his neck is broken and his skull is fractured by the force with which he came in contact with the siliceous rocks (flints) the brains have nearly all escaped from the cranial cavity and ASTYANAX is lying a shapeless mass!

ANDR And in this respect at all events he may be compared with his father

MES When the boy fell headlong from the tower a portion of the Grecian crowd was moved to tears at the crime of which Ulysses was the instrument then the same crowd which had been weeping as I have described push on eagerly to witness another abominable execution and they reach the tomb of Achilles—the streams around the promontory of Rhœteum to play upon the extreme left of this cape with their gentle wavelets and the open plain is in front of the opposite side whilst the valley occupying the intermediate space becomes rising ground increasing the ascent by a very slight and gradual slope till it ultin  
theatre—a  
about ever

opinion that the delay of the fleet must be settled now! others are chuckling over the fact that the last scion of the royal enemy has been disposed of and a great portion of the indiscriminate spectators look on although at the same time they disapprove of the performance of these atrocities! Nor are the Trojans backward in their desire to witness the deaths of the victims but gaze with fear and trembling upon the last link of the royal dynasty (Polyxena)—when presently those connected with the nuptial ceremony advance in front There goes the bridesmaid Helen hanging down her head in sadness and the Trojans inwardly pray that Hermione (daughter

Cum subito thalami moie præcedunt faces	1135
It pronuba illic Tyndarus, mæstum caput	
Demissa tali nubat Ilermione modo,	
Phryges precantui sic viro turpis suo	
Reddatui Helene tenior attonitos tenet	
Utrosque populos ipsa dejectos gerit	1140
Vultus pudore, sed tamen fulgent genæ,	
Magnisque solito splendet extremus decor	
Ut esse Phœbi dulcius lumen solet	
Jam jam cadentis, astra cum repetunt vices,	
Premiturque dubius nocte vicina dies	1145
Stupet omne vulgus, & seie cuncti magis	
Peritura laudant hos movet formæ decus,	
Hos molis ætas, hos vixit rerum vices	
Movet animus omnes fortis, & leto obvius	
Pyrhum antecedit omnium mentes tremunt	1150
Mirantui, ac miseriuntur ut primum adui	
Sublime montis tetigit, atque alte edito	
Juvenis paterni vertice in busti stetit,	
Audax virago non tulit retro gradum,	
Conversa ad istum stat tuici vultu feroc	1155
Tam fortis animus omnium mentes ferit	
Novumque monstrum est, Pyrius ad credem piger	
Ut dextera ferrum penitus exacta abdidit,	
Subitus recepta morte prorupit cuoi	
Per vulnus ingens, nec trimen moriens adhuc	1160
Depouit animos, cecidit, ut Achilli gravem	
Fractura terram, pronæ, & viro impetu	
Uterque fleuit cœtus at timidum Phryges	
Miserie gemitum clivus victor gemit	
Hic oïdo fricu non stetit susus cuoi,	1165
Ilumove summa fluxit obduxit stratum,	
Sevusque totum sanguinem tumulus bibit	
hec ite, ite, Danaï, petite jam tuti domos,	
Optata velis maria diffusis fecet	
Secura classis concidit virgo, ac puer	1170
Bellum peractum est quo meus lacrimas feram?	
Ubi hanc anilis exspuam leti moram?	
Natam, in nepotem, conjugem, an patriam feram?	
An omnium? an me? sola mors votum meum	
Instantibus violenta, virginibus venis,	1175

of Helen and Menelaus) should go through a similar marriage, and in like manner, that adulterous Helen should be delivered over to her own husband! An inward dread possesses the astounded Grecian and Trojan crowds! Polyxena, herself, evinces a countenance of maidenly modesty, but her cheeks, however, show a slight blush, and her excessive beauty shines forth greater than ever! Even as the light of Phœbus seems more agreeable

to behold when he is beginning to set and when the stars are commencing to repeat their course and the uncertain daylight is at length overpowered by the advancing night! All the common people are stupefied and nearly all are inclined to praise the being that is about to be sacrificed—the beauty of her face wins the favor of some her tender age works upon the feeling of others and the changeable character of all things sublimary operates on the sympathies of others whilst the courageous spirit and the way she meets death enlist the sympathies of all—She walks in front of Pyrrhus—the nerves of all are in a quiver the spectators admire as well as pity! In the meantime Pyrrhus reaches the summit of the mountain so difficult of ascent and the young man stood on the top of his father's tomb as high as he could but the courageous girl with masculine spirit did not start back or flinch one step and as Pyrrhus stands up with a ferocious expression Polyxena leans forward to receive her death blow Then the intrepid courage of Polyxena impresses the minds of all and now a novel spectacle presents itself The courage of Pyrrhus seems to flag as he faces his work of slaughter but at last he buries his sword deep down with his right hand with a successful thrust and a sudden rush of blood flowed from the enormous wound which caused her death nor even as she is dying do her spirits desert her she fell as if about to make the ground press down heavily on the ashes of Achilles! as with an angered look she dropped with her face downwards! Both the Grecian and Trojan crowd of spectators wept but the Phrygians gave forth a stifled groan while the conqueror groaned with satisfaction This is the way the sacrifice took place and the blood did not rest as in a pool but it soaked deep in the ground and it was covered in a moment and thus the unrelenting tomb drank in the entire blood of its victim!

HEC. Go! Depart ye Greeks! now seek thy various native homesteads in security and the fleet with its wide spread sails will plough the wished for seas—Now the Virgin has gone as well as the boy—The war is now thoroughly over but how shall I bear my own grief? When as an old woman do I reject with indignation any delay in the death which I desire for myself shall I live to mourn a daughter a grandson a husband or my country? Or all combined? No! my only wish is for death alone! Oh! Unfeeling Death thou visitest with violence—thou comest with readiness to Virgins like Polyxena everywhere thou seemest active enough with

Ubi cunq̄ue properas, fœva me folam times,  
 Vitafque gl̄adios inter ac tela & faces  
 Quæfit̄a tota nocte, cupientem fugis  
 Non hoftis, aut iuina, non ignis meos  
 Abfumfit̄ virtus quam prope ⁊ Priamo flet̄i  
 NUN̄T Rep̄tite celeſti maria, captivæ, gradu  
 Jam vela puppis laxat, & claſſis movet

1180

thy work—But thou seemest reluctant to approach me! thou seekest out throughout the long dreary night for stray lives—Where swords, darts and conflagrations are doing their work for thee, but thou avoidest me who inviteth thy approach! No enemy, no ruins, no conflagrations have kindly snatched away my body! and how near I stood to the altar, where Priam fell, yet no kindly hand slew me!

MES Now, captives, look out to embark on the briny deep with quickened steps, the vessels are now loosening sails and the foremost ships of the fleet are already under way!

M E D E A



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEDEA  
JASON  
CREON

NUTRIX  
CHORUS CORINTHIORUM  
NUNTIUS

## ARGUMENTUM

JASON cum uxore & liberis post interfectum Peliam Corinthi exulabat. Ubi cum Creon rex illum generum legisset, Medea res suas sibi habere a marito, ab rege aliud exsilium querere jubetur. Illa unius diei impetrata mora, Creusæ sponsæ, pallam & monile magicis infecta venenis mittit quibus indutis ignem corripuit palla, misereque nova nupta, una cum patre in natæ auxilium accurrente, combusta est, Medea denique filius, quos Jasoni pepererat, in patris conspectu trucidatis, per æra aufugit.

## ACTUS PRIMUS

## MEDEA

Medea deferta superiores inferosque Jasonis ultores invocat.

**D**II conjugales tuque genialis tui  
Lucina custos, quæque domitoriem fieti  
Tiphyn novam frenare docuisti ratem,  
Et tu profundi sæve dominator maris,  
Clarumque Titan dividens orbi diem,  
Tacitisque præbens conscium sacris jubar,  
Hecate triformis, quosque juravit mihi  
Deos Jason, quosque Medææ magis  
Fris est precari, noctis æternæ chaos  
Aversa Superis regna, Manesque impios,

## DRAMA IS PERSONÆ

MEDEA JASON CREON	}	NURSE CHORUS OF CORINTHIANS MESSENGER
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## ARGUMENT

AFTER the slaughter of Pelias Jason lived as an exile at Corinth with his wife and children. But when Creon the king chose him for a son-in-law Medea is required to be divorced from her husband and ordered by the king to seek another place of exile. Medea a delay of one day having been obtained sends to Creusa a cloak and neckerchief charged with some magic produced material which things having been put on by Creusa the cloak instantly takes fire and the new bride is cruelly destroyed by the flames and the father who ran to the assistance of his daughter shares the same fate—Then Medea (the children she had by Jason being killed in the presence of their father) flies away through the air.

## ACT I

### M E D E A

Medea when she finds herself deserted invokes the Gods above and the Gods below to visit their vengeance on Jason

O! ye Gods who preside over things conjugal and thou Lucina the special guardian of the hymeneal bed and thou Minerva who taughtest Tiphys the successful pilot how to steer his vessel and combat the waves and manage aright that novel Argonautic craft and thou Neptune the stern ruler of the vasty deep and thou Phœbus who dividest thy bright day between the two sides of our orb and thou the three formed Hecate (Hecate Diana Phœbe) who givest forth thy nocturnal rays in fires at the secret mystic etly by might (and the de nd oh! ye Gods before w to me and ye others for whose aid it is the more decided right of Medea to ask (those who had been initiated by her in magical secrets and the mystic infernal ceremonies),

Dominumque regni tristis, & dominam fide  
 Meliore raptam, voce non fausta precor  
 Adeste, adeste scelestis ultrices Deæ,  
 Cinem solutis squalidæ serpentibus,  
 Atiam cruentis manibus amplevæ facem, 15  
 Adeste thalamis horridæ quondam meis  
 Quales stetitis, conjugii letum novæ,  
 Letumque foceo & iegræ stirpi date  
 Mihi pejus aliquid, quod precari sponso malum  
 Vivat, per urbes eirei ignotas cogens, 20  
 Exsul, pavens, invisus, incerti laris  
 Me conjugem optet, limen alienum expetat,  
 Jam notus hospes quoque non aliud queam  
 Pejus precari, liberos similis patri,  
 Similesque matris parva jam, parva ultio est 25  
 Peperi querelas, verbaque incassum fero  
 Non ibo in hostes? manibus excutiam faces,  
 Cœloque lucem? spectat hoc nostrum sator  
 Sol generis! & spectatur, & curru insidens  
 Per solita puri spatia decurrit poli? 30  
 Non redit in ortus, & remittitur diem?  
 Da, da per auras curibus patris vehi  
 Committe hæbenas, genitor, & flagrantibus  
 Ignifera loris tribue moderari juga  
 Gemino Corinthos litori opponens moras, 35  
 Cremata flammis maria committet duo  
 Hoc restat unum pronubam thalamo feram  
 Ut ipsa pinum, postque sacrificas preces  
 Cædam dicatis victimas altaribus  
 Per viscera ipsa quære supplicio viam, 40  
 Si vivis, anime si quid antiqui tibi  
 Remanet vigoris, pelle femineos metus,  
 Et inhospitalem Caucasum mente indue  
 Quodcumque vidit Phasis aut Pontus nefas,  
 Videbit Isthmos effera, ignota, horrida, 45  
 Tremenda cœlo pariter ac terris mala,  
 Mens intus agitat; vulnera, & cædem, & vagum

and thou, the Chaos of Eternal Night,—ye, the kingdoms that are below those which are immediately above the Earth, and the impious progeny of the Manes, and the ruler of that sad kingdom, (Pluto,) and thou, Proserpine, who wast carried away by Pluto, but with the faithful observance of his conjugal vows, (which has not fallen to my lot,) I pray thee, though with a modified degree of confidence, be present Oh! ye Eumenides, the avenging goddesses of crimes, with your repulsive locks hanging down with the dangling serpents, be present, holding the dreaded torch in your blood thirsty hands—stand ye forth, as ye did at my marriage ceremony, terrible to behold, causing death to reach this newly imported spouse!

Deal out destruction to the father in law and the entire Corinthian royal race! And grant to me that the calamities shall be worse which I may invoke to befall my husband! Let him live let him wander amongst unknown and hostile countries, as a suspected vagrant as an exile always in dread of some terrible disaster hated by every body with no fixed home of his own deserted by his I tres—let him sigh in vain to have me back again! Let him have to seek the threshold of a stranger—he is already a marked man too well known as a guest! In addition to which I cannot wish for anything worse for him than that his children even born of me should grow up counterparts of himself in perfidy! and like their mother in their propensities to poisonous acts of cruelty! lies my revenge—I have complaints but my mere words of remonstrance are late in the day and of not much avail but I have borne the children! Shall I not go into the enemy's camp? Shall I put out the marriage torches with my own hands and leave them all in darkness? Does I have the progenitor of my race see all this? And as he beholds it will he still pursue his way seated on his flaming chariot by the same undeviating track along the spotless skies regardless of my misery. Why does he not look horrified and hide his face? Why does he not return to his starting place the gorgeous east and let the day be commenced over again (that is put back the day as he had done before when Hercules was born) Grant me this—allow me to be conveyed in the paternal chariot throughout the skies. Oh! my father hand thou the scorching reins to me and let me guide the fiery horses of the sun and Corinth which is the opposing barrier between the two seas (Ionian and Agera) being burnt up by the flames of which I shall have the full command the two seas will be joined as the result (Corinth being thoroughly destroyed the two seas would be united) But there is still one thing left for me to carry out that I myself shall put in an appearance at the marriage with my own hymeneal pine torch and after the preliminary prayers can myself slay the sacrificial victims before the sacred altars! Oh! my inward soul if thou livest that is if thou art alive to thy sought for revenge seek the road to such revenge by way of their entrails and if there is any of my ancient self left within me let me cast aside all womanish fears and assume the disposition of a fierce and cruel Caucasian and whatever crimes either the Phasis or Pontus (Euxine) has witnessed let Corinth see in very earnest the cruel unheard of, terrible visitations to be trembled

Funus per artus, levia memoravi nimis  
 Hæc virgo feci, gravior exurgit dolor  
 Mjora jam me scelera post partus decent 50  
 Accingere ira, teque in exitum para  
 Furore toto para narrentur tua  
 Repudia thalamis, quo virum inquis modo?  
 Hoc, quo secuta es, rumpe jam segnes moras  
 Quæ sceleie parta est, scelere linquenda est domus 55

## CHORUS

Chorus e mulieribus Corinthiis Jansonis & Creusæ nuptiis  
 epithalium præcinit

**A**D regum thalamos numine prospero,  
 Qui cœlum superi, qui que regunt fretum,  
 Adfint, cum populis rite faventibus  
 Primus sceptiferis colla Tonantibus  
 Taurus celsa ferat teigore candido 60  
 Lucinam nivei femina corporis  
 Intentata jugo placet & asper  
 Martis sanguineas quæ cohibet manus,  
 Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,  
 Et cornu retinet divite copiam, 65  
 Donetur tenera mitior hosti  
 Et tu, qui facibus legitimis ades,  
 Noctem discutiens auspice dextera,  
 Huc incede gradu marcidus ebulo,  
 Præcingens rofeo tempora vinculo 70  
 Et tu, quæ gemini prævia temporis  
 Tarde stella redis semper amantibus  
 Te matres avidæ, te cupiunt natus,  
 Quamprimum radios spargere lucidos  
 Vincit virgineus decor 75  
 Longe Cæciopias nurus  
 Et quas Taygeti jugis

at both by the Heavens and the Earth (Gods and Men) have been duly and thoroughly thought over in my mind, as well as the wounds and slaughter, and the scattered funeral in waiting for them (Alluding to the death of Absyrtus, whose body, scattered far and wide, had to be gathered up for the funeral pile) I remember, however, these trifles, perhaps too vividly—all these things I did when I was a virgin, my present anger rises to a much higher pitch! Now, as a wife and mother, greater crimes suit my condition—better lay myself out with all my pent-up rage for something worthy of it, in the way of destruction! Let my divorce be talked about, as much as ever this marriage will be! (as regards the crime

connected therewith) But in what way do I propose to leave my husband? In the same way as that in which I followed him—as a criminal! Now let me put an end to the palace which was obtained of crime must be vacated

## CHORUS

The Chorus of the Corinthian women chant forth a marriage song in praise of the nuptials between Jason and Creusa

Oh ye Gods above thou Jupiter who rulest the heavens and thou Neptune, who rulest over the vast ocean—be present all of you with your encouraging felicitations at the marriage of the royal personages Jason and Creusa favourable acknowledg-  
rejoicing and kind word  
first with a snow white hide raising proudly its lofty head be sacrificed at the altars of the deities Jupiter and Juno who wield the sceptre in the kingdom whence the lightning are sent forth and let a white heifer—whose neck has never been bent to the yoke—be offered to gratify the eyes of Lucina and thou Concordia the goddess of peace who restrainest the sanguinary weapons of Mars and who instead bestowest the blessings of amicable treaties upon warlike peoples and who art recognized by husbanding in thy horn of plenty the plentiful fruits of the earth—for thee let a fitting emblem in the shape of a sheep be awarded (This was sacrificed in an especial manner without blood sprinkled on the altars as opposed to the free shedding of blood which characterizes the operations of war) And thou Hymenæus who comest with thy torches suggestive of thy legitimate functions who drivest away the darkness of night with the torches in thy right hand—come hither oh! thou debauched looking God with thy drunken rollicking gait wearing on thy head the customary chaplet of roses and thou Venus the constellation the forerunner of day and night (coming at two times) and always returning late for those engaged in their love affairs (That is the time always appearing long which is looked forward to by ardent  
the anxious matrons want  
moment thou sheddest  
ally the beauty of our  
Virgin Creusa surpasses by far that of all the other brides  
as well as those whom that city without the protection



pretensions (as a rival) as well as his brother Castor!

Thus—thus oh! ye Gods above I vow and maintain that Creusa carries off the prize amongst the maids and Jason by a long way outshines all the men—When she stands up with the women of this chorus the face of that one Creusa surpasses all the others in beauty! As when the starry splendors fade away into nothingness when bright Phœbus shows his effulgent face and is with the thick cluster of the Pleiades when bright Ithaë has approximated her circuitous horns (full moon) and shows herself as a solid orb although the light is not her own! Thus it is with Creusa when her snow white face becomes tinged with the exquisite pink diffusing itself and in like manner as the morning shepherd wet himself with the dews of night beholds the bright face of Aurora with a renovated light as she is fed by the same dews (The ancients imagined that the Stellar bodies were nourished with moisture hence the idea—increased brilliancy) Thou Jason having been snatched away (released) from the horrible marriage bed of Phasian memory accustom'd as thou wert to the temper and caprices of a fierce wife and who troublest even as thou didst caress her with thy unwilling right hand take to thyself with rapture the Æolian Virgin and thou oh thou Bridegroom for the first time in thy life rejoice in having a father in law ready to receive thee with open arms—and oh! ye young men give yourselves up to jollity the privilege of running down your masters being now accorded to you—and oh! ye the young of both sexes chant forth your tuneful lays the men at one time the women at another (This singing separately was adopted that the female voices should not be drowned by those of the males) The rare liberty is now accorded to you and acknowledged as your right to rail against your masters (This is the custom at the Saturnalia when masters and slaves change places and say what they like)

And oh! ye fortunate noble progeny of the Thyrsus bearing Lyæus (Bacchus) now is the time to set fire to the split pines and to brandish the solemn marriage torches with your fingers till they are thoroughly fagg'd out (the pines being slit up with the grun of the wood burn freely when wasted to and fro briskly) and the reciters of the bantering Iescennine Verses may freely indulge in their licentious jocularities on this festive occasion and the assembled throng are at liberty to crack their jokes as much as they like! But let Medea pass away into silent obscurity she who became a fugitive and exile and married a husband travelling about in foreign lands!



## ACTUS SECUNDUS

## MEDEA, NURIX

Audito Hymenæo fuit Medea, quam sedula nutritrix laborat,  
sed frustra

MLD **O**CCIDIMUS aures pepulit Hymenæus meus  
 Vix ipsa tantum, vix adhuc, ciedo malum  
 Hæc facere Jason potuit erepto patre,  
 Patria atque regno, sedibus solam exteris  
 Deferere durus merita contempsit mea, 120  
 Qui sceleris flammam viderat in me, & matrem  
 Adeone credit omne consumtum nefas  
 Incerta, vecors, mente vesana feror,  
 Partes in omnes, unde me ulcisci queam  
 Utinam esset illi frater est conjux in hanc 125  
 Ferrum exigatur hoc meis fatis est malis  
 Si quod Pelægæ, si quod urbes barbaræ  
 Novere facinus, quod tuæ ignorant manus,  
 Nunc est parandum scelera te hortentur tua,  
 Et cuncta redeant inclitum regni decus 130  
 Raptum, & nefandæ virginis parvus comes  
 Divisus ense, funus ingestum patri,  
 Sparsumque ponto corpus, & Pelææ senis  
 Decocta alieno membra funestum impie  
 Quam sæpe fudi sanguinem at nullum scelus 135  
 Irata feci sævit infelix amor  
 Quid tamen Jason potuit, alieni ubi tui  
 Jurisque factus debuit ferro obvium  
 Offerre pectus, melius, ah melius, dolor  
 Fuiose, loquere si potest, vivat meus, 140  
 Ut fuit, Jason, sin minus, vivat tamen,  
 Memorque nostri muneri parcat meo  
 Culpa est Creontis tota, qui sceptio impotens  
 Conjugia solvit, quique gentricem abstrahit  
 Natis, & arcto pignore adstrictam fidem 145  
 Dirimit petatui solus hic, pœnas luat,  
 Quas debet, alto cinere cumulabo donum  
 Videbit atium vorticem flammis agi

## ACT II

## MEDEA—NURSE

Medea is in a furious rage when she hears of the marriage the nurse tries her best to pacify her, but in vain.

## MEDEA

I AM at my wits end—these marriage chants are still ringing in my ears I can scarcely accredit so gross a piece of villainy—hardly as yet at all events! Is Jason capable of doing such things? Snatched away from my father my native country my kingdom and thus to be left alone forsaken—in a foreign land! Has that ungrateful man learned to despise my meritorious services?—I who by my crimes witnessed his triumph over the flames and the sea (by her sorceries over the flames the brazen footed fire vomiting bulls and over the sea by throwing into it the body of her brother Absyrtus)—but he is so credulous as to suppose that I have exhausted my category of the evil arts which I can yet bring to my aid? In my wavering state of mind—of maddened imagination—I am goaded on to every kind of invention which an insane brain can conceive as to the mode in which I shall be best able to execute my revenge I wish Jason had a brother—never mind—he has a wife and upon her the sword shall be visited—but is this enough to satisfy my wrongs? If the Pelasgians or even any Barbarian cities have become acquainted with any specimen of crime not known already to these practised hands of mine now is the time to make it known to me—let your crimes induce you to offer some sort of guidance and let all my own deeds return to my memory—that glorious distinguishing ornament of a proud kingdom the golden fleece (stolen by Jason aided by my sorceries) and the young companion of a cruel virgin cut up with the edge of the sword and his remains thrust upon the notice of the father (to retard pursuit) and his body thrown into the sea piece by piece (to appease Neptune) And the body of the aged Pelias boiled in a caldron—how impiously forsooth! And how often have I been reckless in the shedding of blood? But none of these things it was urging me on! Now it is Jason's turn—his portion will add fury to my Jason do? He has had the sanction and authority of another to aid and abet him in doing what he has done But ought he not rather to have presented his breast to the sword's point than to have deserted me? But let me speak more to the purpose ah with more moderation Oh! this angered soul of mine! If it be possible let Jason remain mine as he once was if not—let him still live and be mindful of my past services and my now sparing him (My vengeance is to let him live to know that he owes his very existence to my forbearance)

Maler, longas navibus flectens moias	
NUTR Sile, obsecro, questusque secreto abditos	150
Manda dolori gravia quisquis vulnera	
Patiente & æquo mutus animo pertulit,	
Referre potuit ira, quæ tegitur, nocet	
Professæ perdunt odia vindictæ locum	
MED Levis est dolor, qui capere consilium potest,	155
Et clepere sese magna non latitant mala	
Libet ire contra NUTR Siste furialem impetum,	
Alumnæ viæ te tacita defendit quies	
MED Fortunæ fortes metuit, ignavos premit	
NUTR Tunc est probanda, si locum virtus habet	160
MED Nunquam potest non esse virtuti locus	
NUTR Spes nulla monstrat rebus afflictis viam	
MED Qui nil potest sperare, desperet nihil	
NUTR Abiere Colchi conjugis nulla est fides,	
Nihilque superest opibus e tantis tibi	165
MED Medea superest heic mare & terras vides,	
Ferrumque, & ignes, & Deos, & fulminæ	
NUTR Rex est timendus MED Rex meus fuerat pater	

The entire blame is with Creon, who, in his irrestrainable power, has dissolved my marriage with Jason, and it is he, who has separated a mother from her children, and ruthlessly disturbed that conjugal fidelity, by which we were both bound by the strictest pledges! No, he alone shall be sought out for this, he shall suffer that punishment which he so richly deserves—I will reduce his palace to a heap of cinders, and the promontory of Malea, which causes from its numerous bends so much obstruction and delay to navigators, shall witness a black whirlwind of smoke rise out of the flames (Malea, which extended five miles into the sea, became proverbial for its danger)

#### NURSE

Be silent, I beseech thee, consign thy wrongs to the secret recesses of thy own angry bosom, whoever bears in silence, and with a patient unruffled spirit, the grievous stings of fate, can always place them to better account (to give like for like in revenge), anger which is pent-up, and not shown to the world, is always more effective, when brought into play—but grievances which are openly paraded lose many an opportunity for revenge! (e.g. apprising others of your intentions)

#### MEDEA

That grievance is light indeed which can tolerate any advice from others, and hide itself away, as it were,

grievances of any magnitude will not be stifled in such a manner—No it is better to face one's difficulties openly!

NURSE

Do restrain thy furious impulses oh! my nursing! or thy reposeful silence even will not be a sufficient safeguard!

MEDEA

Fortune favours the bold but she tramples on the coward

NURSE

Then it remains to be proved whether determination and boldness have the requisite materials to work with

MEDEA

There never can be any place assigned to determination it is the result which decides the matter

NURSE

Does no hope hold out any prospect to those in affliction?

MEDEA

He who cannot hope for anything cannot reasonably despair of anything

NURSE

The Colchians are out of the question now there is no fidelity to be expected from thy husband and nothing now remains to thee—even out of thy ample resources

MEDEA

Yes indeed! Medea remains! And thou canst see for thyself the earth and the sea—then come the sword the flames the revengeful deities and Jupiter's lightnings!

NURSE

But the king surely is to be feared?

MEDEA

My father was a king and I didn't fear him (but opposed him for Jason's sake)

NURR Non metuis arma? MID Sint licet terra editi  
 NURR Moriere MID Cupio NURR Profuge MID Poenitent fugi  
 Medea fugiam? NURR Mater es MID Cui sim, vides  
 NURR Profugere dubitas? MID Iugum at ulciscar prius  
 NURR Vindex sequetur MID Forſan inveniam moras  
 NURR Compesce verba præce jam demens minus,  
 Animofque minue temporis aptari decet. 175  
 MED Fortunæ opes auferre non animum poteſt,  
 Sed cujus icſtu regius cardo ſtrepit?  
 Ipſe eſt Pelafgo tumidus imperio Creon

### CREON, MEDEA

Creon Medeam in exilium propere abire imperio urget  
 illa dicit unum moram vix impetrat

#### NURSE

Dost thou not fear the bloodthirsty weapons of the warrior?

#### MEDEA

No, not if they sprang forthwith from the earth! (alluding to the giants sprung from the serpent's teeth when thrown into the earth)

#### NURSE

Thou mightst die!

#### MEDEA.

This is what I desire most

#### NURSE.

Flee!

#### MEDEA

I have had a little experience in fleeing, which I have had reason to repent—Shall I, a Medea, attempt flight again, that have boldly faced every danger?

## NURSE

Thou art a mother—thou hast children

## MEDA

Think rather of Jason by whom I have been made that mother

## NURSE

Why dost thou hesitate to flee?

## MEDA

I may flee but I will have my revenge first.

## NURSE

Vengeance will follow thee up assuredly!

## MEDA

Perhaps I may discover some opportunity for delay as I did when my father pursued me (Slaying Absyrtus *funus ingestum patri* line 137)

## NURSE

Spare thy menacing words, who art already enraged enough spare further threats. Tone down thy anger—it is best to adapt thyself to time and opportunity

## MEDA

Fortune can rob us of our riches but not of our mental attributes. But hark! Who is knocking?—The hinges of the palace door are creaking—Here is Creon himself puffed up with all his pompous pride and power!

## CREON—MEDA

Creon urges Medea to depart from his Kingdom into exile with all haste she with difficulty obtains the delay of one day

CR	<b>M</b> EDEA, Colchi noxium Æetæ genus, Nondum meis exportat e regnis pedem <sup>2</sup>	180
	Molitur aliquid nota fraus, nota est manus, Cui pareit illa <sup>2</sup> quemve securum finit <sup>2</sup>	
	Abolere propere pessimam ferro luem Equidem parabam, precibus evieit gener	
	Concessa vita est liberet fines metu, Abeatque tuta, seit gradum contra feror,	185
	Miraxque nostros propius affatus petit Arcete, sumuli, tactu & accessu proeul	
	Jubete, sileat regium imperium patri Aliquando diseat vade veloci via,	190
	Monstrumque sævum, horribile, jmdudum vehe	
MED	Quod crimen, ut quæ culpa mulctatur fugi <sup>2</sup>	
CR	Quæ causa pellat, innoens mulier rogat	
MED	Si judicas, cognosce si regnas, jube	
CR	Æquum arque iniquum regis imperium feras	195
MED	Iniqua nunquam regna perpetuo manent	
CR I,	querere Colchis	
MED	Redeo qui advenit, ferat.	
CR	Vox constituto fera decreto venit	
MED	Qui statuit aliquid parte inaudita altera, Æquum licet statueit, laud æquus fuit	200

## CREON

**O**H! Medea the noxious progeny of the Colchian Æetas, hast thou not taken thyself off from out of my dominions? Thou art hatching something, some wicked crime has entered thy head, thy hands have again been employed upon some mischief! Whom or what does that woman spare? Whom will she ever allow to remain in security? Indeed, I have been making up my mind to destroy her forthwith, and to condemn her to suffer the worst punishment to which I could sentence her,—the sword! But my son-in-law, Jason, has won me over by his entreaties not to do so, and thus her life has been spared to her, but she must be caused to free my kingdom of any further fears (arising out of her evil machinations) Let her depart in safety, and let her ferocious nature guide her steps elsewhere! She employs her threatening language, boldly seeks me out and dares to address me personally! Drive her away, attendants,—put her as far from me as possible, from all contact or any means of getting near me Carry out these orders, and make her keep silence—she must, at last, be made to yield to my regal authority! Go thy way with all possible speed, let me—it is time—remove hence this cruel, horrible monster!

## MEDEA

For what crime for what fault may I ask am I to be punished with exile?

## CREON

What reason is there why I should drive thee away? An innocent woman could only ask me such a question as that!

## MEDEA

If thou art officiating as a judge let me know if thou art commanding because thou reignest on the strength of that power I must obey thee

## CREON

Thou wilt have to obey the authority of the king no matter whether thou considerest the command just or unjust!

## MEDEA

True! But the unjust exercise of power does not rest for ever with the dispenser thereof

## CREON

Go away! Let Colchis be thy destination

## MEDEA

I will return willingly but let Jason escort me thither — he who introduced me here

## CREON

Thy remark comes too late under any circumstances my irrevocable decree has gone forth

## MEDEA

The man or judge who issues his decrees so freely without hearing the other side of the question although he may by chance ordain what is right is not acting justly



CR Auditus a te Pelia supplicium tulit  
 Sed fare, cruce detur egregius locus  
 MID Difficile quam sit animum ab ira flaccidum  
 Jam conceitatum, quamque regale hoc putet,  
 Sceptris superbas quisquis admovit manus, 205  
 Qua ceepit, ire, regia didici mea  
 Quamvis enim sim clade miseranda obruta,  
 Expulsa, supplex sola deserta, undique  
 Afflicta, quondam nobili fulsi patre,  
 Avoque clarum Sole deduxi genus 210  
 Quodcumque phœdis fluvibus Phœnis rigat  
 Pontusque quidquid Seythicus a tergo videt,  
 Palustribus qua maria dulcescent aquis,  
 Armata peltis quidquid excreet colons  
 Inclusa ripis videtur Thermodontis 215  
 Hoc omne noster genitor imperio regit  
 Generosa, felix, decore regali potens  
 Fulsi petebant tunc meos thalamos proci.  
 Qui nunc petuntur rapida Fortuna re levis,  
 Præcepſque regno cripiunt, exsilio dedit 220  
 Confide regnis, cum levis magnas opes  
 Hinc ferat & illuc casus hoc reges habent  
 Magnificum & ingens, nulla quod rapiat dies,  
 Prodesse miseris, supplices fido hære  
 Protegere solum hoc Colchico regno extuli, 225  
 Decus illud ingens, Græcia florem inelutum,  
 Præsidia Achivæ gentis, & prolem Deum  
 Servasse memet munus est Orpheus meum,  
 Qui fava cantu mulect, & silvas trahit,  
 Geminumque munus Castor & Pollux meum est, 230  
 Satique Borea, qui que trans Pontum quoque  
 Summota Lynceus lumine immisso videt  
 Omnesque Minyæ nam diem taceo ducein,

## CREON

Was the punishment of Pelias awarded after a fair hearing of both sides? But tell me, at once,—an opportunity is now given thee of pleading to that very egregious crime!

## MEDEA

What a difficult thing it is to divert the mind from anger, when once it is fully roused, the man who has

grasped the sceptre with his proud hands thinks that every thing he does is screened by his royal prerogative and is inclined to persevere in the course which he has set himself to follow (Medea here wishes to suggest that the now hearkening to the entreaties of a suppliant is a part of Creon's plan) I gleaned the knowledge of this fact from my observations in my own father's royal palace. Although I may be here at thy feet ruined utterly miserable through my downfall—driven away as a suppliant—a deserted wife—and a fair target at every turn for any kind of affliction—I once shone forth myself as a cynosure in my noble father's palace and I claim my illustrious descent from Phæbus himself who is my grandfather! Whatsoever lands the Phæsis washes with its winding plaied streams of whatever countries the Scythian sea commands the view along its shores wherever the bitter salt sea is tempered by the numberless marshy streams flowing into it as tributaries and those plains where the armed battalions of virgins with their moon shape shields strike terror whilst they throng the banks of the Thermodon—over all those vast straits does my father rule! I of noble descent with prospects of the brightest shone forth exercising considerable influence with my royal splendor and then it was that suitors sought my hand in marriage (Jason) who in turn are now being sought for by others as sons in law (Creon). But fortune ever fleeting and capricious in a precipitate moment snatched me from my kingdom and handed me over to exile! But what trust thou likest to know how the most—remove yonder—at any which kings enjoy! But there is one great and glorious privilege which kings at all times possess and which as long as they are kings no day can deprive them of and that is to do good to the wretched and fillen and to provide safe surroundings (reliable fires) for a suppliant. Think of the one treasure I brought from the kingdom of Colchis my chief title to glory is to have brought safely with me that distinguished ornament—the noble flower of Greece the very safeguard of the Grecian nation and the offspring of the Gods (the Argonaut Heroes) Orpheus who charms the very rocks and captivates the forest trees is my gift and the double present of Castor and Pollux emanated from my exertions and the Sons of Boreas and Lynceus who when he directs his keen eyes sees things although they are at the bottom of the sea and all those Thessalian Minyæ (companions of Jason in the Argonautic expedition)—for I am silent about the chief of all these leaders (Jason)

Pro quo nihil debetur, hunc nulli imputo  
 Vobis reveari ceteros, unum mihi 235  
 Incesse nunc, & cuncta flagitiaingere,  
 Fatebor obici crimen hoc solum potest,  
 Argo reveisa, virgini placeat pudor  
 Paterque placeat, tota cum ducibus ruet  
 Pelasga tellus hic tuus primum gener 240  
 Tauri ferocis ore flammanti occidet  
 Fortunam causam, qua volet, nostrum premat  
 Non poenitet servasse tot regum decus  
 Quodeunque culpa primum ex omni tuli,  
 Hoc est penes te, si placet, damnare rem 245  
 Sed redde crimen sum nocens, fateor, Creon  
 Talem sciebas esse, cum genua attigi,  
 Fidemque supplex præsidis dextre peti  
 Terra hac miseris angulum & fedem rogo,  
 Latebrasque viles urbe si pelli placeat, 250  
 Detur remotus aliquis in regnis locus  
 CR Non esse me, qui sceptris violenti geram,  
 Nec qui superbo miserias calcem pede,  
 Testatus equidem videor haud clare parum,  
 Generum exsulem legendo, & afflictum, & gravi 255  
 Terrore pavidum quippe te poenae expetit  
 Letoque Acræus, regna Thesfalica obtinens  
 Scio trementem debili atque ævo gravem  
 Patrem percunctum queritur, & cæsi fenis  
 Discissa membra, cum dolo capte tuo 260  
 Piæ sorores impium auderent nefas  
 Potest Jason, si tuam causam amoves,  
 Sui tueri nullus innocuum cruor  
 Contrahavit absint ferro manus,  
 Proculque vestro purus a cœtu sedit 265  
 Tu tu malorum machinatorum scinorum,  
 Cui femina nequitia, ad videndum omnia  
 Virile robur, nulla fuisse memoria est,  
 Ugrederc, purga regna, lectales simul

for bringing whom nothing is owing to me! I charge no one but myself for that act! I brought the others back in safety for thee—him (Jason) to please myself! Now set upon me, and heap up all things upon my shoulders, as crimes I will confess to what is true, but can this solitary thing be thrown up in my teeth as a crime? Suppose the Argonauts had met with a reverse and it had suited me better to have upheld the character of a virgin and my wish had been to please my father, —all the Pelasgian land would have come to ruin, with

its noble leaders first and foremost thy intended son in law would have fallen a prey to the vomited flames of the ferocious bull! Fortune may deal even harshly with my case if she likes but I do not myself repent of having been the means of preserving the lives the honor, the glory of so many noble heroes, the sons of kings! Whatever price I shall have to pay as the reward for all my crimes this is a matter entirely in thy hands there fore if it pleases thee condemn me as a criminal but give me back my crime in full (Jason) I plead guilty, Creon I confess thou knewest what I was when I genuflected to thee and craved as a suppliant for that justice which is only expected in the fulfilment of a solemn pledge and I now ask in my hour of tribulation only for a small corner and resting place in this country—any low hovel or hiding place but if it pleases thee only to expel me from the city pray let some remote spot be accorded me so long as it is in thy kingdom!

#### CREON

I am far from being the man who wishes to wield his power with violent measures, nor am I one that can tread with a disdainful foot upon the misfortunes of any one indeed I have that reputation not wanting either in being borne out by one very clear proof which is not making my son in law an exile afflicted as he is and always in dread of some grave disaster for Acastus is on the look out for thee to be punished for the murder of his father Pelias trembling and feeble from advancing years and borne down by old age and then at the body of the murdered old man being cut up in such a truculent manner when the affectionate sisters deceived by thy malignant arts ventured to proceed with their impious task! (The daughters cut their father to pieces having drawn off all the blood from the veins on the assurance that Medea would replenish them by her incantations) Could Jason defend his cause if thou art left out of the question?—he has never yet contaminated his hands with innocent blood his hand has never used the sword in this way for whilst all this was being done he has always stood aloof—and at a distance from thy companionship—(from the midst of thy personal achievements)! No thou! thou art the sole machinatrix of all these terrible crimes thou whose wickedness as a woman is supplemented with that masculine strength which has endowed thee with the audacity to perpetrate such deeds—in fact thou dost not seem to have any consciousness of thy infamy! Go forth!

Tecum rufcr herbis libera eris metu Alia fedens tellure follicita Deos	270
MED Profugere cogis <sup>2</sup> redde fugienti ritem, Vel redde comitem fugere cur folam jubes <sup>2</sup> Non foli veni bella fi metuis poti	
Utrumque regno pelle cur fontes duos Diftinguis <sup>2</sup> illi Pelia, non nobis paret Fugam, ryporasque adice, defeitum patrem Laceumque fratrem quidquid ceterum nonas	275
Docet maritus conjuges, non est meum Toties nocens fum facta, fed nunquam mihi GR Jam exiffe decuit quid feris fando moras <sup>2</sup>	280
MED Supplex recedens illud extremum piceoi, Ne culpa ratos matris infantes trahat CR Vide, hos paterno, ut genitor exequium finu	
MED Per ego rufpicatos regni thralium toros, Per fpec futurus, perque regnorum ftatus, Fortuna rari dubia quos agitat ruc, Precor, brevem lingue fugienti moram, Dum extrema raris mater infigo ofcula,	285
Fortiffe moriens CR Fraudibus tempus petis	290
MED Quæ rirus timori tempore exiguo potest <sup>2</sup> CR Nullum ad nocendum tempus anguftum est malis MED Præsumne miferè temporis lacrimis negas <sup>2</sup> CR Etli repugnat precibus rufus timor,	

Clear thyself from out of my kingdom, and take with thee all thy poisoned herbs—Free my subjects from any further alarms, and in some other country settle down, and tire out the Gods with thy enchantments,—thy imprecations,—thy sorceries, if thou art anxious to do sol

#### MEDEA

Thou orderest me to flee—restore my Argonautic craft, or give me up my partner (Jason) Why dost thou order me to go away alone<sup>2</sup> If thou fearest to suffer from all the calamities of war, send us both out of the kingdom! Why dost thou make this unfair distinction between two criminals<sup>2</sup> Pelias was not killed for Jason only, but for both of us conjointly! Don't forget the flight, and add to that the robbery of the fleece! The desertion of a father and the dismemberment of a brother, and whatever a husband instructs his newly-married wife to do, is not certainly her affair only! I have often and often been made to be a criminal, but never for myself alone!

CREON

Now it is right thou shouldst go why sow delays by further talk?

MEDEA

One last thing as a suppliant I crave before I go do not let the crimes of a mother be visited upon her innocent children!

CREON

Go! I will cherish them even as a father in my own paternal bosom

MEDEA

I entreat thee by the auspicious marriage bed involved in this royal marriage by all the future hopes in which thou mayst indulge arising therefrom—by the stability of thy throne which uncertain fortune often invades with her varying capricious ups and downs give me a short time to delay my departure while I as a mother may imprint my last kisses upon my children's cheeks before I go perhaps to die!

CREON

Thou art seeking to gain time for some wicked purpose!

MEDEA

What mischief can be feared from me in so short a time?

CREON

No time is too short to work out mischief for those that are evilly disposed

MEDEA

Thou wilt not surely deny a miserable creature some little time for mourning her lot!

CREON

Although my mind had been made up thoroughly to resist thy entreaties one entire day shall be spared to thee to prepare for thy departure

Unus parando dabitur exilio dies 295  
 MED Nūmis est, recidas aliquid ex isto licet  
 Et ipse propero CR Capite supplicum lues,  
 Citrus priusquam Phœbus attollat diem,  
 Nisi cedis Isthmo sacra me thalamo vocant,  
 Vocat precum festus Hymentæo dies 300

## CHORUS

Chorus in iudicium navigantium invehens primos nautas dignum  
 iudicium sua retulisse primum eruit Scilicet Medicum

**A**UDA nimum, qui freta primus  
 Rate tam fragili perfida rupit  
 Terroque suas post terga videns,  
 Animam levibus credidit auris,  
 Dubioque secerns æquora cursu, 305  
 Potuit tenui fidere liguo,  
 Inter vitæ mortisque vias  
 Nimum gaculi limite ducto  
 Nondum quisquam sidera norat,  
 Stellisque, quibus pingitur æther, 310  
 Non erat usus nondum pluvias  
 Hyadas poterant vitare rates  
 Non Olenæ sidera expre  
 Non quæ sequitur fleciturque senex  
 Atciter tardus plaustra Bootes 315  
 Nondum Boteas, nondum Zephyrus  
 Nomen habebant,  
 Ausus Tiphys prudere vasto  
 Carbasa ponto, legesque novæ  
 Scribere ventis nunc lina sinu 320  
 Tendere toto nunc piolato  
 Pede transversos captare Notos  
 Nunc antennas medio tutas  
 Ponere malo nunc in summo  
 Religare loco, cum iam totos 325  
 Avidus nimum navita flatus

## MEDEA

That is really more than I require or expect, thou  
 mayst make it a shorter time if thou likest, and I will  
 make all haste

## CREON

Thou wilt be punished with death, unless thou quittest  
 Corinth before bright Phœbus shines forth to commence

another day—Come!—I am in a hurry the marriage ceremonies demand my presence—a joyful occasion like this involves the suitable prayers vows and sacrifices to the God Hymenæus!

### CHORUS

The Chorus inveighs against the boldness of navigators  
and  
(the  
they  
out Medea

O H! thou too daring one who first braved the dangers of the treacherous waves in a vessel so frail and whilst still retaining in sight the land thou hadst left behind thee and entrusted thy life even to light winds and ploughing the sea steering a doubtful course—how could any man rely on a thin plank with so insignificant a margin between the journeys of life and death! Not as yet had any man learned anything about the stars he had never made any scientific use of the constellations with which the firmament is so thickly adorned not as yet had his vessels been able to escape the stormy Hyades (noted for the rains and tempests they give rise to at their rising and setting) nor was that constellation the Olenian she goat understood (named from the town of Olenum in Achaia at which place Jupiter was fed on goats milk by Amalthea who was subsequently made a constellation Capella) nor was that slow paced old waggoner Bootes known—the constellation that follows and guides the Arctic (Polar) Chariots—not as yet was Boreas or Zephyrus even known  
Tiphys ventured to  
to lay down laws  
would be available for the navigator—at one time to know when to put all his ropes on the stretch (hauled taut) with the sails amply spread out (full sail) at another time when to avail himself of the south wind blowing athwart ships by drawing his wide spread sail down to the lowest point where it is fastened to the ship's side (the lower part stretched aft so as to expose as much spread of canvas as possible to the wind as it was blowing amidships but regulating all this with the rudder hard to port or starboard as the case might be that is whether he was steering east or west) at another time when to haul down the yards half mast (under snug canvas) then again running the yards up to the highest point when



Optat, & alto iubeunda tremunt Suppura velo	
Candida nostri secula patre Videre, procul fraude remota	330
Sua quisque piger litora temptat, Patrioque senex fidus in ora, Puro dive nisi quis tulerit Natale solum, non norat opem	
Bene discepti foderis mundi Irisit in unum Hecuba pium, Iussitque patri verbera ponam, Patremque metus fieri uoluit	335
Mare sepositum dedit illi prius Improbis penas, per tam longos Ducta timores cum duo montes Claustra profundi, huc atque illuc	340
Subito impulsu uelut citharis Gemerent sonitu, spererent ostris Nubesque ipsas mare deperitum Palluit undas Iphigenis, et omne	345
Labente manu uultu habentis Orpheus tremit torpente lyra, Ipsaque uocem perdidit Argo Quid <sup>1</sup> cum Siculi uirgo Pelori	350
Rabidos utero succendit canes, Omnes prater solvit iuratus, Quis non totos horruit artus, Toties uno latrante malo <sup>2</sup>	
Quid <sup>1</sup> cum Ausonium dire pestos Voce canori mare mulerent, Cum Pieria resonans citharra Ithracius Orpheus solitum canit	355
Retinere rates prae coegit Sirena sequi <sup>3</sup> quod sunt huius Pretium cursus <sup>3</sup> rurer pelis Majusque mari Medea malum, Merces prima digna carina	360
Nunc iam cessit pontus, & omnes Patitur leges non Palladia Compacta manu regum referens Inclita remos queritur Argo	365

even then the too eager sailor wishes to avail himself, to the utmost, of the wind, he would cause the red streamers to quiver again, as they floated in the breeze, above the lofty sails! (These streamers no doubt answered the purpose of our topsails, or at least top-gallant sails, and were not merely ornamental)—Oui forefathers lived in more

unsophisticated times avaricious fraud being the last thing thought of Every man then relying on ease and peace (as his *summum bonum*) kept close to his own shores and did so till he became old confining himself to his fields and plains rich with the little he possessed he knew not therefore sighed not for any more wealth than what his own native soil afforded him! The Argonauts in the Thessalian Pine (The Argo) attempted the task of uniting what the farseeirgness of creation had wisely kept apart and ordered the oars to be plied with vigorous strokes upon the surface of the ocean and the sea was then selected to be made the fruitful factor of dread and forebodings and the ship Argo brought upon us grievous sufferings already having conducted its voyage through so many sources of alarm—When the two mountains one here the other there closing in the Fuxine sea driven together by a sudden collision sound like a clap of thunder (from the sudden displacement of the air) and scatter the sea which is forced upwards into very clouds towards the skies (by the same sudden displacement)—the bold Tiphys grew pale and let go the helm from his feeble hands—Orpheus became silent and his lute was dumb—and Argo herself lost her voice (from dread) (The Argo was said to have been prophetic communicative and oracular like the Dodonean Oak in which were two hen doves which gave responses Some of the beams of the Argo were constructed of this oak from which wood was derived her oracular power of warning those on board of her against approaching calamities) What is this? They are all wondering when the virgin of the Sicilian Pelorus presents herself (Scylla the daughter of Phorcus) surrounded by her girdle of rabid dogs and she causes them all to bark at one time! Who would not have trembled all over his body at such a phenomenon? What next to relate? When the dreadful pests the Sirens were charming the Ausonian Sea with their melodious strains the Thracian Orpheus gave forth the sweet sounds from his Pierian Harp (given to him by his mother Calliope) and he almost compelled the bewitched Sirens to follow the Argo—those very Sirens who had always been accustomed to attract other navigators with their music and detain their ships! And what was to be the crowning reward of all this?—the golden fleece and Medea a greater calamity than the sea itself certainly a reward worthy of the first ship that had ever rashly put to sea! Now the sea is brought under control and obeys all the recognized rules of seamanship! No illustrious Argo built by the hands of a Minerva is now required with kings to man (handle)

Quælibet altum cymba pererrat,  
 Terminus omnis motus, & urbes  
 Muros terra posuere nova 370  
 Nil, quæ fuerat sede, reliquit  
 Perivius orbis  
 Indus gelidum potat Araxem  
 Albim Perse Rhenumque bibunt  
 Venient annis seculæ scis, 375  
 Quibus Oceanus vinentia rerum  
 Lavet, & ingens præterit tellus,  
 Tethysque novos detegat orbes,  
 Nec sit terris ultima Thule

## ACTUS TERTIUS

### NUTRIX, MEDEA

In vindictam præceps fertur Medea, nutrice incassum eam  
 dehortante

NUTR **A**LUMNA, celerem quo rapis tectis pedem? 380  
 Resiste, & iras comprome, ac retine impetum  
 Incertæ quisquis entheos cursus tulit,  
 Cum jam recepto Mænas insanit Deo,  
 Pindi nivalis vertice, aut Nyse jugis,  
 Talis recurrit huc & huc motu esseio, 385  
 Furois ore signa lymphati gerens  
 Flammata facies spiritum ex alto citat  
 Proclamat oculos uberi fletu ligat  
 Renidet omnis specimen affectus capit,  
 Hæret, minatur, æstuat, queritur, gemit 390  
 Quo pondus animi verget? ubi ponet minas?  
 Ubi se iste fluctus franget? evundat furor  
 Non facile secum versat aut medium scelus  
 Se vincet iræ novimus veteres notas  
 Magnum aliquid inflat, efferum, immane, impium 395  
 Vultum furoris cerno Diu fallant metum!

the oars! Any vessel can now sail about on the sea!  
 Old landmarks have disappeared, and cities inclose them-  
 selves with walls, upon fresh, newly-discovered lands!  
 The world, universally traversable, has left nothing  
 in that place, in which it was originally found! The  
 swarthy Indian sips the cooling streams of the Alaxis, the  
 Persians quench their thirst with the waters of the Elbe  
 and Rhine! The times will arrive later on, as the years

roll onwards in which the ocean will remove the impediments which now retard human affairs and a new earth will be opened up to mankind and the votaries of Typhus (followers of the sea) will discover fresh worlds and the present Thule (that island in the Northern Ocean) will not be the Ultima Thule in future worlds!

## ACT III

## NURSE—MEDEA

Medea rushes headlong towards the execution of her revenge the nurse dissuading her from her projects but in vain

## NURSE

O! Nurseling why pacesst thou about the house so excitedly? Do not give way thus but control thy passion and curb thy impetuosity! As when the Mænad (Bacchanal) becomes furious from the influence she receives from the God on the summits of snowy Pindus or mountain tops of Nysa and just as she might have followed up wildly her inspired movement so hither and thither Medea runs to and fro in a similarly wild manner and revealing in her expression the look of maddened fury, her flushed face shows that she is drawing her breath hard (from the lowest parts of her lungs)—she cries and her eyes are overflowing with the tears arising out of her temper! She then brightens up on a sudden—laughs—in fact every passing mental mood takes its turn as it is uppermost (at one time pleased with the hope of carrying out her revenge at another anger at her past thwarted aspirations) She seems one minute to hesitate as to what she should do then she begins to threaten shaking her head and groans! To what end pressure lead? Upon whom anger? When will that tempestuous wave of passion exhaust itself? Her anger is now at an overflowing height! in her mind any She will surpass some of her past and gone bursts of anger but something I am positive is now brewing that is dreadful something on a large scale—something truly impious! I see fury marked on her countenance! May the Gods above only undeceive me as to my apprehensions that is all!

MID Si quis odio, misera, quem statuas modum, Inutare amorem regias egon' ut facis Inultra patiar sequis hic ibit dies, I tanto petitus ambitu, tanto datus-	400
Dum terra caelum media libratom feret, Nitidusque certis mundus exolvit vices Numerusque arenis decem, & solem dies, Noctem sequentur astra dum siccas polus Veisibit Arctos, flumina in pontum cadent, Nunquam meus cessabit in parvis furor Crescetque semper quæ serarum immunitas, Quæ Scylla, quæ Charybdis, Ausonium mare Siculumque sorbens quæque antichinam premens Titana, tantis A tura servescit minis	405 410
Non rapidus amnis, non procellosum mare, Pontusque Coio servus, aut vis ignium Adjuta stratu, possit inlubere impactum Irasque nostras sternam & evertam omnia Immut Creontem, ac bella Thestralici ducis'	415
Amor timere neminem verus potest Sed cesserit corâctus, & dederit manus, Adire certe, & conjugem extremo illoqui Sermone potuit hoc quoque extimuit seros Lavare certe tempus immotis fugæ	420
Genro licebat liberis unus dies Datus duobus non queror tempus breve Multum pretebit faciet, hic faciet dies Quod nullus unquam taceat invidiam Deos, Et cuncta quatuor NUNR Recipe turbatum maris	425
Heira, peccus unum mitigæ MID Sola est quies Mecum ruina cuncta si video obruta Mecum omnia iberint trahere, cum periers, libet NUNR Quam multa sint timenda, si perstas, vide Nemo potentes aggredi tutus potest	430

MEDEA (*to herself*)

If thou wishest, oh my miserable self, to decide what limits thou shouldst impose upon thy justly-evoked hatred, take as a guide the inordinate amount of love thou hast wasted, and follow that! Shall I for one moment endure unrevenge the sight of this royal marriage rivalling my own legitimate pretensions? Shall this "one" day then be spent to an idle purpose?—sought for with so much importunity, granted by Creon with such great reluctance! Whilst this earth of ours continues to be poised in the heavens, and whilst the world of shining constellations continues to show themselves at certain recurring seasons, and as long as the sands on the sea-shore continue as they are,—numberless—and as long as the bright day appears as soon as Phœbus peeps above the horizon, and as long as the stars continue

to show themselves with the advent of night and so long as the polar heavens regulate the movement of the Northern Bear and preserve it in its siccidity (the Bears are called sicce or dry as they never set) and so long as the tidal rivers find their way back to the sea never will my thirsty rage cease to urge me on to inflict the punishment I am now contemplating and what is more, it will only increase in its intensity! What savage ferocity of the wild beasts—what Scylla—what Charybdis swallowing in their irresistible gulfs the Ausonian and Sicilian seas—what *Ætna* which pressed down with its weight the panting Titan (Enceladus) ever burns so vividly or so much as my flaming anger? Not the rapidly flowing river—not the tempestuous ocean nor the sea raging from the violence of the East wind nor the heat of the flames fanned into intensity by the wind *playing upon them could possibly restrain the force of my anger!* I will scatter and overthrow every thing in my path! Am I silly enough to believe that Jason goes in any fear of Creon or the threatened warlike invasion of Acistus the Thessalian King? No!—True love can never be made to fear any one! But let us suppose that he may have yielded under compulsion and surrendered his authority in the matter he might have come to me that is certain and spoken a few last parting words to his wife! But does he although fierce enough on other occasions fear to do even this? It was quite within the power of a son in law to relax the cord and give me a little more time for my flight! One entire day is set apart to bid my children good bye! I do not complain of the shortness of the time but much this day shall  
 Considering t  
 I will appeal  
 in motion as

## NURSE

Oh my mistress rid thyself of a mind so disturbed by evil passions do calm thy temper

## MEDEA

## NURSE

Consider how many contingencies are to be dreaded if thou wilt persist no one can attack the will and power of a king with impunity

## JASON, MEDEA

Jasonem, gratum Medeam deferentem, seque excusantem aggreditur  
Medea opprobis, precibus, simulata conciliatone

**O** DURA fati semper, & sortem asperam,  
 Cum sœvit, & cum parci, ex æquo malum!  
 Remedia toties invenit nobis Deus  
 Periculis pejora<sup>3</sup> si vellem fidem  
 Præstare meritis conjugis, leto fuit 435  
 Caput offerendum si mori nolim, fide  
 Misera carendum est non timor vicit virum,  
 Sed trepida pietas quippe sequeretur necem  
 Proles parentum o sancta, si cœlum incolis,  
 Justitia, numen invocho ac testor tuum 440  
 Nati patiem viceie quin ipsam quoque,  
 Etsi ferox est corde, nec patiens jugi,  
 Consulere natis malle, quam thalamis, reor  
 Constituit animus precibus iratam aggredi  
 Atque ecce, viso memet, exsiluit, furit 445  
 Fert odia præ se, totus in vultu est dolor  
**MED** Fugimus, Jason, fugimus hoc non est novum,  
 Mutare sedes causa fugiendi nova est  
 Pro te solebam fugere discedo, exeo  
 Penatibus profugere quam cogis tuis, 450  
 Ad quos remittis<sup>3</sup> Phasim & Colchos petram,  
 Patriumque regnum, quæque fraternus cruor  
 Perfudit arva<sup>3</sup> quas peti terras jubes  
 Quæ maria monstras<sup>3</sup> Pontici fauces freti<sup>3</sup>  
 Per quas revei nobiles regum manus, 455  
 Adulterum secuta per Symplegadas<sup>3</sup>  
 Parvamne Iolcon, Theffala an Tempe petram<sup>3</sup>  
 Quascunque aperui tibi vias, clusi mihi  
 Quo me remittis<sup>3</sup> exsuli exsilium imperas,  
 Nec das eatur regius jussit gener 460

## JASON—MEDEA

Medea attacks Jason with violent reproaches for deserting  
her and excusing himself, and then at his entreaties,  
pretends to be conciliated

## JASON

**O**H! ye Fates always severe, oh the bitter condition  
 of my own lot, equally so in its results, whether it  
 is accorded as an angry visitation, or whether it is  
 intended to be an act of clemency! How often does  
 the Deity devise remedies for us, which are more disas-  
 trous in their effects than the evils they are intended to

ameliorate! (For example) If I wish to manifest my fidelity towards the reasonable claims of a wife my life would be demanded as the sacrifice! If I should not feel disposed to die in this manner I should be taunted with not holding to my unfortunate vows (in another quarter) and it would not be that this arose from any lack of manly spirit but simply the anxious affectionate love I entertain for my children for the offspring would be sure to have to undergo the fate of the parent! Oh holy Astræa (Goddess of Justice) if thou art still to be found in the heavens I invoke thee and call to my aid thy divine assistance! The love for my children has compelled me to elect to live and I suppose that Medea herself although she is of a naturally ferocious disposition would rather consult the interests and welfare of her children than trouble her head any more about this marriage business! At all events I have made up my mind to approach her with my intercessions however angry I may find her!

(Thus as she is coming here) Ah! Behold! Here she comes and directly she catches sight of me she jumps about, and becomes frantic! She is really exceeding herself in her hatred and anger shows up in every lineament of her visage!

## MEDEA

Jason I am sent into exile—I shall flee—such a thing as changing my habitat is no new thing to me but the reason for my doing so now is rather a novel one Formerly I exiled myself for thy sake and to avoid an angry father and again to get out of the way of Acastus—I am leaving this country and I go as an exile how is it that thou compellest me to fly from thy tutelary Penates? To whom art thou consigning me? Shall I have to seek Phasis or Colchis—and my father's kingdom and the country where my brother's blood was spilled? What land dost thou command me to seek? What seas canst thou point out? The straits of the Fuxine through which I once conducted back in safety the noble troop of kings (the Argonauts) I followed the adulterous Jason across the Symplegades or shall it be the unpretentious Iolchus or shall I seek out the Thessalian Tempe? Now all these places which I have brought to thy notice are closed to me! (I have made my own country and Thessaly hostile to me)—where dost thou mean to send me? Thou orderest me to be exiled but thou dost not provide me with a place of exile! Let it be so then! The Royal son in law has only to command



Nihil recuso dira supplicia ingere,  
 Merui cruentis pellicem pœnis premari  
 Regalis ira, vinculis oneret manus,  
 Clusamque saxo noctis æternæ obruat,  
 Minora meritis putari ingratum caput!  
 Revolvat animus igneos tauri hilitus,  
 Interque sævos gentis indomitæ metus,  
 Armifero in arvo stannicum Ætæ pecus,  
 Hostisque subiti telæ cum iusto meo  
 Terrigenæ miles mutur eade occidit  
 Adice expectat spolia Phœvæ viridis,  
 Somnoque iustum humera ignoto dæie  
 Infomne monstrum traditum fratrem neci,  
 Et scelere in uno non semel factum scelus,  
 Iustusque natas fraude deceptis mea,  
 Secare membra non revolvitur senis  
 Aliena quærens regna, deserui mea  
 Per spes tuorum liberum, & certum harem,  
 Per victa monstra, per manus, pro te quibus  
 Nunquam peperci, perque præteritos metus,  
 Per cœlum, & undas, conjugii testes mei,  
 Misere redde supplici felix vicem  
 Ex opibus illis, quas procul raptas Scythre  
 Usque a perustis Indiæ populis petunt,  
 Quas quia referta vix domus græzas capit,  
 Ornamus auro nemora, nil exsul tuli,  
 Nisi fratris artus hos quoque impendi tibi  
 Tibi patria cessit, tibi pater, frater, pudor  
 Hac dote nupti redde fugient sua  
 JAS Perimere cum te vellet infestus Creon,  
 Lacrimis meis evictus, exilium dedit  
 MED Pœnam putabam, munus, ut video, est fuga  
 JAS Dum licet abire, profuge, teque hunc eripe

and it is I, who cannot refuse to obey—heap on me the most cruel punishments, if thou likest—I deserve it all, —let Creon's royal anger, too, oppress me with the most merciless penalties, just as if I were some common concubine—let him load my hands with chains, and shut me out from the world, hidden away in some Scythian cave, surrounded by perpetual darkness—I shall suffer less than I deserve, thou mayst think, oh! thou ungrateful man (alluding to her acts towards her father, mother and Pelias) Does thy memory take thee back, Jason, to the flames, breathed forth by the Bull? and, when exposed to the savage terrors of that indomitable race, the ferocious troop, which sprang up already armed in the plains of Ætæa, and when the darts of that suddenly arriving enemy were threatening thee, and how, at my command, those earth-born soldiers fell one after the other,



Gravis ira regum est semper MED Hoc frades mihi,  
 Præstas Creusa, pellicem inuisam amoves 495  
 JAS Medea amores obicit MED Et eadem, & dolos  
 JAS Objicere crimen quod potes tandem mihi  
 MID Quodcumque feci JAS Restat hoc unum insuper,  
 Tuus ut etiam sceleribus siam nocuus  
 MID Iura illa, iura sunt illa, cui prodest scelus,  
 Is fecit omnes conjugem infancin arguant,  
 Solus tueri, solus infantem voca 500  
 Ibi innocens sit, quisquis est pro te nocens  
 JAS Ingrata vita est, cuius acceptæ pudet  
 MID Retinenda non est, cuius acceptæ pudet 505  
 JAS Quin potius ira concitum pectus domæ  
 Phæcie matris MID Abdico, curo abnuo  
 Meis Creusa liberis fratres dabit  
 JAS Regina matris exsulum, afflictis potens  
 MED Non veniat unquam tam malus miseris dies, 510  
 Qui prole scæda miscerat prolem inlicitam,  
 Phœebi nepotes Sisyphi nepotibus  
 JAS Quid, misera, meque teque in exitum trahis?

## MLDI A

Dost thou really persuade me to do this—Thou preferest thy beloved Creusa, and want to have me moved away as an objectionable rival or some cast-off mistress!

## JASON

Does Medea object so much then to my amours?

## MEDEA

Yes, and thy murders and deceitful perfidious deeds as well!

## JASON

What is the crime, after all, with which thou wishest to charge me?

## MEDEA

With whatever I have been induced to commit!

## JASON

Furthermore, this one thing remains, in which thou still persistest that I am to be viewed as a criminal, on account of thy crimes!

## MEDEA

They are thine—they are all thine certainly, he virtually commits a crime who is an accessory before the fact and who gladly partakes of the proceeds of a crime! Suppose then that every one points to thy wife and brands her with infamy thou art the only champion who is bound to defend her, and the only one bound to call her innocent! Whoever is acting in thy interests in a criminal capacity deserves at least some claim for innocence at thy hands!

## JASON

Life is very distasteful when one has cause to blush for it

## MEDEA

Then life needs no longer to be retained when the blushing fit supervenes!

## JASON

But really is it not rather desirable for thee to restrain the anger raging in thy heart and to quiet thyself for the sake of the children?

## MEDEA

I renounce them—I resign them—I utterly repudiate them! Will not Creusa furnish brothers for my children?

## JASON

A powerful queen will be the protectress of the children of an exile

## MEDEA

Never shall such a miserable day as that arrive for me when my illustrious progeny the grandsons of a Phœbus shall be huddled together with the ignoble descendants of a Sisyphus!

## JASON

Why miserable woman dost thou wish to drag me into exile with thyself? Go away I beseech thee

Abscede, quæso MED Supplicem audivit Creo  
 JAS Quid facere possim, eloquere MED Pro me<sup>3</sup> vel scelus 515  
 JAS Hinc rex, & illinc MED Est & his major metus,  
 Medea nos configere certemus, sine,  
 Sit pretium Jason JAS Cedo defessus malis,  
 Et ipsa casus sæpe jam expertos time  
 MED Fortuna semper omnis intra me stetit 520  
 JAS Acastus instat, propior est hostis Creo  
 MED Utrumque profuge nolo ut in focerum manus  
 Armes, nec ut te cæde cognata inquires,  
 Medea cogit innocens mecum fuge  
 JAS Et quis resistet, gemina si bella ingruant<sup>3</sup> 525  
 Creo atque Acastus arma si jungant sua<sup>3</sup>  
 MED His adice Colchos, adice Æeten ducem,  
 Scythas Pelasgis junge demerfos dabo  
 JAS Alta extimesco sceptrâ MED Ne cupias, vide  
 JAS Suspecta ne sint, longâ colloquâ amputâ 530  
 MED Nunc summe toto Juppiter cælo tona  
 Intende dextram vindices flammâ para,  
 Omnemque ruptis nubibus mundum quate  
 Nec diligentî tela librentur manu  
 Vel me, vel istum quisquis e nobis cadet, 535  
 Nocens peribit non potest in nos tuum

## MEDEA

Even Creon listened to me as a suppliant!

## JASON

What can I do? Explain thyself fully

## MEDEA

For me! Everything! Any crime even!

## JASON

Two kings are against us—Creon here—and Acastus yonder!

## MEDEA

If the truth be known, Medea is a greater source of dread to them, than they are to her! Let me enter the lists, single-handed, for our joint benefit! I can fight,—let me do so,—and Jason shall be the reward of my victory!

## JASON

I acknowledge myself dead-beaten,—with troubles,—thoroughly worn out, and thou, thyself, hadst better go in dread of repeating some of thy old experiments

## MEDEA

Fortune hitherto has always been at my feet!

## JASON

Acastus is on the march and the other enemy Creon is nearer!

## MEDEA

Let us fly together, I am unwilling to arm my hands against any father in law nor does Medea urge by any means that Jason should soil his hands with the blood of his kinsman Fly then with me and thou wilt be innocent of such deeds!

## JASON

And who could resist such a force if a double war be entered upon as it were if Creon and Acastus were to join their armies!

## MEDEA

Now think of the Colchian battalions—now think of the generalissimo of Ætæa with his army and then add to them the Scythian and Grecian contingents—why I would drive the enemy into the sea with these

## JASON

I really fear the terrible power appertaining to the sceptre!

## MEDEA

Rather consider whether it is thou art hankering after it thyself!

## JASON

Lest we may excite suspicion by this long interview let me suggest that our conversation should come to a close

## MEDEA

Now oh! mighty Jupiter thunder forth throughout the entire heavens—Stretch forth thy right hand prepare thy avenging lightnings and shake up the whole universe as they dispel the clouds with their violence nor let thy lightnings be delicately balanced for any defined aim! It does not matter let them strike either myself or Jason whichever of the two might happen to fall a culprit will be sure to perish therefrom so that thy lightnings can make no mistake as to the one upon whom they should strike!

Eriare fulmen JAS Sana meditari incipe,  
 Et placida fore si quid ex foceri domo  
 Potest fugam levare, solamen pete  
 MED Contemnere animis regias, ut facis, opes 540  
 Potest, soletque liberos tantum fugæ  
 Habere comites liceat, in quorum sinu  
 Lacrimas profundam te novum rati miment  
 JAS Prætere precibus cupere me, fateor, tuus,  
 Pietas vetit namque istud ut possim parvi, 545  
 Non ipse memet cogat & rex, & foceri  
 Hæc causa vitæ est, hoc peristi iectoris  
 Curis evamen spiritu citius queam  
 Cuiere, membris, luce MED Sic natos amat?  
 Bene est tenetur vulnere patuit locus 550  
 Suprema certe liceat abeuntem loqui  
 Mandata liceat ultimum amplexum dare  
 Gratum est & illud Voce jam extrema peto,  
 Ne si qua noster dubius effudit dolor,  
 Mincerent in animo verba melioris tibi 555  
 Memoria nostræ subeat hæc iræ data  
 Obliterentur JAS Omnia ex animo expuli  
 Precorque, & ipsæ fervidam ut mentem regas,  
 Placideque tractes miseras lenit quies  
 MED Discessit itan' est vadis oblitus mei, 560  
 Et tot meorum facinorum excidimus tibi?  
 Nunquam excidemus hoc age, omnes advoca  
 Vires & artes structus est scelerum tibi,  
 Nullum scelus putare via fraudi est locus  
 Timeamur, hac aggredere, qua nemo potest 565  
 Quidquam timere perge nunc aude, incipe,

## JASON

Now do begin to meditate reasonable things, and speak of more pleasant topics, and, if anything can be done to lighten the blow of having to quit the palace of the father-in-law,—seek my aid

## MEDEA

My disposition, as thou full well knowest, is accustomed, and can afford, to despise royal assistance—only let me have my children as companions in my exile, upon whose bosoms I can occasionally shed my maternal tears Fresh children will remain for thee, the gifts of Creusa!

## JASON

I freely confess, that I should be willing to comply with thy wishes in that respect, but my own affection for

my children would forbid such a thing! And not even a King or a father in law would compel me to do what I could not under any circumstances permit myself to do! My children are now the chief object of my life the only solace to a heart burnt up with carking care! I could give up the very breath I draw with greater willingness—my own miserable body would rather deny itself the very light of heaven

## MEDEA

So I see! He dearly loves his children! I have him there at all events I know now where to strike my blow! (this said to herself) Surely I might be allowed to say a few parting words to my children before I go and be permitted to give them a last embrace that indeed would be a great consolation and I ask for that favor most earnestly and if any undue or unintentional anger has been manifested on my part let what I have said in my excited state of mind be regarded as empty words in fact unsaid and let thy memory hark back to kinder things as regards myself let what could be imputed to anger be entirely forgotten

## JASON

I have banished all these things from my mind and I entreat thee henceforward to control thy hasty temper and deal with things in a calm spirit—Rest is a marvellous sedative to the troubled mind

## MEDEA

He has gone! And is this the way he goes? Thou Jason go away! And I am simply to pass out of thy memory as well as the many dreadful deeds I have done in thy behalf! I am forgotten by thee eh! But I will never be forgotten by thee nevertheless! Now set to work Medea call to thy aid all thy resources and magical arts—thus this is the climax of all the crimes that I have committed for thee to have arrived at this conclusion—that nothing I can do now can be viewed in the light of a crime!

But there is scarcely any opportunity now for any of my experimental jugglery I am suspected—I am watched—let my plan of attack be devised in such a mode that no one can possibly suspect anything I et



Quidquid potes, Medea, quidquid non potes  
 Tu, fida nutrix, socia mœioris mei,  
 Variisque casus, misera consilia adjuva  
 Est palli nobis, munus ætheriæ domus, 570  
 Decusque regni, pignus Æetæ datum  
 A Sole generis est & auro textili  
 Monile fulgens, quodque gemmarum minor  
 Distinguit aurum, quo solent cingi comæ  
 Hæc nostra nati dona nubenti ferant, 575  
 Sed ante diris illis re tincta artibus  
 Vocetur Hecate sacra luctificæ apparuit  
 Statuantur are, flammæ jam tectis sonet

CHORUS ,

*Cant Chorus, Rejectæ uxori quot amore dolores polluto, notumque  
 furens quid femina posset, & cum cæteri Argonautæ pœnis  
 dederint violati maris, Jasoni bene precatur*

**N**ULLA vis flammæ, tumidique venti  
 Tanta, nec telæ metuendæ torti 580  
 Quanta, cum conjux viduata tædis  
 Ardet & odit

Non ubi hibernos nebulosus imbres  
 Austri advexit, properatque torrens  
 Istei, & junctos vetat esse pontes, 585  
 Ac vagus erit

Non ubi impellit Rhodanus profundum,  
 Aut ubi in ivos nivibus solutus  
 Sole jam forti, medioque vere  
 Tabuit Hæmus 590

Cæcus est ignis fumulatus ira,  
 Nec regi curat, patiturve frenos  
 Haud timet mortem, cupit ire in ipsos  
 Obvius enses

Parcite, o Divi veniam precamur  
 Vivat ut tutus, marie qui subegit  
 Sed fuit vinci dominus profundi  
 Regna secunda 595

Ausus aternos agitare currus  
 Immemori metæ juvenis præternæ,  
 Quos polo sparsis, furiosus ignes 600  
 Ipse recepit

me proceed, at once, let me dare any deed, and let me now begin!

Thou, my faithful nurse, companion in my miseries,

and sharer in my various aspects of fortune assist me in carrying out my wretched projects! I thou knowest there is a cloak of mine the gift to our celestial family and the proud heirloom of our dynasty a token given to Æta by Phoebus to commemorate his lofty descent there is also a neck ornament interwoven with gold embroidery and another article a chaplet which I used to wear round my head and in which the brilliant gems show off the gold to great advantage! The sons shall bear these presents from me to the bride as my especial wedding gifts but let these presents be dipped and impregnated beforehand with my destructive preparations and got ready for their fatal purpose then Hecate must be invoked! Let me prepare the funeral sacrifices—let the altars be got ready and may the palace resound with the alacrity of the flames as they ply before the altar

### CHORUS

The Chorus sings of the inordinate anger entertained by a cast-off wife at her thwarted love and what a furious woman is capable of to make it felt and whilst the rest of the Argonauts have suffered punishment for having infringed the sanctity of the sea Jason is fervently prayed for

**N**O violence of the angry flames no tempestuous winds—no arrow that was ever shot from the bow—are to be dreaded so much as a wife bereaved of her nuptial rights and who (at the same time) is obstinately clinging to her love and is nursing her pent up wrath when it is unacknowledged. Not less indeed than when the south wind charged with its cumulous nebulousities hurls upon us with its winter rains—nor when the swollen Danube rushes on in torrents and breaks down the bridges built across it and overflows its very banks! Nor when the angry Rhone is forcing back the waves nor when Mount Helmus denuded of its snowy mantle sends down in torrents towards the rivers the snows which have been melted by the fierce solar heat—following that of mid spring—the blind unreasoning passion is excited more and more by the rage engendered through its being thwarted it does not care to be influenced by reason and will suffer no restraint—it does not even fear death and is willing to face the point of the sword itself! Be merciful oh ye gods we implore your pardon that Jason who subdued the sea shall live in security and although the Deity of the Ocean depths (Neptune) is angry that his, the second kingdom should have been triumphed

Constitit nulli vir nota magno  
 Vide, qua tutum populo prociū  
 Rumpe nec facro, violente, fructū  
 Fœdera mundi 605

Quisquis audacis tetigit cauna  
 Nobiles remos, nemoisfque frūū  
 Pelion densa spoliavit umbra  
 Quisquis intravit scopulos vagantes, 610

Et tot emensus pelagi laboies,  
 Barbara funem religavit ora,  
 Raptor externi reddituus auri,  
 Exitu duro temerata ponti  
 Jura piavit 615

Exigit pœnas mæie provocatum  
 Tiphys in primis domitor profundi  
 Liquid indocto regimen marisimo,  
 Litoris externo procul a patris  
 Occidens regnis, tumuloque vili 620  
 Tectus, ignotus jacet inter umbras  
 Aulis amissi memor inde regis  
 Portibus lentis retinet curas  
 Stare querentes

Ille vocali genitus Cœcœna, 625  
 Cujus ad choïdas modulante plectro  
 Restitit torrens, siluere venti,  
 Cui suo cantu volucris relicto  
 Adfuit tota comitante silva,  
 Thracios sparsus jacuit per agros 630  
 At caput tristi fluitavit Hebio  
 Contigit notam Styga, Taitruumque,  
 Non reddituus

Stravit Alcides Aquilone natos  
 Patre Neptuno genitum necavit, 635  
 Sumere innumeras solitum figuras  
 Ipse post terræ pelagique pacem,  
 Post feri Ditis patefacta regna,  
 Vivus ardenti iecubans in Cœta,  
 Præbuit sævis sur membra flammis, 640  
 Tabe consumtus gemini civis  
 Muneie nuptæ

Stravit Ancæum violentus iclu  
 Scitigei fratres, Meleagie, matris  
 Impius macas, morerisque dexia 645

over, as it was, by the Argonauts,—that youth Phaeton, who did not pay attention to his father's track, dared to

drive the eternal chariots of the sun recklessly through space and he only met with a fiery end! (struck down by Jupiter's lightnings) The well known beaten track is attended with danger to no man let us go then where people before us have trodden with safety do not let us attempt to break through the time sanctified institutions of the Universe by any violent measures of our own! Whoever handled the illustrious oars of that audacious Argo and actually despoiled for their construction the

destruction) and having crossed such a sea after much difficulty at last fastened their cable (let go their cable) upon a barbarous coast to return as the captors of the golden fleece by a terrible end they have all expiated their rash invasion of the dignity of the ocean depths for those ocean depths when provoked deal out their penalties with severity! Tiphys among the first that subduer of the waves left his code of navigating instructions to inexperienced pilots and dying far away from the land of his fathers on a foreign shore was buried in some mean grave and is now smouldering in the dust among the remains of other ordinary but unknown mortals! Aulis mindful of the missing King retained the ships in the harbours with a dead calm whilst the mariners complained loudly at their detention! Orpheus who was born of the vocal muse Calliope the sound of whose lyre struck by his music evoking plectrum actually stayed the force of the very torrents and silenced the winds themselves at whose harmonies the birds ceased

head floated down the waters of the sorrowing Hebrus (Orpheus was torn to pieces by the Ciconian women) He has reached his final home the Styx and the realms of Tartarus never more to return! Alcides slew the sons of Boreas (Zetes and Calais)—he also slew the grandson of Neptune (Periclymenus) who was accustomed to assume a variety of shapes and after peace ensued between the sea and after the terrible Kingdom of Pluto had been laid open to his view Alcides himself whilst still alive lay across the burning Oeta and surrendered his body to the cruel flames having been previously exhausted by the lethal effects of a double poison the virus of the serpent of Lerna and the poisoned robe prepared from the hoof of the Centaur Nessus and given as a present to Alcides by his wife, (to recover his waning affection)

Matris irate meruere eunicti  
 Morte quod crimen tenet expiavit  
 Herculi magno puer irreperitus?  
 Raptus est tutus puer inter undas  
 Itc nunc fortes, perarate pontum 650  
 Fonte timendo

Idmonem, quamvis bene scita noffet,  
 Condidit scipens Libyis venis  
 Omnibus verax, sibi falsus uni  
 Concidit Mopsus, carnitque Thebis 655  
 Ille si vere occidit futura,  
 Exsul errabit Thetidis maritus  
 Igne fallaci nocturnus Argis  
 Nauplius præcepit eridet in profundum  
 Patrioque pendet crimine pœnis 660  
 Fulmine & ponto moriens Oileus  
 Conjugis fatum redimens Pheræi  
 Uxor impendes animam marito  
 Ipse, qui prædam spoliūque iussit  
 Aureum prima reveli carina, 665  
 Ustus accenso Pelias ahenō  
 Astitit augustis vagus inter undas  
 Jam satis, Divi, male vindictis  
 Paucite iusso

## ACTUS QUARTUS

### NUTRIX

Quid agat Medea, quid paret, narrat Nutrix

**P**AVET animus, horret, magna perniciēs adest 670  
 Immane quantum augetur, & semet dolor  
 Accendit ipse, vimque præteritam integrat  
 Vidi fuentem, sæpe & aggressam Deos,  
 Cœlum trahentem majus his, majus parat  
 Medea monstrum namque ut attonito gradu 675

—Ancæus perished by the fangs of the ferocious wild boar—Oh! Meleager, thou sacrificedst the brothers of thy mother, and will die by the hands of that angry mother! Thus they have all richly deserved their fate! But, what offence has that tender little boy Hylas, who was never found by the mighty Hercules, expiated by his death? Alas! He was supposed to have been conveyed over very tranquil waters! Depart on your hardy enter-

prises oh ye mariners and you that could aforesime dread a simple fountain may now wander it will over the seas Idmon although he arrogated to himself a prescience of coming event was buried away at last in the throat of the serpent on the sands of Libya and of course met his end) Mopsus too the infallible oracle with everybody played false to himself only at last and died far away from Thebes! If Mopsus had only predicted the future with accuracy the husband of Helen (Paris) was to wander as an exile in foreign land and Nauplius who was bent upon injuring the Greeks by his misleading fires threw himself headlong into the sea. Oileus (Ajax) will expiate the crimes of his father and will die by the lightning of Jupiter and find a resting place in the sea! Alceus the daughter of Prius to avert the fate of her Iberian husband (Admetus) will give up as a compensation her own life to save his! And Pelias himself who ordered the booty and stolen fleece to be carried back in the first vessel returning to Colchis had his remains thoroughly consumed in the heated caldron his dismembered parts tossing about angrily as they were being boiled in a scanty supply of water! Now, we have sung enough oh ye gods! You have fully vindicated the honor of the God of the Sea (Neptune) but please in mercy spare Jason who after all was a mere instrument in the hands of others! He only did as he was ordered

## ACT IV

### NURSE

The Nurse reports what Medea is doing and what she is preparing to carry out

**M**Y mind grows alarmed is terrified—some disaster is imminent—how Medea's terrible anger is waxing still greater and she seems to be consuming herself inwardly with its intensity, she appears to be resuming all her ancient power over her magical accessories! I have noticed her raging and often assuming a threatening attitude as she was addressing the gods and invoking with her incantations the very heavens to assist her in her operations (the Moon and the Stars) Medea is now concocting something monstrous grander in its scope than anything she has ever done before for she slips away and at a furious pace and at length arrives at her terror striking secluded sanctum. She displays all her

Evafit, & penetrare functum attingit,  
 Totas opes effudit, & quidquid diu  
 Etiam ipſa timuit, promit, atque omnem explicat  
 Turbam malorum arcana, ſecreta, abdita  
 Et triſte lxxa comprecans ſacrum mœnu,  
 Peftes vocat, quaſcunque ſerventis creat  
 680  
 Arena Libyæ, quaſque perçetur nive  
 Taurus cociecit frigore Arctoo rigens,  
 Et omne monſtrum trachia magis cantibus  
 Squammiferâ hincbus turba deſcitis adefit  
 685  
 Hic ſera ſcipens corpus munentum trahit,  
 Tuiſidamque linguam exſerit, & quærens quibus  
 Mortiferâ veniat crimine audito ſupet,  
 Tumidumque nodis coipus æggetis plicat,  
 Cogitque in oibes parva ſunt, inquit, mala,  
 690  
 Et vile telum eſt, una quod tellus crea  
 Cælo petrum venena jam nunc tempus eſt  
 Aliquid movere ſi rude vulgari altius  
 Huc ille vaſti moie torrentis jaceus  
 695  
 Descendat anguis, cuius immeuſos dære,  
 Major minorque, ſentiunt nodos ſerre,  
 Major Pelafgis, apta Sidonius minor  
 Preſſaſque tandem ſolvat Ophiuchus manus,  
 Viruſque fundat adſit ad cantus meos  
 700  
 Laceſſere auſus gemina Pythion numina  
 Et hydra, & omnis redeat Herculeæ manu  
 Succifa ſerpens, cæde ſe reparans ſua  
 Tu quoque relictoſis pevigil Colclus ades,  
 Sopite primum cantibus ſerpens meis  
 705  
 Poſtquam evocavit omne ſerpentum genus,  
 Congerit in unum frugis inſuſtæ mala  
 Quæcunque generat unius ſaxis Eryæ,  
 Quæ ſeſt opertis hieme perpetua jugis  
 Sparſus cruore Crucaſus Promethei,  
 Phætraque pugna Medus, aut Puthus levis,  
 710  
 Et queis ſagittas divites Arabes linunt,  
 Aut quos ſub axe frigido ſuccos legunt  
 Lucis Suevo nobiles Heicynus

magical paraphernalia and is getting ready with something, which for a long time ſhe has not had the courage to tackle, ſhe then brings into view a whole hoſt of inſtruments of miſchief, ſecret preparations, myſterious objects and things utterly unknown to any one but herſelf, and with her left hand raiſed (the left hand was always uſed before the gods that dealt in the black art) ſhe utters a ſolemn, doleful prayer, and invokes all the peſts and plagues, the elements of death and deſtruction, to come to her aid!—Whatever are produced in the ſcorching ſands of Libya,—or whatever glacial Taurus, with its arctic, rigorous cold, has kept back beneath its perpetual

snows and every conceivable monster from both quarters—thereupon a scaly multitude present themselves drawn from their hiding places by her magical incantations! In one place a slowly moving serpent drags its huge body along and protrudes its three forked tongue as if seeking upon what it should dart forth its death dealing stings—it seemed stupefied by the incantations it had just listened to and it folds its swollen body in a spiral fashion its knots presenting the appearance of a huge knob. And she then turns her thoughts to this orb and remarks that the mischief to be expected out of this does not amount to much and it is a sorry engine for my purpose which this lower earth can bring forth at its best. No no I must look to the heavens above for what I want and now it is full time to put into motion and to exert myself for something more worthy of my skill than an ordinary everyday piece of wickedness! Let that serpent which lies along the heavens like some huge river come down hither at my bidding of whose immense nodes (this refers to an anatomical peculiarity of the serpent tribe) the two Bears the major and the minor feel the influence the major serving the ends of the Grecian navigators and the minor being more favorable to the Lyrian mariners let this enormous serpent containing constellation Ophiucus release itself from its restrictions to its capabilities (and let it pour ed hands) and let it pour which I may be able to utilize—(Medea here breathes the suggestion that being such an extensive group they might hamper each other) Then let the Python that once had the audacity to attack the twins Apollo and Diana answer to my incantations and the Hydra and every part of that serpent return which was cut off by the hands of Hercules and which multiplied after each part was destroyed come to my aid and oh thou dragon always on the watch leaving Colchis behind that I first lulled to sleep for the first time in thy existence by the potency of my incantation also come to me! After Medea had evoked every kind of serpent she collects together in one mass all the poisonous products of the vegetable world—whatever the inaccessible Eryx generates in its disintegrated rocks—whatever the Caucasus sprinkled with the blood of Prometheus can afford me from beneath those summits covered with perpetual snow and whatever poisons the rich Arabs rub over the points of their arrows and the warlike Mede with his deadly quivers or the swift Parthian horsemen and whatever poisonous juices the intrepid Suevoi in their frigid climate can gather from the Hercynian forests



Quodcumque tellus Vere nudifico erent, Aut rigida cum jam Bruma decussit decus Nemorum, & nivali cuncta constrinxit gelu,	715
Quodcumque gramen flore mortifero viret, Dumve totis succus in radicibus Causis nocendi gignit, attrahat manu Hæmonius illas contulit pestes Athos,	720
Hæ Pindus ingens, illa Pangæi jugis Tenebram cruentæ salce deposuit comam, Hæc aluit altum gurgitem Tigris picemens, Danubius illas hæc per venentes plagas Pepidus Hydaspes gemmiferi curiens æquis,	725
Nomenque teiris qui dedit Bætis suis, Hesperia pulsus maria languenti vado, Hæc passæ ferum est, dum parat Phœbus diem, Illius altera nocte succisus frutex, At hujus ungue sectæ cantato seges	730
<i>Moussifera carpit graminæ, ac serpentium</i> <i>Sanctæ exprimat, melleis in &amp; obsecratis ves,</i> Mœstique eoi bubonis, & raueæ strigis Esecta viæ viscera hæc scelestum artifex	735
Discietæ ponit his rapax vis ignium, His gelidæ pigri frigoris glaciæ inest Addit venenis verbera, non istis minus Metuendæ sonuit ecce vesano gradu, Canitque mundus vocibus primis tremit	

## M E D E A

Invocatis manibus, & vite conceptis incantationibus, Medea  
veneficis illam pallam cum monili, aureoque ciuiali,  
dono mittit ad Creusam per filios suos

**C**OMPRECOR vulgus silentium, vosque feriles Deos, 740  
Et Chaos cæcum, atque operam Ditis umbrosi domum,  
Tartari ipis ligatos squallidæ Mortis specus,

and whatever poison is produced during the nest-building spring, or when the rigorous winter ruthlessly destroys the beauty of the gladsome grove, and hardens every thing with its nipping winter frosts,—whatever grass that grows, aspiring to produce, even one poisonous floret! and whatever dangerous juices, giving rise to injurious properties from their roots having been carefully manipulated—Medea holds all these in her hands! (Medea then begins their enumeration) Ah! Thessalian Athos has

contributed these poisonous specimens lofty Pindus this! And this one is from the summits of Pangeus and I see it has drooped its tender head at the approach of the blood stained pruning knife! Well! The banks of the Tigris with its deep rapids has retired this gem of a poison! This one comes from the Danube—this from the banks of the gem yielding Hydaspes which in its course waters with its tepid streams the arid plains round and the banks of the Betus which gives its name to the adjacent lands and coursing onwards in languid streams throws itself into the Hesperian Sea—This specimen (taken up another) I see has been cut with a knife before Phœbus entered upon his diurnal track (before day light) this shrub evidently was cut in the dead hour of the night but this one (handling it very carefully) is the golden harvest (god send) of the entire collection for it has been nicked with the nail of some one versed in magical incantations! She then gathers together the poisonous grasses and squeezes out all the virus from the serpents! Then she devotes some time to the poisons yielded by the foul birds of prey—she selects the heart of the mournful voiced common owl and the entrails cut out of the inside of the screech owl—whilst alive—these venomous articles of destruction this architect of crimes this scientific poisoner arranges in order! She then adds to these the rapacious power of the most active flames as an important item and whatever reside in the icy frost arising from the most rigorous degree of cold she adds as another element Having then examined all the poisons seriatim she ejaculates some menacing mystic words which from their tone do not sound less terrible than all the poisons put together! Hark! Here she comes along at a maddened pace sings forth some magic strains and as she is commencing her solemn chants the very earth seems to tremble at her first utterances

### MFDEA

The Manes being invoked and the incantations having been duly carried out Medea sends through her sons to Creusa a cloak impregnated with a destructive agent together with a neck band and a golden head ornament as wedding presents

**I** CONJURE that silent multitude the Manes and oh! ye deities that preside over the affairs of those departed spirits Pluto and Proserpine and darkest chaos and the sombre palace of the God of the infernal regions and the dark caverns of loathsome Mors hemmed in

Supplicis animæ remissis currite ad thalamos novos  
 Rotæ resistat membra torquentis (ingat Ixion lunum  
 Tantalus securus undas hauriat Pireneidas 745  
 Gravior pœna sedet conjugis foculo mei  
 Lubricus per saxa tetio Sisyphum volvat lapis  
 Vos quoque, unis quis foratis urtus ludit labor,  
 Danaïdes, coite, vestras hic dies querat manus  
 Nunc meis vocata fieris nocturnum sidus veni, 750  
 Pessimos induta vultus, fronte non una mirra  
 Tibi more gentis vinculo solvens comam,  
 Secreta nudo memora lustravi pede  
 Et evocavi nubibus siccis æquas,  
 Egique ad munus maris, & Oceanus grates 755  
 Interius undas æstibus visis dedit  
 Pariterque mundus lege confusa ætheris  
 Et solem & astra vidit & vetitum mare  
 Fetigistis Urse temporum flexi vices  
 Æstiva tellus floruit crutu meo, 760  
 Messem coacta vidit liberram Ceres  
 Violenta Phasis vertit in fontem vada,  
 Et Ister in tot ora divisus, truces  
 Complessit undas, omnibus ipsis piger  
 Sonuere fluctus, tumuit insanum mare 765  
 Tricente vento nemoris antiqui domus  
 Amisit umbram vocis imperio mere  
 Die relicto Phœbus in medio stetit  
 Hydresque nostris erantibus motæ habant  
 Adesse facis tempus est Phœbe tuis 770  
 Tibi hæc eruenti secula texantur manu,  
 Novera quæ seipens ligat  
 Tibi hæc, Iyphceus membra quæ discors tulit,  
 Qui regna coneussit Jovis  
 Vectoris istic perfidi sanguis inest, 775  
 Quem Nessus expirans dedit  
 Cætreus isto cinere defecit iogus,  
 Qui virus Hæreuleum bibit

by the banks of the Tartarus, and let the guilty souls released from their punishment, for the nonce, hasten to the forthcoming novel marriage! (Medea calls it novel, because she considers herself the wife) Let the wheel, which is turning round the body of Ixion, stop its rotations, and suffer him to reach the ground once more! Let Tantalus, unbalked in his efforts, freely quench his thirst in the waters of the Pirenean fountain Let a much heavier punishment than his fall to the lot of the father-in-law of my husband (Creon) Let the slippery rock cease to roll back from the mountain upon Sisyphus!

Oh! ye Danaïdes, assemble ye likewise, cease to expend your vain labor of filling the perforated urn—this is the

day which will require useful exertions at your hands (acting up to thy previous example of staying thy hands on the first night of thy marriage) And now! Oh! thou Star of the Night (the Moon) invoked by my sacred appeals come forth assume thy most marvellous looks but be thou not threatening in one of thy aspects only! but in all three of them (Diana Hecate I habe) It is for thee releasing my tresses from their fastenings after the fashion of nocturnal magicians that I have wandered through the solitary groves with my naked feet and have drawn down by my incantations copious showers from a cloudless sky and have caused the sea to sink down to its lowest depths whilst the ocean with its impetuous tides subdued by my powers has retired with its ponderous waters quite below its accustomed bed and in like manner the entire laws of the firmament have been controverted and placed in obedience and the wonderstruck world has been known to be gazing at the sun and the stars at one and the same moment of time and the Arctic Bears which are expressly forbidden to fall below the horizon have been made by me to dip themselves in the sea! I have changed the very order of the seasons the Earth has flourished with all the golden tints of summer and Ceres has been coaxed into yielding a plentiful harvest in the very depths of winter—The turbulent waves of the Ithris I have transformed into whispering streams! And the Danube which is divided into so many estuaries has been caused by me to draw in its threatening waters and has only modestly approached its various banks! The waves have sounded one moment like thunder and the sea has swelled with very rage when the winds were absolutely quiet and at my word of command the entire crew of some ancient forest has been suddenly denuded of its foliage—Phaëbus has stopped at my bidding his fiery chariot in the middle of the day and the Hyades moved by my incantations have absolutely trembled! Oh I habe come thou to the sacrifice which I have prepared in honor of thee this chaplet intertwined with nine serpents thereon has been woven for thee by my very own bloodstained hands which are herewith at thy disposal are the very portions (the serpents) of the body although out of character once possessed by the recalcitrant Ixion (some of the giants had those appendages to their feet) when he shook from its very foundations the mighty Kingdom of Jupiter! Here is some of the blood of that treacherous abductor Nessus which he gave me himself when he was dying! These cinders are just imported from the funeral pile at Oeta which swallowed up the poison that destroyed

Pire foronis, impii matris facem, Ulixis Althææ vides	780
Reliquit istis inivio plumas specu Ἴταρυιῶν, dum Zeten fugit His adice pennas fructu Stymphalidos, Leinæa præfæ spicula	
Sonuitis ὄν, ἔν τιποδῶν ἄγνοσκο meos, Frivente commotos Dea	785
Vidco Tiivæ curus ἄγiles, Non quos pleno lucidæ vultu Pernox agitât, sed quos facie Luridâ mæstrâ, cum Pheffalidis	790
Vexata minis, cœlum fieno Propioie legit sic facc tustem Pallidâ lucem funde per ruias, Hoiioie novo teue populos, Inque auxilium, Dictynnâ, tuum	795
Pretiosa sonent æia Corinthi Tibi fringunco cæspite facium Solemne dâmus tibi de medio Rapti sepulcro fax nocturnos Sustulit ignes tibi motâ erput Flexâ voces cervice dedi	800
Tibi funereo de moie jrcens Passos cingit vittrâ erpillos Tibi jrcctatui tristis Stygia Ramus ab unda, tibi nudato Pectore Mæris facio feriam Brachia cultio	805
Manet noster fringuis rd aras Affuesce, manus, fringere ferrum, Caiosque pati posse cruoies Sracum laticem percussa dedi Quod si nimium fræpe vocari Queeris, votis ignosce, precor Causâ vocandi, Persei, tuos	815
Sæpius arcus, unâ atque eodem Semper, lason tu nunc vestes Tingue Cieusæ, quis cum piumum Sumferit, inas uat seiens Flammâ medullas ignis fulvo Clufus in amo lrtet obscurus, Quem mihi, cœli qui fuiti luit Viscere sæto, dedit, & docuit Condere vires aite Promtheus	820

Hercules! Here, you see the venitable torch of the revengeful mother, the impious Althæa, but at the same time affectionate sister—(Althæa killed her own son, because he slew her brothers)

Here are the identical feathers which the Harpy left

behind it in the cave so difficult of access when it flew  
 away from Zetes! To these let me add the feathers of  
 one of the Stymphalides which was wounded (brought  
 down) by an arrow charged with the poison of the Lernaean  
 Hydra! Hark! Hark! The altars are giving out a sound  
 of some sort I fancy my tripod is in motion, the goddess  
 then is favorable! I behold the graceful chariot of the  
 triune goddess (on account of her three capacities) and  
 not wearing that full serene face with which she usually  
 shines all the night through but with that sad expression  
 on her pale countenance which she presented when  
 harassed by the threatening importunities of the Theban  
 magicians when she drew rein as she described her  
 downward journey in quitting the skies! And in like  
 manner let me diffuse through the air a dolorous irradi-  
 ation with my torch scabily burning let me astonish the  
 people with this newly devised scare of mine and oh!  
 Dictynna (another name for Hebe the tinkling brazen  
 cymbals of Corinth held in such high estimation shall  
 come to thy aid! It is to thee I will offer up a solemn  
 sacrifice on the blood-strewn turfy grass—for thee that  
 the torch from the accommodating tomb has kept up  
 its nocturnal blaze—it is for thee I was uttering my  
 supplications when I turned round and moved my  
 head excitedly (corymbinally) it was for thee that  
 that my head-dress surmounted my disordered lock after  
 the fashion adopted at funerals! It is for thee that my  
 hand is waving this mournful branch which was washed  
 up by the Stygian streams it is for thee that with my  
 breast laid bare as a Menad I will pierce my arms with  
 the sacred knife that my own blood may flow at thy  
 altars! Let me accustom myself to the drawing of the  
 sword and let me be able to spare the loss of blood  
 which now is all the more precious to me (She means  
 she will require all her physical vigor to carry out the  
 slaughter of her children) I have wounded (struck) my  
 self and have supplied the sacrificial fluids. But if thou  
 shouldst complain that I call upon thee too much I en-  
 treat thee pardon my importunate demands! Oh! Ercis  
 (another name for Hecate) they are always for one and  
 the same object that I implore thy valuable assistance  
 always Jason! And now let me impregnate this cloak  
 for Creusa which as soon as she puts it on the creeping  
 flames will consume the body down to the innermost  
 marrow and the very bones containing it!

The fiery element inclosed in this gold is in a latent  
 state at present a  
 Prometheus gave  
 theft from heaven

Dedit & tenui sulfure teclōs Muleibei ignes & vivacis	825
Fulgura flammæ de cognato Phœthonte tibi habeo mediæ Donæ Chimeræ Habeo flammâs usto tauri Gutturè ruptis, quæ permixto	830
Felle Medusæ, tactum iussi Servare malum Adde venenis stimulos, Hecerte, Donisque meis femora flammæ Conditæ seiva fallunt visus, Tristisque feiant met in pectus Venisque calor stillent utus, Ossaque sument, vincitque furas Flagrante comæ nova nuptæ fides Vota tenentur, tei iuratus	835
Audæ Hecate dedit, & sacros Edidit ignes face luctiferæ Pericla vis est omnis huc natos vocæ, Pretiosa per quos donæ nubenti facias Ite, ite nati, matris insustæ genus,	840
Plicate vobis munere & multa prece Dominam & novercam vidite & celetes domum Referte gressus, ultimo amplexu ut fruar	845

## CHORUS

Furorem Medæ Chorus timet, malitiam ejus execratus

<b>Q</b> UONAM eruenta Mænis Præceps amoris sævo Raptus quod impotenti Facinus prærat furoris Vultus citatus ira Riget, & caput fetori Quatiens superba motu Regi miratum ultio Quis credidit exultantem Fligunt genæ iubentes, Pallor surgit ruborem	850
	855

fed on them, each day, when they would re-appear) and who, at the same time, told me the best way of utilising its potency—and Vulcan gave me some of his fire from Ætna, covered over with thin layers of sulphur, and I

have also some of the identical lightning from the thunderbolt with which Jupiter killed Phrixion a kinsman of my own! I have likewise a contribution from that monster Chimæra which will be useful I have some of the veritable flames which were breathed from the fiery mouth of the bull of Colchis which I have taken care to preserve as an especial destructive agent defying all detection mixing them with some of Medusa's gall! Oh! Hecate! Give energy to my various poisons preserve under thy careful surveillance these quintessences with my other offerings—let them defy all detection by the human eye and let them bear handling without suspicion—when brought into operation let the intense heat given out penetrate the chest and run through every vein! Let it traverse through every limb in the body and let the very bones send up their fumes (thoroughly carbonizing them) Let this new bride far outshine with her own burning locks (effects of the flames) her nuptial torch! My vows are held in favor! Hecate who has dared all this for me has just given me the watch cry three significant shouts! And she has brought her own sacred fire in her luminous torch every power is now brought to bear! Call the sons hither nurse to whom thou must intrust these precious gifts for the bride elect! Now go oh my sons offspring of an ill starred repudiated mother commend yourselves to the favourable consideration in presenting these gifts with many benedictions to your future mistress and step mother! Now go and hasten your return to the palace that I may still have time for a last embrace!

### CHORUS

The Chorus dreads the fury of Medea and execrates her malicious deeds

**B**y what cruel passion is this blood thirsty Mænad being carried away headlong. What terrible crime is Medea now concocting in her ungovernable madness? Her countenance inflamed with anger, has quite a set expression and the proud woman is shaking her head wildly and judging from her gestures she is threatening the King with something quite beyond our conception! Who would believe that Medea was a condemned exile? Her reddened cheeks are burning at one moment and the next a deadly pallor takes the place of that redness! She does not retain either color for any



Nullum vagante formæ Scivit diu colorem Iuc fuit pedes & illuc, Ut tigris oïbra natis, Cursu fucnte lustrat	860
Gangeticum nemus sic Fieri nescit iras Medea, non amores Nunc ira amorque cursum Junxere quid sequetur?	865
Quando cfferet Pelasgis Nefanda Colchis irvis Gressum, metuque solvet Regnum, simulque reges?	870
Nunc, Phœbe, mitte curus Nullo morante loro Nox condat ultra lucem Meigrat diem timendum Dux noctis Hesperugo	875

## ACTUS QUINTUS

NUNTIUS, CHORUS, NUTRIX, MEDEA, JASON

Narrat nuntius, Creusam cum patre regiaque toti flagrasse permucioso Medeæ munere Medea filios suos trucidat, & aufugit

<b>P</b> NUNT FRIGIDI cuncta concidit regni status Nati atque genitor cinere permixto iacent	880
CHOR Quæ fraude capti? NUNT Qua solent reges capi, Donis CHOR In illis esse quis potuit dolus?	
NUNT Et ipse miror, vixque jam facto moro Potuisse fieri ciedo CHOR Quis cladis modus?	

length of time on her changeable face! Hither and thither she paces wildly, even as a tigress, robbed of her cubs, searches with instinctive anxiety the forests of the Ganges, raging furiously as it follows up the track, and thus Medea is unable to resist the force of her anger, and the strength of her repudiated passion! Now when anger and balked love join in hostile array, what may not the consequences be? When will this wicked woman from Colchis take her departure from our Pelasgian country? Or will she keep the kingdom, and at the same time the kings themselves in a perpetual state of alarm?

Now Phœbus send on thy chariots quickly let no  
 tightening of the reins release the speed (thus in allusion  
 to the day granted to Medea) and let merciful darkness  
 obscure the light! Let the herald of the coming night  
 Hesperus obliterate with its advent this fearful Day!

## ACT V

MESSENGER—CHORUS—NURSE—MEDEA—JASON

The messenger reports that Creusa her father and the  
 entire palace have been consumed by the flames  
 arising from the present sent by Medea

MESSENGER

**A**LL things have perished! The stability of the Kingdom  
 has collapsed father and daughter are laid low in  
 death—their ashes are intermingled!

CHORUS

By what wicked treachery were they thus deprived  
 of life?

MESSENGER

By gifts as Kings usually are deluded! (In the same  
 manner that fishes are accustomed to be taken in by the  
 hook!)

CHORUS

But what treachery can there be in their case?

MESSENGER

And I wonder myself what it can be I can scarcely  
 believe even now that it occurred as the work of an  
 incendiary!

CHORUS

But how was this terrible destruction first brought about  
 (Does there appear any limit to it?)

NUNTI Avidus peci omnem regie partem fuit,	885
Ut iustus, ignis cum domus tota occidit,	
Urbi timetur CHOR Unda flammis opprimat	
NUNTI Et hoc in ista clade mutandum accidit,	
Alit unda flammis, quoque prohibetur magis,	
Magis videt ignis ipsa praesidia occupat	890
NUBI Effet citatum sede Pelopon gradum,	
Medea praecipis quis libet teris pete	
MED Egon' ut recedam' si profugissem prius,	
Ad hoc redirem nuptias specto novis	
Quid, anime, cessas' sequere felicem impetum	895
Pais ultionis ista, qua grades, quoti est'	
Amas adhuc, fuosque, si frus est tibi	
Caelebs Jason quare praeruum genus	
Hud usitatum iunque sic temet pura	
Fas omne cedat abeat expulsus pudor	900
Vindicta levis est, quam ferunt pure manus	
Incumbe in iras, teque languentem excit,	
Penitusque veteres pecclore ex imo impetus -	
Violentus huius quidquid admissum est adhuc,	
Pietis vocetur hoc age, & saxo, sciunt,	905
Quam levia fuerint, quamque vulgus notae,	
Quae commodum scelera prolucit dolor	
Peci ista nostri quid manus poterant rudes	
Audere magnum' quid puellam furor'	
Medea nunc sum cievit ingenium malis	910
Juvat, juvat rapuisse fraternal caput	
Artus juvat secuisse, & alicano pruem	
Spoliasse facio juvat in exitum senis	
Armasse uatas quere materiam, dolor	
Ad omne facinus non rudem dextram afferes	915
Quo te igitur, ira, mittis' aut quae perfido	
Intendis hosti tel' nescio quid fecer	

## MESSENGER

A most destructive fire is raging at this present moment throughout every part of the palace, it looks more now as if it were the work of some incendiary, and now that the whole palace has fallen a prey to the flames, serious fears are entertained, lest it might spread all over the city!

## CHORUS

Does not the water keep down the flames?

## MESSENGER

No! The curious feature presenting itself in this calamitous business is, that the water only seems to feed the

flames instead of extinguishing them and the greater the efforts made to rest on them the more fiercely the fire rages it seems only to strengthen itself by what is done to keep it down!

## NURSE

Oh! Medea hasten thy steps from this land of Pelops seek out whatever country thou likest!

## MEDEA

Why should I go away? If I had gone away some time ago I should return now (most certainly) for I take a great interest in this novel marriage! Oh my soul why should I cease my task? I let me follow up this happy turn of events otherwise to what does my part in this act of revenge end in which I have so much reason to rejoice!

Oh! Medea in thy maddened condition is it that thou still lovest Jason. If thou considerest the present calamities sufficient for that now celibate Jason!

No! I let me seek for some uncommon kind of punishment! And such being the case let me get myself ready for any thing! Let every known law yield to my will and let all absurd tears once shaken off be for ever absent from my mind! That revenge is confessedly slow work in which hitherto unstuned hands have been engaged (By this is meant a justification for the slaughter of Creon and Creusa therefore *pure unstained* Creon being an enemy and Creusa an interloping mistress) I let me hark back to all my pristine wrath and let me shake myself out of any languorous yearnings and let me draw forth from the lowest recesses of my soul some of the old forces which are still within me! But let them if anything be more violent than ever! So that what has heretofore been accomplished by me, may appear in the light of comparative innocence! Now let me set to work I would that they should be made fully to understand how trivial how commonplace the crimes which I have already perpetrated have really been! My anger has merely been passing through its premonitory stages (a mere prologue to the tragedy) What raw novice would dare to attempt anything on a really grand scale! What for example did my girlish anger (achievements) amount to? Now I am Medea (if you please) and my abilities have improved during my long career of crime! Things gave me satisfaction at the time I was pleased when I took away my brother's life I was pleased also

Decrevit animus intus & nondum sibi  
 Vult fati stulta propeccata nimis  
 La pellice utinam liberios hostis meus  
 Aliquos haberet<sup>1</sup> quidquid ex illo tunc est,  
 Censura peperit plene hoc pœni genus,  
 Meritoque placent ultimum agnosco scelus  
 Anime, parandum est liberi quondam mei  
 Vos pro patris scelus penas dote  
 Cor pepulit horror, membra torpescunt gelu,  
 Pectusque tremunt ira discessit loco  
 Materque tota conjuge expulsa redit  
 Egou' ut incorum liberum re prolis meæ  
 Fundam civorem<sup>2</sup> melius ali demens furor<sup>1</sup>  
 Incognitum istud scinus, re dirum nefas  
 A me quoque absit quod scelus miseri luent  
 Scelus est Jason genitor, & major scelus  
 Medea mater occidunt non sunt mei  
 Perierint mei sunt enimne & culpi erunt  
 Sunt innocentes fateor & frater fuit  
 Quid, anime, titubas<sup>2</sup> ora quid herimur rigant<sup>2</sup>  
 Varrumque nunc huc ira, nunc illuc amor  
 Diducit<sup>2</sup> inceps estus incertum rapit  
 Ut saxa rapidi belli cum venti gerunt  
 Utinque fluctus maria discordes agunt,  
 Dubiumque pelagus fervet hinc alteri meum  
 Cor fluctuatur ira pietatem fugat,  
 Irrumque pietas cede pietati, dolor  
 Huc errat proles unicum afflicte domus  
 Solamen, huc vos ferte, & infusos mihi  
 Coniungite artus habeat incolumes pater  
 Dum & mater habeat unget exilium, re fuga  
 Jam jam meo rapiuntur vulsi e sinu,  
 Flentes, gementes osculis perierant patris,  
 Penere matris rursus increfcit dolor,  
 Et fervet odium repetit invitam matrem  
 Antiqua Eunmys ira, qua dicit, sequor  
 Utinam superbe turba Tantahdos meo  
 Exisset utero, bisque septenos patris

when I handed the weapons of destruction to the daughters of Pelias, to deal the finishing blow to that poor old man! Let my present anger, however, seek out for adequate materials upon which to finish my crowning revenge! I shall not, at all events, be employing hands inexperienced in crime for any thing I may decide upon! But where, into what channel, may I ask myself, am I now steering? Oh, again, what are the exact weapons that I should level against that perfidious enemy, Jason? I really do not know, at present, what my angry mind has determined upon within itself! Probably I have as yet been in rather too much foolish haste! But

I wish this much that my enemy had had some children by that concubine Creusa whatever there are are mine as far as Jason has made them so!

I must suppose that Creusa gave birth to them tutor my mind to that belief! This kind of punishment has pleased me and deservedly pleased me and I acknowledge that it is a veritable consummation of my desires! Oh my soul let preparations be made! Oh ye children once suffer punishment for your father's wickedness! A feeling of horror vexes my soul my limbs are stiffened with the chill which comes over me and my heart is in a flutter! My anger has quitted its post and the Mother only becomes the ascendant force and prevails over the other the repudiated wife! And can I really bring myself to shed the blood of my children my own very offspring!

Better perhaps! Alas! my mad rage that ever such a crime should have been thought of and would that such cruel wickedness had kept itself out of my mind! What crime have those children committed that they should suffer punishment? Yes! Jason is the crime! Jason is their father and the greater crime is Medea—they must perish if they are not mine! Let them be sacrificed if they are mine they are free both of crime and blame I confess and so was my brother! What! Oh my soul art thou hesitating again? Why do the tears course down my cheeks And why does my anger lead me on vacillatingly hither one minute and love (repudiated love) draw me thither the next? A wavering impetuous tide controls me as when the tempestuous winds proclaim a cruel war and the contending waves swelling here surging there at every turn exert their dominion over the sea and the perplexed ocean as it were boils up in anger! Alas! Oh! my anger let me now yield to affection—Bring yourselves hither oh! my darling offspring the only consolation left to me from my afflicted home and embrace me with your arms thrown around me! May your father afford you his safe protection and although your mother would protect you in like manner exile—flight—are driving me from you! And now they may soon be torn weeping and mourning from my bosom! Let them be dead to the kisses of a father if they are to be dead to those of a mother! My anger is getting the upper hand again and my mind will still nurse its hatred! Erinnyes as of old urging me on to a fresh crime repeats her odious assistance! Oh! my anger! wherever thou leadest me I must follow!

I only wish then that a whole army of proud Tantals had emerged from my womb and that I had been

Natos tulissem! stedis in parvis suis  
 Iratri patrique quod sit est pepert duos  
 Quorum isti tendit tibi Iuniam impotens,  
 Quem querit? ut quo flammeo icibus parit?  
 Aut cui cunctas regnum infernum faces  
 Intentus? ingens anguis excusso sonat  
 Lotus stragello quem tribe infesta petit  
 Megæra? cuius umbra dispersi venit  
 Incerta membris? frater est parvis petit  
 Dibimus sed omnes fige humilibus faces  
 Luna perire pectus cui furis parat  
 Discedere a me, frater ultrices Deis,  
 Manesque ad imos ne securis iube  
 Mihi me relinquere, & utere hinc frater mihi,  
 Quæ strinxit enses? vicium regnum tuos  
 Placemus isti? Quid repens affectus sonus?  
 Parantur viri, meque in exilium petunt  
 Excelsa nostra tecta conscendam domus  
 Cæde inchoata perge tu mecum comes  
 Iuum quoque ipsa corpus hinc mecum vellem  
 Nunc hoc age, nimis non in oculis tibi est  
 Perdenda virtus approbata populo mirum  
 Ius Quicumque regum claudibus fidus doles,  
 Concurre, ut ipsam scelestis uictorem horridi  
 Capimus huc huc, fortis uictorem erimur  
 Consorte teta? uictorem fugat,  
~~Quæque pietas cede pietati, dolorem~~  
~~mihi iam iam recepi sceptrum, germanum, patrem,~~  
 Spoliumque Colchi pœndis uirtute tenent  
 Redire regna capere uirginitatis redit  
 O phœdram tandem nimirum? o scilicet diem!  
 O impietatem! uide perfectum est scelus,  
 Vindicta nondum perage dum fremunt manus  
 Quid nunc moraris, anime? quid dubitas? potes  
 Jam cecidit ut pœnitent facti pudet  
 Quid, misera, feci? miseris, pœnitent licet,  
 Feci voluptas magna me uitam subit,

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the parent of fourteen sons! I have been restricted in  
 my punishments! (Medea wishes for fourteen children,  
 in order to punish Jason all the more arithmetically) I  
 have only brought forth two, which must be enough, one  
 for my slaughtered brother, and the other for the out-  
 raged father! I wonder, though, what that redoubtable  
 group of Furies are bent upon? Whom are they seeking?  
 Or for whom are they preparing, with their burning  
 blows? Or whom, that the tribe from the infernal regi-  
 ons are threatening, with their cruel torches? There, a  
 huge serpent, curled up, is hissing as it shakes out its  
 whips! For whom is Megæra looking now, with that  
 horrible flaming beam of fire? (a huge torch) Whose

shade is this which is now approaching with its dismembered body—it is not very clear to my mind?

Ah! yes! I see now it is that of my brother he is seeking for some one's punishment I will give it to him and therefore hurl all thy torches at my eyes if thou wilt tear me in pieces—consume me entirely with thy fires! Look! My breast is open to the Furies, for their attack! Oh! my brother let those representatives of the avenging Goddesses depart from my sight in security to the Manes below! Leave me to myself oh my brother and I who unsheathed this sword let it be employed by the hand which now holds it! I will appease the Manes with this victim! (Here Medea strikes down the first child)—What sudden sound is that which reaches my ears? A clanking of weapons indicates some slaughtering preparations and they are evidently seeking me for destruction! My killing operations having already commenced I will mount up to the lofty chambers of the palace and come thou nursing with me as a companion! I will carry thy body with me from this place (Thus said to the slaughtered child)

(Medea carries the dead body of one son and leads the other by the hand to the rooms above)

Now oh my soul once set to work my presence of mind must not forsake me at this juncture let me show my power to these people—the advanced guard

#### JASON

Now then whatever faithful followers amongst you who grieve for the slaughter of your king assemble! So that we may seize upon the real perpetrix of all these horrible crimes Come hither—hither advance thou band of brave warriors get ready your weapons and destroy this house from its lowest foundations!

#### MEDEA

Already Jason already I have got possession of the sceptre my brother—my father and they represent to me the recovery of the treasure stolen from Colchis—the golden fleece—My kingdom has verily returned to me and my virginity of which thou deprivedst me appears to be restored to me! At last I can exclaim Oh! ye benignant Deities! Oh! the joyful day come at last! Oh! what nuptial delight! Let me go my crimes have been literally crowned—not as yet however has my revenge been got rid of let me exert myself whilst my hands are in training for the task before me Why do



Et ecce crescit dcerat hoc unum mihi, Spectator ipse nil adhuc factum reor Quidquid sine isto scimus sceleris, perit	995
JAS Lu ipsa tecti parte precipiti imminet Huc rapit ignes aliquis, ut flammis eadat Suis perusta MID Congere extremum tuis Natis, Jason, finus ac tumultum strue Conjux socerque iusta jam sanctis habent	1000
A me sepulti nitus hic satum tulit Hic te vidente dabitur exitio pari JAS Per numen omne, perque communes fugas, Torosque, quos non nostra violavit fides, Jam parce nato si quod est crimen, meum est	1005
Me dede morti, novum maera cepit MID Hic, qui recusas, qui dolens, feruum evigam I nunc, superbe, virginum thalamos pete Relinque matris JAS Unus est poena satis	1010
MED Si posset una eade satari manus, Nullam petisset ut duos perimam trunci, Nimium est dolori numerus angustus meo In matre si quod pignus criminum latet, Scrutabor ense viscera, & ferro extrahere	
JAS Jam perage ceptum factorem horum Morumque saltem sortis ex illo Morte te virtute ex uno MID Jam jam ecce in supplicis dona meis Spol MED Perfruere lento scelere, ne propera, dolor Meus dies est tempore recepto utimur	1015

I now slacken my resolutions Oh my soul, why hesitate at all? Thou hast all the strength and power about thee—my anger sometimes subsides—I repent, I repent of the deed I have committed—What have I done, oh, miserable, it is allowable to be in a penitent mood, after I have done the deed, nevertheless, a great inward satisfaction takes possession of me, in spite of my temporary unwillingness, and, what is more, it increases with me—only one thing was wanting to make things perfect, and that was Jason himself as an eye witness! I am inclined for that reason to think nothing of what has been done, whatever crime I have committed without him as a witness, seems to count for nothing!

JASON (*to his soldiers*)

Behold, there she is, leaning over a precipitous projection of the roof, let one of you bring some fire hither, that she may fall a victim to the same flames she has used against others

## MEDEA

Jason rather heap up the materials for a funeral pile for thine own sons and prepare a tomb for them. A wife and father in law have had the justice done to them which is due to the dead (the fire), they were duly buried by me (pointing to the first son killed) that son has met his fate already and this one in thy very own sight shall receive a similar end.

## JASON

By every known deity—by the exile which we have shared in common—and by our marriage bed and of which I can truly say I have never violated the nuptial confidence of my own free will—do spare me one son at all events! If there be any criminal it is I myself—hand me over to death—sacrifice my criminal life.

## MEDEA

I shall use the sword where thou dost not wish it to be visited and which thou wilt most grieve for—Go now! Proud adulterer seek for thy marriage bed amongst the virgins and quit the presence of her whom thou hast made a mother!

## JASON

One child surely is enough punishment for thee to exact!

## MEDEA

No! If I could possibly have been satisfied with one slaughter I should not have sought for any—so that I shall have to slay two and a small number too in proportion to the extent of my wrath and what is more if there were the most latent germ of motherhood left within my body I would search out my womb with this sword and extract it forthwith.

## JASON

Now finish completely the wickedness thou hast so successfully commenced with and grant me as short a time as possible before thou beginnest to visit me with punishment!

## MEDEA

No! Enjoy at thy leisure the results of thy one crime do not be in any hurry—oh! my angered spirit!—this day is mine—let me use profitably the time agreed upon!

JAS Infesta memet perime MID Misereci jubes  
 Bene est, paratum est plura non habui, dolor,  
 Quæ tibi litrem humina hinc tumida allera, 1020  
 Ingrate Jason, conjugem agnoscis tuam?  
 Sic fugere soleo patiunt in eolum vir  
 Squammosa gemini colla serpentes iugo  
 Summissa præbent recipe jam natos parcos  
 Ego inter aras aliti curru veha 1025  
 JAS Per alta vade spatia sublimi ætheris  
 Testare nullos esse, qui velicris, Deos

## JASON

Oh! cruel woman, let me perish myself!

## MEDEA

Thou askest me to pity thee! (Here she strikes down the second son) I am satisfied my task is now fully accomplished—I have nothing more, if I could, to sacrifice to my anger!—Ungrateful Jason! Raise towards me thy swollen orbs! Dost thou now know that thou hast a wife? This is my mode of taking up my exile! My usual style of flight! The way to the heavens is open to me, two dragons (green griffins) submit their scaly necks to the yoke of my chariot, and Jason, thou parent, take great care of thy sons, whilst I am borne along to the aerial regions in my swift chariot!

## JASON

Through those lofty spaces of the sublime sky along which thou mayst be conveyed, there surely must be no gods, who will bear witness to thy flight—with impunity!

AGAMEMNON

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THYESTIS	AGAMEMNON
CLYTEMNESTRA	CASSANDRA
NERIS	ELIZABETH
ÆGISCHUS	THECIRA
CHORUS ARGIVARUM SIVE MYCENÆARUM	SIPHIUS
ORISTIS muta persona	CHORUS ILLIADUM
	PYLADIS muta persona

## ARGUMENTUM

THYESTIS umbra, ulciscendi injurarum (de quibus vide Thyestis argumentum) cupida filium Ægischum in eadem Agamemnonis incitat. Ille itaque Agamemnonem victorem a Troja reduentem in convivio imperata iracundum veste occidit, consilii erudisque particeps Clytemnestra quam absente marito Agamemnone corruperat. Cassandra demum Agamemnoni amatum ab eis vulsum occidit. Electram quod fratrem Orestem amanturam carceri muncipari jubent.

## ACTUS PRIMUS

## THYESTIS UMBRA

Thyestis umbra ab inferis adveniens Ægischum ad vindictam sibi ab oraculo promissam invitat.

**O**PACA Inquens Ditis inferni loca,  
 Adsum profundo Tartari emissus specu,  
 Incertus utras oderim sedes magis  
 Fugio Thyestes inferos, superos fugo  
 En horret animus, & pavore membra excutit  
 Video paternos, immo fraternos latus  
 Hoc est vetustum Pelopre limen domus  
 Hinc suspicari regium capiti decus  
 Mos est Pelægis, hoc cedent alti toro,  
 Quibus superba sceptrum gestantur manu

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THYESTES	AGAMEMNON
CLYTEMNESTRA	CASSANDRA
NURSE	EURYBATES
ÆGISTHUS	ELECTRA
CHORUS OF ARGOS or MYCENE WOMEN	STROPHIUS
ORESTES mute personage	CHORUS OF TROJANS
	PYLADES mute personage

## ARGUMENT

THE shade of Thyestes anxious to avenge his injuries (for which see argument to Thyestes) urges on Ægisthus his son to kill Agamemnon (who returns as a conqueror from Troy) at a banquet having enveloped him in a cloak from which he could not extricate himself—Clytemnestra whom he had seduced when her husband Agamemnon was absent aiding and abetting him in the murder Ægisthus after that slays Cassandra the captive mistress of Agamemnon dragging her away from the altar They Ægisthus and Clytemnestra order Electra to be thrown into prison because she had sent away Orestes who had been conveyed to a place of security

## ACT I

## SHADE OF THYESTES

The shade of Thyestes arriving from the infernal regions calls upon Ægisthus to carry out the revenge, which had been promised him by the oracle

**H**ERE I am having just quitted the dark abodes in the infernal regions of Pluto an emissary from the profound caves of Tartarus and I am quite uncertain in my mind which habitations I prefer the more and I Thyestes whilst I am flying on this temporary journey from Hell absolutely feel a reluctance to face these upper regions of the Earth Oh! my mind is in a horrible state and fear shakes my very limbs I see around me my paternal Lares yea I see my brother's also! This is the veritable threshold of the ancient palace of Pelops—here I recollect it was the custom amongst the Pelasgi

Locus hic habendæ curæ hic epulis locus,  
 Libet reverti nonne vel tristes lacus  
 Incolere futius? nonne custodem Stygis  
 Tergemina nigros colla jactantem iubar?  
 Ubi ille celeri corpus evinctus rotæ 15  
 In se refertur, ubi per adversum irritus  
 Redeunte toties luditur saxo liboi  
 Ubi tondet ales arida fecundum jecur,  
 Et inter undas servidæ exustus siti  
 Aquas fugaces ore decepto appetit, 20  
 Pœnas daturus cœlitum diripibus graves  
 Sed ille nostræ pars quota est culpæ senex?  
 Reputemus omnes, quos ob infandis turpis  
 Quæsitio una Cnossius versat reos.  
 Vincam Thyestes sceleribus cunctos meis, 25  
 A fratris vincar liberis plenus tuis  
 In me sepultis, viscera exedi mea  
 Nec hæc tenus fortunæ maculavit patrem,  
 Sed major aliud causa commisso scelus,  
 Natæ nefandos petere concubitus jubet 30  
 Non pavidus huius dictæ, sed cepi nefas  
 Ergo ut per omnes liberos nem parens,  
 Corcæta fratris turba fert uterum gravem,  
 Me patre dignum versa turba est retro  
 Avo parentem, (pro nefas!) patri virum, 35  
 Natus nepotes miscui, noctu diem  
 Sed seia tandem respicit fessos malis  
 Post frata demum sortis incertæ fides  
 Rex ille regum, ductor Agamemnon ducum,  
 Cujus secutæ mille vexillum rates, 40  
 Phœci velis turba texerunt fuis,  
 Post decimæ Phœbi iustra devictæ Ilio

for the crown to be placed upon the head of the Royal wearer, as an auspicious event!—there, I recollect they used to sit on that very throne, by whose hands too, the sceptre was carried with great pride and pomp—here was the place where they presided at the courts they used to hold—there is the banqueting hall! I ask myself, does it please me in any way—this returning expedition! Or, is it more consonant with my frame of mind, still to inhabit the lugubrious lakes below, and is it more pleasant to be where Cerberus, the custodian of the Stygian realms, turns from side to side his three-headed neck, and angrily shakes his black mane, and where he, Ixion, bound to the swiftly-rotating wheel, is revolved continually (following himself and flying from himself perpetually), or, where that vain exercise is being for ever played out by Sisyphus, the stone returning backwards as many times as it rolls onwards! Or, where that rapacious bird of

prey feeds perpetually upon the reproduced entrails of Prometheus! Or where Tantalus burning with his parching thirst longingly beholds the streams around him and vainly seeks to quench that consuming thirst with the waters as they retreat from his disappointed lips! This is the way he was made to expiate his crime the memorable feast he once offered to the gods! But how large a proportion of punishment is that old man undergoing for the sins of our family! We must reckon them all first those criminals whom the Gnosian Magistrate Minos condemned for their wicked acts to that eternal Urn. But I Thyestes put all the others to the blush with my performances (evil deeds) yet I think I must award the palm after all to my brother Atreus for through his machinations my inside has been replenished with three children buried away in my interior. I have been made to derive nourishment from my own entrails—nor up to that time had bad luck stigmatized me in my paternal capacity (for he committed the crime of eating his own offspring in utter ignorance) But another greater crime than any which Fortune has dared to saddle me with I was destined by the Oracle to seek for an impious sexual connexion with my own daughter and the worst of it was I received the decree with no sort of abashed alarm but caught at the offence rather anxiously than otherwise! Therefore in order that I might pose to the world as a parent on a grand scale it was ordained that my propagating capabilities should be visited upon my entire progeny (meaning his own children) and my own daughter in obedience to the oracle appears on the scene with an impregnated womb worthy I say in every way of such a father! The laws of nature have verily been reversed! Oh! dreadful to think of I have given rise to a singular medley parent and grand parent—husband and father—son and grandson a thorough case of dark night and bright day attempting to appear at one and the same time! But at length the sincerity of that uncertain oracle though late in the day after the fate of myself and brother had been disposed of—looks nevertheless with some favor upon those worn out with their troubles. That King of I

ledged head of the gene I  
 lowing his standards hav n  
 seas with their flaunting n  
 vanquished Troy after a g  
 which time Phœbus has been driving his incessant chariots  
 (annual courses)—to give up his neck forsooth to the  
 pignard of his own wife! And as before so again the  
 palace will flow with the blood arising out of alternating



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 Et inter undas ferivida exustus fiti  
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 Cujus secutæ mille vexillum iates, 40  
 Phœca velis maribus texerunt suis,  
 Post decima Phœbi lustra devictio Ilio

for the crown to be placed upon the head of the Royal wearer, as an auspicious event!—there, I recollect they used to sit on that very throne, by whose hands too, the sceptre was carried with great pride and pomp—here was the place where they presided at the courts they used to hold—there is the banqueting hall! I ask myself, does it please me in any way—this returning expedition! Or, is it more consonant with my frame of mind, still to inhabit the lugubrious lakes below, and is it more pleasant to be where Cerberus, the custodian of the Stygian realms, turns from side to side his three-headed neck, and angrily shakes his black mane, and where he, Ixion, bound to the swiftly-rotating wheel, is revolved continually (following himself and flying from himself perpetually), or, where that vain exercise is being for ever played out by Sisyphus, the stone returning backwards as many times as it rolls onwards! Or, where that rapacious bird of

prey feeds perpetually upon the re produced entrails of Prometheus! Or where Tantalus burning with his parching thirst longingly beholds the streams around him and vainly seeks to quench that consuming thirst with the waters as they retreat from his disappointed lip! This is the way he was made to expiate his crime the memorable feast he once offered to the god! But how large a proportion of punishment; that old man undergoing for the sins of our family! We must reckon them all first those criminals whom the Cnossian Magistrate Minos condemned for their wicked acts to that eternal Urn. But I Thyestes put all the others to the blush with my performances (evil deed) yet I think I must award the palm after all to my brother Atreus for through his inclinations my inside has been replenished with three children buried away in my interior I have been made to derive nourishment from my own entrails—nor up to that time had bad luck stigmatized me in my paternal expiency (for he committed the crime of eating his own offspring in utter ignorance) But another greater crime than any which Fortune has dared to saddle me with I was destined by the Oracle to seek for an impious sexual connexion with my own daughter and the worst of it was I received the decree with no sort of abashed alarm but caught at the offence rather anxiously than otherwise! Therefore in order that I might pose to the world as a parent on a grand scale it was ordained that my propagating capabilities should be visited upon my entire progeny (meaning his own children) and my own daughter in obedience to the oracle appears on the scene with an unpregnated womb worthy I say in every way of such a father! The laws of nature have verily been reversed! Oh! dreadful to think of I have given rise to a singular medley parent and grand parent—husband and father—son and grandson a thorough case of dark night and bright day attempting to appear at one and the same time! But at length the sincerity of that uncertain oracle though late in the day after the fate of myself and brother had been disposed of—looks nevertheless with some favor upon those worn out with their troubles That King of Kings Agamemnon the acknowledged head of the generals whose thousand ships following his standards have literally covered the Ægean seas with their flunting sails is now coming back from vanquished Troy after an absence of ten years during which time Phœbus has been driving his incessant chariots (annual courses)—to give up his neck forsooth to the pignard of his own wife! And as before so again the palace will flow with the blood arising out of alternating

Adest, daturus conjugū jugulum suæ  
 Jam jam natabit sanguine alterno domus  
 Enses, secures, tela, divinum gravi  
 Ictu bipennis regum video caput 45  
 Jam scelestia prope sunt, jam dolus cedes, cronus  
 Præstantur epulæ, causa natalis tui,  
 Ægisthe, venit quid pudori vultus gravat<sup>2</sup>  
 Quid dextra dubio trepidi consilio habet<sup>2</sup> 50  
 Quid ipse temet consulis, torques, rogas  
 An decet hoc te<sup>2</sup> respice ad matrem, decet  
 Sed cur repente noctis æstivæ vices  
 Hiberna longa spatia producant mora<sup>2</sup>  
 Aut quid cadentes detinet stellis polo<sup>2</sup> 55  
 Phœbum moiamū, reddere jam mundo diem

## C H O R U S A R G I V A R U M

Chorus e mulieribus Argivis seu Mycenæis (vid argum primum  
 chori Thyestæi) excelsam fortunam quæritur infortunabilem, turbarum,  
 periculis obnoxium, mediocrem itaque illi præferri

O REGNORUM magnis fallax  
 Fortuna bonis, in præcipiti  
 Dubioque nimis excelsa locas  
 Nunquam placidam sceptri quietem,  
 Certumve sui tenere diem 60  
 Alia ex alia cura fatigat,  
 Vexatque animos nova tempestat  
 Non sic Libycis Syrtibus æquor  
 Fuit alternos volvere fluctus,  
 Non Eriani turgēt ab imis 65  
 Commota vadis unda, nivali  
 Vicina polo,  
 Ubi cæruleis immensus aquis,  
 Lucida versat pluvstra Bootes  
 Ut præcipites regum casus 70

slaughter, the blood already shed (my children) and now  
 the blood of this son of Atreus! I see already the swords  
 —the battle-axes—the javelins! I can see in my mind's  
 eye, the royal head of Agamemnon, being cut off by a  
 blow from a powerful woman, with her two edged weapon  
 (Clytæmnestra was a fine woman, and the strongest of the  
 Tyndarides) Now the real business of murder is not far  
 off, and now for the snare (the cloak), the slaughter and  
 the blood! The Banquet is ready (Thyestes is thinking  
 of his own memorable banquet) Ægisthus, the end and

um of thy having been born is now within reach awaiting execution. Why pray does mock shame cause thy countenance to assume such a grave look? Art thou being ashamed at having defiled the wife of an Uncle? Why does thy right hand appear to tremble hesitatingly, making thee unequal to the task before you? Why dost thou appear to be taking counsel with thyself? Why dost thou shift about and appear to be asking thyself what thou shouldst do and how thou shouldst do what thou art to do? Does all this sort of thing become thee? Come! Come! think of what is due to thy mother (for complying with the oracle as regards her relations with her father) it is right—I consider that thou shouldst do so! But why on a sudden as it were is it that the short nights of summer should drag out their length with all the tardy dreariness of a long winter's night? Why is it that the stars are detained so long (visible) in the heavens before they set? Ah! I see! I am the cause of this delay on the part of Phœbus—he does not like to face me! Well! I will go now and quit these upper regions and thou oh! Phœbus restore bright day to the world!

### CHORUS OF THE WOMEN OF ARGOS

The Chorus of the Women of Argos or Mycenæ (see the argument of the first chorus in Thyestes) complains of exalted fortune as unstable full of anxieties and cares and exposed to vicissitudes and therefore gives the preference to mediocrity

Oh! Fortune the incidental lot of kingdoms so treacherous with the lavish gifts it appears to be bestowing! Thou simply placest thee whom thou raisest to a lofty height of an uncertain precipice! The proud sceptre never attains the enjoyment of placid repose and the wielder thereof never passes a day in a state of certainty as to his possible fate! One cure tires us out as it follows another and a fresh tempest of troubles springs up to harass our souls not even is it less irksome (to contend against in proportion) than when the sea in the Libyan Syrtes is raging angrily as the waves are surging first one way and then the other nor when the sea so near the North Pole excited into wrath by the tempests becomes more swollen in anger when that sea is augmented by the low streams from the Euxine! where holding aloof from the blue ocean Bootes regulates the course of his bright waggon! How fortune does revolve in its capricious wheel the hazardous affairs

Fortuna rotat!	
Metui cupiunt, metuique timent	
Non nox illis alma recessus	
Præbet tutos, non curium	75
Somnus domitor pectora solvit	
Quis non rices scelus alternum	
Dedit in præceptis, impior quis non	
Anima fatigant? iura, pudoi que	
Et conjugii sacrata fides,	80
Fugiunt aulis sequitur tristis	
Sanguinolenta Bellona manu,	
Quæque superbos urit Eummys	
Nimias semper comitata domos	
Quis in planum quælibet hora	85
Tulit ex alto licet arma vident,	
Cessentque doli,	
Sidunt ipso pondere magna,	
Ceditque oneri Fortuna suo	
Vela secundis infusa Notis,	90
Ventos nimium timuere suos	
Nubibus ipsis inserta caput	
Turris pluvio vapulata Austro	
Densisque nemus spargens umbras	
Annosa videt robora frangi	95
Ferunt celsos fulmina colles	
Corpora morbis mæjora præsent	
Et cum in pristis amentia vagos	
Vilia currant, placet in vulnus	
Maxima cervix Quidquid in altum	100
Fortuna tulit, iuntura levat	
Modicis rebus longius ævum est	
Felix, medire quisquis turbæ	
Soite quietus,	
Aura stungit litorum tutæ,	105
Timidusque manu credere cymbam,	
Remo terras propiore legit	

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

## CLYTÆMNESTRA, NUTRIX

Sibi male conscia Clytemnestra atque adulteri pœnas, redeunte  
 jam marito, veritæ, *κατὰ παροῖς ἰζόβου* statuit, meditatum  
 itaque Agamemnoni exitum dissuadet nutrix

of kings! They wish to be feared, and they dread being feared, and the quiet stillness of night affords no safe retirement for them—sleep, the great sedative of anxious care does not lighten the heaviness of their over-burdened souls! What lofty palace, at one time or another, has not fallen arising out of recriminating revenge (that is to say, one crime being avenged by another crime)?

what lofty palaces again are not harassed by impious wars? Constituted laws becoming self government and the sacred obligations of the marriage vow seem to avoid altogether the palaces of the great! Thus it is that Bellona appears on the scene followed in her train by her sanguinary bands! And cruel Erinnyes who is always in waiting at the hot flames all the more whose lofty habitation to the ground and although there might not be any military display (absence of arms) and all kinds of treachery might be in abeyance yet great kingdoms sink under their own weight and like every condition of life must yield to the burdens imposed upon it so elevated fortune, by virtue of such elevation yields to its peculiar burdens! The very sails filled by a favorable south wind are ever distrustful of the force which enables them to propel the ships along! A tower raising its lofty summit into the very clouds groans again from the impetuosity of the rainy south wind and the proud forest scattering far and wide the densest of shades sees its aged oaks broken down by the storm! The lightnings smite the lofty hills! great bodies are more exposed to the inroads of disease! (The poet here alludes to the size but he is not correct in a pathogenetic sense for they only present a larger surface) And when the ordinary (indiscriminate) members composing the herd are allowed to roam at large over the feeding grounds those with the largest necks (the bulls) are the ones which are selected for the sacrificial knife! Whatever fortune has borne to a lofty eminence is raised simply that it is doomed to fall (that is from a greater height) Durability preserves its character only when mediocrity is sought after! Sensible is that man who rests quietly in the midst of a tremendous crowd remaining like one who hugs the shore with a safe breeze and so is that man who plies his oars as near the shore as he can and who trusts with great misgivings his pinnacle to the smoothest of seas!

## ACT II

### CLYTÆMNESTRA—NURSE

Clytemnestra conscious within herself of her wickedness and fearing the punishment she deserves for her adulterous practices now that her husband has just returned has set up the doctrine of crime being a remedy for her guidance, and therefore meditates the destruction of Agamemnon the Nurse however dissuading her from adopting such a step

CLYI **Q**UID sequis nunc tuti consilia expeti -  
 Quid fluctuaris? clusa jam melior via est  
 Lieuit pudicos conjugis quondam toro- 110  
 Et seeptra castri vidua tutum fide  
 Perire mores, jus, decus, pictis, fides,  
 Et qui uclire, eum perit, nescit pudor  
 Da frenu, & omnem prona nequitiam metta  
 Per scelera semper secleribus tutum est iter 115  
 Tecum ipsa nunc exolve summos dolos  
 Quod ulla conjux perfida, atque impo-  
 Amore cæco, quod nocentes manus  
 Ausæ, quod ardens impia virgo free  
 Phæstia fugiens regna Thestiaer tribe 120  
 Ferrum, venena vel Mycenæas domos  
 Conjecta socio profuge furtiva rate  
 Quid timida loqueris furta, & exilium & fuga  
 Sorori ista fecit te decet magis nescis  
 NIK Regum Daniam, & melitum Læde genus 125  
 Quid trecta versas? quidve consilii impotens  
 Iumido seroces impetus animo geris?  
 Licet ipsa filera, totus in vultu est dolor  
 Prom quidquid est, da tempus ac spatium tibi  
 Quod ratio nequit, sepe furatit mora 130  
 CLYI Majora eruciant, quam ut moris possim pati  
 Flammæ medullas & cor exurunt meum  
 Mixtus dolori subdidit stimulos timor  
 Invidia pulsat pectus, hunc animum jugo  
 Premit Cupido turpis, & vinei vetat, 135  
 Et inter istas mentis obsessæ fœces,  
 Fessus quidem, & dejectus, & pessumdatus  
 Pudor rebellat fluctibus variis agor  
 Ut eum hinc profundum ventus, hinc æstus rapit,  
 Incerta dubitat unda, cui cedat malo 140

## CLYI LMNESIRA

**O**H<sup>1</sup> irresolute soul of mine! Why dost thou seek to carry out those designs only which are not fraught with dangerous consequences? The path open to thee, which is really the better one to take, is shut against thee! At one period, it was fully in thy power to uphold the honor of thy husband's marriage couch and to defend with thy chastest regard, the sceptre left for a time in thy conjugal keeping! But, lo! morals—law—respect for unsullied reputation—conjugal affection—and fidelity to the marriage-bed, have long since ceased to exist, and female modesty, when it has once been lost

sight of is a thing ignorant of the road back into the paths of virtue!—Let me therefore banish all restraint and let me rather in my downward course encourage every and any wickedness suitable to my ends! The only safe road along the paths of crime is to be armed with those forces which are antagonistic to the consequences arising out of crime—therefore let me devise out of my own fertile brain every feminine treachery! That my other perfidious wife forsooth who had lost all self-control would do urged on like myself by a blind passion! What have not step-mothers of fortune dared to carry into effect? What has not a Virgin burning with all the ardour of an impious passion done aforetime when quitting the Ithacan kingdom in the Thessalian Argo (the ship *Argo*) Let me then have recourse to the sword—poison—or let me fly with my companion in crime from my Mycenaean home in some vessel in search of plunder! But why should I speak in this croaking fashion of plunders—evils—flight? One of my sex (my own sister Helena amongst the number) has certainly done all these things but it will become me to relieve some deed of greater wickedness!

*ΝΥΚ* Oh! Queen of the Greeks! Oh! thou illustrious offspring of Leda why dost thou silently brood over thy designs? And why dost thou cherish such ferocious passions within thy swollen breast? Although thou art silent, thy anger fully proclaims itself in thy countenance—whatever thou intendest in the future give thyself time—delay thy deliberations!

*ΚΛΥΤ* Such great troubles are now harassing my peace of mind that I cannot possibly entertain any thoughts of delay—the flames of my passion are positively burning up the very marrow of my bones and my heart itself! Another element becomes mixed up with my grievances, furnishes additional stings to my harrowed mind and that is jealousy! Jealousy invades my soul and then a hateful criminal passion binds down my inclinations with its irresistible yoke and defies me to subject it to any sort of control and amongst these passions taking possession of my mind shame, wearied out at last despondent and finally overcome, openly rebels and I am thus tossed about by the capricious waves (of conscience) as when the wind at one time seizes upon the mastery of the sea and then the perpetual ebbings and flowings of the impetuous tides lend the opposition! The poor sea in a state of bewilderment knows not what to do—to which calamity it should succumb! Henceforward I



Promde omni regimen e manibus meis  
 Quocunque me ira quo dolor, quo spes scire  
 Illic ire pergam fluctibus dedimus irtem  
 Ubi animas eriat optimum est casum sequi  
 NUR Ceter est temeritas, quæ petit casum ducem 115  
 CLYI Cui ultima est fortuna, quid dubium timet?  
 NUR Inta est luteque culpa si præteris tur  
 CLYI Perluceat omne regere vitium dominis  
 NUR Piget prioris & novum crimen stultis  
 CLYI Res est profecto stulta, nequiti modus 150  
 NUR Quod metuit, anget qui scelus scelere obruit  
 CLYI Et ferrum & ignis sepe medicum leos est  
 NUR Extrema pri no nemo tentavit loco  
 CLYI Rapienda rebus in malis præceps via est  
 NUR At te reflectat conjugii nomen fœdum 155  
 CLYI Decem per annos vidua respiciam virum  
 NUR Memuisse debes sobolis ex illo tunc  
 CLYI Equidem & iugales filie meum fœces,  
 Et genitum Achillem præstitit matri fidem  
 NUR Redemit illa classis immote moras, 160  
 Et maria pigro fixa languore impulit  
 CLYI Pudet pigetque<sup>1</sup> Iudaris, cæli genus  
 Lustrale classi Doricæ peperit eripit  
 Revolvit animus virginis thalamos mea  
 Quos ille dignos Pelopra sciet domo 165  
 Cum stetit ad aras ore sacifico pater,  
 Quam nuptiales<sup>2</sup> horruit Calchas fure

shall dismiss all thoughts of a rudder from the regulation of my future plans, and I shall pursue that journey in whatever way, my anger—my disappointment—or my hopes point themselves out to me, as the best! Whenever I think my mind is erring in its travels, I shall commit my craft, although rudderless, to the mercy of the waves—I shall deem it best to follow chance!

NUR That form of rashness is blind indeed, which depends upon chance, as its only guide!

CLYI Why should any one be in a hesitating mood, when bad luck has reached the length of its tether? (In an extreme condition, when nothing could possibly be worse)

NUR Thy fault is safe and hidden, if thou wilt only suffer it to remain so

CLYI Every crime, in a royal palace, is before everyone's eyes, and in everybody's mouth

NUR But whilst thou art grieving about a former crime, thou art devising a fresh one!

CLYTEMNESTRA Really it would be a silly thing to prescribe any limits to crime!

NURSE That person only adds to the fear she may already entertain who thinks she can stifle one crime by committing another.

CLYTEMNESTRA Even the sword (the knife) and fire are sometimes used instead of medicine! (By this is meant the use of the actual cautery—amputation of diseased and mortified parts under certain conditions.)

NURSE But no one tries these extreme remedies till they utterly despair as to milder or useless ones.

CLYTEMNESTRA In combating some evils a bold determined course of action must be adopted! (This points to the heroic method and radical cure cases but not to political or warlike affairs and least of all to criminal ones.)

NURSE But the honored obligations of the marriage tie stops thee from committing any deed indiscriminately.

CLYTEMNESTRA Can I look upon a man with affection that has left me for ten long years?

NURSE But it behoves thee to remember the offspring thou hast had by him.

CLYTEMNESTRA Yes indeed! and I remember the marriage of my daughter Iphigenia and Achilles as well who was to have been my son-in-law! Did Agamemnon faithfully fulfil the promises which he made to a mother?

NURSE That act removed the delay of the fleet which could not sail for the want of favourable winds and forced the sea to rouse itself from its languorous inactivity.

CLYTEMNESTRA It makes me ashamed and it pains me likewise to think that I the offspring of Tyndarus and tracing my ancestry as far back as to Jupiter himself should have given birth to any child that was doomed to be sacrificed for the purposes of the Grecian Fleet and I often turn over in my mind this marriage affair of my virgin daughter which Agamemnon thought a befitting match for a daughter of the House of Pelops and when too that father stood up at the altar with all the assumed air of a priest at his sacrifices! Ah me! What a marriage ceremony too! To be sure! Why Calchas himself

Responſa vocis, & recedentes focos  
 O ſcelera ſemper ſcleribus vincens domus!  
 CΙΟΥΙΕ ventos emimus, bellum nece 170  
 ΝΥΤΡ Sed vela pariter mille fecerunt rates  
 ΚΛΥΤ Non eſt ſoluta proſpero claſſis Deo  
 Ejecit Aulis impias portu rates  
 Sic uſurpatus bello, non melius geit  
 Amore captæ captus immotus prece, 175  
 Sminthea tenuit ſpolia Phœbei ſenis,  
 Ardore ſacræ virginis jam tum fuiens  
 Non illum Achilles flexit indomitus minis,  
 Non ille ſolus fata qui mundi videt,  
 In nos fidelis augur, in captas levis 180  
 Non populus ægei, & relucenſes iogi  
 Intei ruentis Græciæ ſtragem ultimam  
 Sine hoſte victus marceſcit, & Venen uolat,  
 Reparatque amores neve deſertus ſolet  
 A pellice unquam barbara cælebs totius, 185  
 Ablatam Achilli diligit Lyneſſida  
 Nec rapere puduit e ſinu avulſam uiri  
 En Paridis hoſtem! nunc novum vulnus geiens  
 Amore Phrygiæ vatis incenſus furit  
 Et poſt tropæa Troica, ac verſum Ilium, 190  
 Captæ maritus remeat, & Priami gener  
 Accingere, anime, bella non levia apparas  
 Scelus occupandum eſt pigri, quem exſpectas diem  
 Pelopia Phrygiæ ſceptra dum teneant nuius  
 An te morantui virginis viduæ domi, 195  
 Patrique Oreſtes ſimilis? horum te mala  
 Ventura moveant, turbo queis rerum imminet  
 Quid miſera ceſſas? en adeſt natis tuis  
 Furens noverca pei tuum, ſi alitei nequit,  
 Latus exigatur enſis, & perimut duos 200  
 Miſce cruorum, perde pereundo virum  
 Mors miſera non eſt commori cum quo velis

shivered again at the reſponſes of the oracle and as he ſaw the very fires of the altar, ſtarted back in aſtoniſhment! Oh! this race of mine always endeavouring to annul one crime, by the perpetration of another and greater one! We of our race, purchaſe the very winds that blow at the expenſe of family blood, and we aſſiſt in cruel wars with ſacrifices!

NUR But thou ſhouldeſt bear in mind, that a thouſand ſhips were enabled to ſet ſail, through what was done

ΚΛΥΤ The fleet was not ſet free by a favorable god, but by Diana—Aulis was only too glad to get rid of the impious ſhips out of its harbors—thus begun, under ſuch auſpices, as the ſlaughter of its commander—he did not carry out his plans any better, for being ſeized with a mad paſſion

for Astynome a captive maiden and being utterly inexorable towards the prayers and entreaties of her father Chryses and he returned as he would any other warlike spoil this daughter of the aged Priest of Apollo Smintheus at the very same time too that he was raging with ardent passion for the prophesying virgin Cassandra! The indomitable Achilles even could not deter him from his purpose by any amount of threats nor even Calchris that prophet who alone knows the destinies of mankind always to be relied on when we are interested although somewhat inconsiderate where captives are concerned not even towards a whole population stricken down with the plague and when funeral piles preparing for the active flames are only waiting to be kindled and in short nothing does deter Agamemnon! And amidst the extreme ravages befalling languishing Greece (alluding to the mortality from the plague) here is the man conquered without an enemy in his front intent upon love-making and indulging in a series of amours nor indeed has his couch ever been free of some barbarian concubine or another—he fell in love with Briseis of Lyrnessus whom he took away from Achilles nor did he even hesitate to snatch a woman from the very arms of a husband! Behold! if thou pleasest this enemy of Iarus now smarting from a fresh wound—he is now raging and burning with love for the Phrygian prophetess Cassandra and after the division of the Trojan spoils accruing from down-trodden Troy—he now poses as the husband of a captive and becomes a son-in-law of Priam! Buckle to in earnest Oh! my soul thou art preparing and not for the slightest of battles! The crime must be entered upon! Oh! thou slow to act! Why dost thou wait for a single day? While the rival Phrygian muds are holding the sceptre! (That is influencing the holder of it Agamemnon) Why should unwedded wenches (said in great contempt) installed at the palace delay thee in any way? Or Orestes such a facsimile of his father? Will not the calamities which are to happen to them and the whirlwind of direful events which are threatening them be the means of moving me to prompt action? Why do I thus halt in my scheme after this wretched fashion? Let me only picture to my mind a furious step-mother for my son's future lot! Not if I am to do nothing more than that let me apply the sword to my side and let me kill the pair of us! Let me mix our blood—let me perish if I only killed a husband at the same time! Death after all is not such a miserable arrangement as that so much depends upon the person with whom you might wish to die in company!

NUTR Regina, frena temet, & siste impetum,  
 Et quanta tentes, cogita victor venit  
 Asiæ ferocis, ultor Europæ trahit 205  
 Captiva Pergama, & diu victos Phrygas  
 Hunc fraude nunc conaris & furto aggredi?  
 Quem non Achilles ense violavit fero,  
 Quamvis procerem torvus armasset manum  
 Non melior Ajax, morte decreta furens, 210  
 Non sola Danais Hector & bello mori,  
 Non tela Paris certæ, non Memnon niger,  
 Non Xanthus armis corpora immixtis gerens,  
 Fluctusque Simois cæde purpureos agens,  
 Non nivea proles Cycnus æquorei Dei, 215  
 Non bellicoso Thressæ cum Rheso phalaræ,  
 Non picta pharetras, & securigera manu  
 Peltata Amazon hunc domi reducem parias  
 Maculare, & aras cæde maculae impia?  
 Victrix inultum Græcia hoc facinus feret? 220  
 Equos & arma, classibusque horrens fretum  
 Propone, & alto sanguine evundans solum,  
 Et tota captæ fata Dardaniæ domus  
 Regesta Danais comprime affectus truces,  
 Mentemque tibi met ipsa pacifica tuam 225

ÆGISTHUS, CLYTÆMNESTRA, NUTRIX

Clytæmnestram nutricis consilium cedere paratam, iamque dubium  
 superveniens Ægisthus avertit rursus atque in præcepis trahit

ÆGISTH **Q**UOD tempus animo semper ac mente homini,  
 Adest protecto rebus extremum meis  
 Quid terga vertis, anime? quid primo impetu  
 Deponis arma? crede perniciem tibi,  
 Et dira sævos fata moliri Deos 230  
 Oppone cunctis vile supplicis caput,  
 Ferrumque & ignes pectore adverso excipe

NUR Oh! my Queen! curb thyself and check thy impetuous feelings, and do thou reflect on what great projects, thou art about to embark—behold! think of the great conqueror of proud Asia who is coming, that avenger of Europe! He is bringing in his train all the Phrygian captives, and Phrygians, moreover, only conquered after a campaign of ten years' duration! And wilt thou venture to attack him with treachery and clandestine snares? Him upon whom, not even Achilles ventured to use his drawn sword! (Minerva advised him not to do so) although

in savage mood he had already armed himself with that intention—not even was Ajax a braver man he who raged so when his death had been decided on! Nor Hector who was the only real obstacle to the Greeks and the speedier termination of the war! Nor the certain arrows of Paris nor the swarthy Memnon who led the Persian battalions to Troy nor was the Xanthus a greater source of horror that river which received the bodies of those who fell in battle with all their arms and military paraphernalia—nor the Simois which falls into it but sending on its waters red with the blood of the slain nor the white Cycnus, that offspring of the god of the sea (Neptune), nor the Thracian battalions of Penthesilea with her painted quivers and moonshaped shield and with the battleaxe carried in her warlike hand! And yet thou art preparing to sacrifice such a man as that when he returns to his palace and to defile the altars with unpius slaughter! Will victorious Greece suffer such a crime to pass unrevenge'd Only picture to thy imagination the array of cavalry the bristling arms of the infantry and the sea itself dismayed by the formidable display of ships as there would be to avenge such a crime and then think of the very soil beneath thee overflowing with brave and noble blood and thus the calamities of captive Troy would be repeated in a Grecian Palace! Restrain thou thy truculent spirit and calm down thy determinations for by so doing thou wilt be serving thyself!

### ÆGISTHUS—CLYTÆMNESTRA—NURSE

Ægisthus coming on the scene succeeds in diverting Clytemnestra from her new born resolution and leads her on again towards her rash purpose whilst she is already in a hesitating mood and prepared to yield to the wise counsels of the Nurse

#### ÆGISTHUS

FOR what a time have I been kept in a state of dread and uncertainty of mind! Surely the very extreme stage of my human affairs is arrived at! Oh! My soul! Why dost thou now turn thy back upon matters in hand? Why dost thou at the first brush with the enemy down arms Let me rather believe that certain destruction is awaiting me and that the cruel gods are preparing some punishment for me and with a hostile front let me face the foe and the sword!

CLYT Ægisthe, non est pœna sic nato mori ÆCISTH Tu nos pericli foera tu Leda fata Comitare tantum sanguinem reddet tibi	235
Ignarus iste ductor, ac fortis pater Sed quid trementes circum pallor genas Jæensque vultus languido obtutu stupet	
CLYT Amor jugalis vincit, ac flectit retro Referamur illuc, unde non decuit prius	240
Abire vel nunc casta repetatur fides Nam fera nunquam est ad bonos mores via Quem pœnitet peccasse pœne est innocens	
ÆGISTH Quo speris amens, credis aut speras tibi Agamemnonis fidele conjugium? ut nihil Subesset animo, quod graves faceret metus, Tamen superba & impotens situ nimis Fortuna magno spiritus tumidos daret Gravis ille focus stante adhuc Troja fuit Quid rere ad animum, surpte natura trucem Trojam addidisse? rex Mycenarum fuit	250
Veniet tyrannus prospera animos efferunt Effusa cetera pellicum quarto venit Turba apparatu! sola sed turba eminet, Tenetque regem famula veridici Dei Feresne thalami victa consortem tui?	255
At illa nolct ultimum est nupte malum, Palam mariti possidens pellex domum Nec regna focum ferre, nec tedæ sciunt CLYT Ægisthe, quid me rursus in præceps rapis,	260
Iramque flammis jam residentem incitas? Permisit aliquid victor in captis sibi Nec conjugem hoc respicere, nec dominam decet Lex alia solio est, alia privato in toro Quid quod severas ferre me leges viro	265
Non patitur animus, turpis admitti memor? Det ille veniam facile, cui venia est opus	

CLYT Ægisthus, it would not be a great punishment for you, (I should think) as an incestuous son to be allowed to die (This is said in most contemptuous satire)

ÆG Thou art the companion in any danger which might befall us in common—Oh! thou offspring of Leda, I ask thee only to be my companion—That cowardly king and brave father, where his own children only are concerned, will repay himself with thy blood, but why that ghostly pallor around those restless eyes (of thine) and that heavy countenance looking utterly vacant, with thy languid stare?

CLYT The fidelity due to conjugal love is exacting its binding influence over me and makes me retreat from the path I have been following—let us both turn back to that road, from which it was wrong ever to have swerved, at

all events let the chaste vows I once took come into operation again! For the way back to correct morals is never too late! She who repents of a sin which she may have committed is almost on a footing with an innocent person!

†G To what step wilt thou be led next in thy madness Dost thou believe or canst thou hope to find in an Agamemnon anything simulating fidelity in his matrimonial capacity? In the first place how can anything be dismissed from thy mind which cannot give rise to the gravest fears? However the brilliant successes achieved by Agamemnon already intolerable from the puffed up pride to which they have given rise are bound to develop a further degree of haughty insolence in his bearing towards others—And I can tell thee this much he was ever severe and morose towards his comrades in arms even whilst Troy was standing! What canst thou think of a disposition naturally savage when thou comest to tack on the pride of having conquered Troy? He was the King of Mycenæ he will return as Tyrant invested with full authority over all and prosperity invariably brings out a man's natural characteristics (shows him in his true colors)—And then with what unworthy display his bevy of concubines will be scattered about when he appears on the scene! But this group of females will reign supreme! Already that maiden Cassandra the priestess of the God of Oracle holds the key of the King's affections! And wilt thou tamely put up with only a miserable partnership in the marriage bed? But Cassandra herself would not consent to it if thou wouldst and the last unkind cut of all which can befall any wife is when a concubine openly poses as the legitimate possessor of the wife's share of a palace! Kings are not prone to share their regal authority with another and Venus equally shuns the notion of copartnership as regards the marriage bed!

CLYT Oh! Agisthus why dost thou wish to urge me *headlong into crime and excite afresh the passion that was just beginning to subside?* A conqueror is allowed some amount of latitude with his captives! Nor is it the right thing to do towards a husband for a wife to inquire too closely into such matters! There is one law for the occupant of a throne and another for those of less degree besides why should I bearing in mind my own infamous behaviour be inclined to prescribe none but the strictest code of morality as regards my husband? No! I say let that person grant pardon willingly who stands so much in need of it herself!



ÆGISTH Ita est præferi multarum veniarum licet  
 Ignota tibi sunt iura regnorum aut uota  
 Nobis maligni iudices, æqui sibi, 270  
 Id esse regni maximum pignus putant,  
 Si quidquid aliis non licet, solis licet  
 CLYT Ignovit Helenæ iuncta Menelæo redit,  
 Quæ Europam & Asiam præiuris affluvit malis  
 ÆGISTH Sed nulla Atridem Venere furtiva abstulit, 275  
 Nec cepit unum conjugii obstructum fure  
 Jam crimen ille quaerit, & causas parat  
 Nil esse crede turpe commissum tibi  
 Quid honesta prodest vitæ, flagitio uerius,  
 Ubi dominus odit? sit nocens non quaeritum 280  
 Spartamne repetes sprete, & Eurotam tuum,  
 Patriasque sedes profugus? non dant exitum  
 Repudia regum spe metum falsa leuas  
 CLYT Delicta novit nemo nisi fidus, mea  
 ÆGISTH Non intrat unquam regium lumen fides 285  
 CLYT Opibus merebor, ut fidem pretio obligem  
 ÆGISTH Pretio parata, vincitur pretio fides  
 CLYT Surgit residuus punitivæ mentis pudor  
 Quid obstrepis? quid voce blandiloqua mala  
 Consilia dicis? scilicet nubet tibi 290  
 Regum relicto rege, generosa exsul-  
 ÆGISTH Et cum Atrida videor inferior tibi  
 Natus Thyeste? CLYT Si parum est, adde & nepos  
 ÆGYSTH Auctore Phœbo igitur haud generis pudet  
 CLYT Phœbum nefandæ stupris uictorem vocas, 295  
 Quem nocte subita freni ievocantem sur  
 Cælo expulstis? quid Deos probro advoctas?  
 Surripere doctus fraude generales totos,  
 Quem Venere tantum scimus illicita virum

ÆG Let it be so! Ye must ask each other's pardon then!  
 But the code of laws set up by kings, must either not be  
 thoroughly understood by thee or fresh laws must have  
 come into fashion quite recently! As judges thou must  
 understand kings are unmerciful towards others, but  
 lenient towards themselves, in fact, they regard it as the  
 especial prerogative of regal power that they will not  
 allow a thing to others to which they claim the sole  
 right, themselves!

CLYT When Helen returned, who brought misfortunes  
 alike upon Europe and Asia, she came back as "the wife"  
 to Menelaus—Menelaus pardoned his Helen!

ÆG Yes! that's true! but in that case, no captive maid  
 had stolen away the affections of Menelaus, with her insidi-  
 ous pretences of love, nor did such a maid, trench upon the

conjugal fidelity which bound him to his wife so inviolably! Already Agamemnon is on the look out for any crime thou mayst have committed and is now only paving the way for a possible divorce! Believe thou this that there is no crime too infamous for that man to commit! Of what avail is it then to try to lead an honest life and keep thyself aloof from wickedness? When thou hast incurred the hatred of a husband thou art, at once pronounced a criminal without the formula of any court of inquiry and wilt thou thus spurned seek Sparta again thy beloved Eurota and thy ancestral palaces as an outcast? Women divorced from kings do not so easily escape their powerful grasp and therefore do not banish thy fears with any such fallacious ideas!

CLYT No one has known about my crime but a trust worthy confidant

ÆG Confidence obtained by money can easily be bought back again with money

CLYT The shame that is left in me from my former chaste mind is rising forcibly in my bosom asserting itself! Why dost thou interrupt me when I am speaking? (Ægisthus does not relish this special pleading) Why dost thou presume with thy honeyed words to dictate to me such wicked counsels And as a plain matter of fact could I born as I am of a noble race after I had left the King of Kings stoop to marry thee an exile thyself!

ÆG And why pray am I to be considered thy inferior? I a son of Thyestes!

CLYT Certainly! and if that is not sufficient we might say— grandson into the bargain!

ÆG I was begotten under the authority and patronage of Phœbus and I need not be ashamed of my birth on that very account!

CLYT So thou citest Phœbus as a patron of thy abominable race whom thy family drove from the Heavens as he drew in his reins suddenly in the night and stopped his chariot! So that he should not witness the villainous deeds of Atreus—why dost thou thus insinuatingly brand the gods as participators in such infamy Thou who art so skilful in surreptitiously obtaining possession of the marriage bed of another by thy devices thou whom



ÆG Evile is no new thing to me—I am accustomed to the ups and downs of life if Oh! Queen thou commandest me I not only shall depart from thy palace and from Argos and at thy commands I shall make no unnecessary delay in laying bare with the sword this breast of mine which is so heavily weighted with my troubles!

CLYTEMNESTRA If indeed as a daughter of Tyndarus I could permit myself to be so cruel as to allow thee to do that! No! she who sins as a confederate with another owes a debt of fidelity even to that accomplice in crime! Go away with me rather and let our united counsels throw some light upon the doubtful and threatening aspect of our joint position!

### CHORUS OF THE WOMEN OF ARGOS

The chorus of the women of Mycenæ and Argos sing a triumphal hymn in honor of Apollo on account of the victory gained but introduces laudatory addresses likewise to Juno Minerva and Jupiter

Oh thou illustrious assemblage of youthful virgins sing joyful hymn to Phœbus! Let the rejoicing throng crown thy head Oh! Apollo thou! Let the Inachian virgins after the time honored custom let down their locks waving thy favorite laurels! and thou also my Theban virgin appearing as a guest amongst us join in our chorus! And whoever thou art that sippest from the cool springs of Frasinus—whoever too that drinkest from the streams of Eurota and whoever refreshest thyself from the slowly flowing waters of the Ismenus and all ye votaries whom Manto the foreteller of our destinies and daughter of Tiresias invites to offer up sacrifices to the Deities sprung from Latona (Diana and Apollo) Oh! Phœbus thou conqueror avenger of the perfidious Laomedon peace has visited us at last—unbend thy bow and let thy quiver so full of the arrows of such swiftness of flight rest on thy shoulders! And let the harmonious lute struck by thy gentle finger send forth its dulcet strains! We would rather not have any of the war inspiring melodies or that thou shouldst sound thy grandiose notes pitched in a lofty key but simple measures such as thou usedst to evoke from thy slender harp when the cultivated muse recited her plays to thee! Although thou mayst sound with a louder note as once thou didst when thou sangest of the joy felt by the Gods when the giants fell vanquished by the thunderbolts of Jupiter or when mountain heaped upon mountain afforded

Superimpositi struxere gradus Trucibus monstribus stetit imposita Pelion Ossæ pumser ambos Pessit Olympus	
Ades, o magni foror & conjug, Confors sceptri, regina Iuno Tur te colimus turba Mycenæ Tu sollicitum supplesque tui Numinis Argos sola tuæris	340
Tu bella manu pacemque legis, Tu nunc lauros Agrææmmonias Accipe victrix	345
Tibi multiformi tibi buxo Solenne caruit, tibi filia movent Docta puellæ carmine molli Tibi vota iam matres Græcæ Lampada præstant ad tur conjug Candida turri delubra cadit, Nescit arari, nullo collum Signata iugo	350
Tuque o magni nata Tonantis Inclita Pallas, quæ Dardaniæ Sæpe petisti cupide turres Te pernixto matrona minor Majorque choro colit, & referat	355
Veniente Dea templa sacerdos Tibi nexilibus turba coronis Redimita venit Tibi grandævæ lassisque senes Compote voto reddunt grates, Libantque manu vina trementi Et te Triviam nota memores Voce precamur tu maternam Sistere Delon, Lucina, jubes Huc atque illuc prius errantem Cyclada ventis nunc jam stabilis Fixa terras radice tenet, Respuat auras, religatque rates Affueta sequi Tu Tantalidos Funera matris victrix numeras Stat nunc Sipyli vertice summo Flebile saxum, Et adhuc lacrimas marmora fundunt Antiqua novæ Colit impense femina virque	360
	365
	370
	375
	380

a ladder to those truculent monsters, when they endeavoured to scale the heavens, when Ossa was heaped upon Pelion, and the pine-growing Olympus pressed down

upon both of them! Come! Oh! thou puissant Juno sister and wife of Jupiter and the sharer of his sceptre the people of Mycenæ approach thee adorning this day! Thou it is who alone watchest over the anxious and suppliant Argos with thy divine protection! Thou it is who controll'est the affairs of peace or war with thy powerful influence! Oh! thou conquering goddess accept these laurels in honor of Agamemnon—the flute made from the wood of the boxtree with its multitude of holes plays its accustomed harmonies in honor of thee and the virgins likewise in honor of thee play up skilfully on their stringed instruments some of their most soothing melodies—and let the Cretan matrons wave their torches which they use at the sacrifices and let the white companion of the fierce bull (the heifer) which has never dragged the plough and whose neck leaves no traces of the pressure of the yoke! And thou oh! glorious Minerva the daughter of thundering Jove who so often visitedst the lofty Dardanian towers with showers from thy darts let the older matrons and the younger matrons in happy concert offer their adorations to thee in this chorus and the priest will rejoicingly unlock the temple portals when thou the goddess approachest! A group of worshippers adorned with woven chaplets arrive to greet thee! Very old men and men utterly broken down by bodily infirmities render thee thanks for their prayers which have been so graciously responded to! And Oh! Diana we offer to thee our homage remembering that our recents will be fully recognized by thee! For it is thou Lucina (in her capacity of watching over child birth) that commandedst Delos to stand firmly (when before it was one of the Cyclopes tossed about anyhow by the winds sometimes above water and sometimes below its surface) and now in its stability it rests on the earth with a permanent foundation—It can now resist the tempestuous winds and any vessel that approaches it now can come to a safe anchorage at its banks! And thou as the avenging conqueror of that mother Niobe canst enumerate the various deaths of the Tantalides the children of Niobe where now the still weeping rock stands on Mount Sipylus, and even now still in existence the ancient marble summits drip sorrowfully with ever flowing tears! Both man and woman regardless of trouble or expense worship thee the three fold Deity! And thou above all father and ruler all powerful with thy lightnings, at whose nod the furthest and extremest heavens tremble at one and the same time—Oh! thou Jupiter the father of the great grand father of Atreus look down with favor upon thy by no

Numen geminum tuque ante omnes  
 Pater ac rector, fulmine polleas,  
 Cujus nutu simul extremi  
 Tremuere poli, generis nostri  
 Iupiter auctor, eripe dona libens 385  
 Abivusque tuam non degenerem  
 Respice prolem  
 Sed, ecce, vasto conceitis miles gradu  
 Manifesta properat signa future felicitatis  
 Namque hasta summo lauream ferro gerit 390  
 Fidusque regi semper Eurybates adest

## ACTUS TERTIUS

## EURYBATES, CLYTEMNESTRA

Eurybates narrat, Agamemnona redueem advenire temporis gratum  
 Pallade immissam, Naupliumque dolo aggressuram, perituram Divis  
 victimæ & convivium Agamemnoni, captivæ adducuntur

**D** EURYBATES & tuas exultum, & patrios Lares  
 Post longa fessus spatium, iam credens mihi,  
 Supplex adoro voti superis solvite  
 Telluris altum remert Argoliæ decus 395  
 Tandem ad penates victor Agamemnon suos  
 CLYT Felix ad tuas nuntius venit mens  
 Ubinam petitus per decem conjux mihi  
 Annos moratur? pelagus, in terras premitur  
 EUR Incolumis, auctus gloria, laude melitus 400  
 Redueem expetito litoni impressit pedem  
 CLYT Scitis colamus prosperum tandem diem,  
 Et si propitios, attamen lentos, Deos  
 Tu pande, vivat conjugis frater mei,  
 Et pande, teneat quis foror sedes mea 405  
 EUR Meliora votis posco, & obtestor Deos  
 Nam certa fieri foris manus dubi vetat

means degenerate progeny! But listen! Look! a soldier  
 is hastening towards us with lengthened strides, bringing  
 us, evidently from his manner, a budget of joyful news,  
 and what is more, his lance is decked with laurels, at  
 the sword-end of it! Lo! it is Eurybates, the trusty  
 henchman of the king of kings who is now advancing  
 (Eurybates acted as the herald and messenger of Aga-  
 memnon)

## ACT III

## EURYBATES—CLYTÆMNESTRA

Eurybates reports that Agamemnon has returned and is now approaching—that a tempest was visited upon them by Pallas which was made worse for them through the treachery of Nauplius—Sacrifices are prepared for the gods and a feast is got ready for Agamemnon —The captives are brought forward

## EURYBATES

**W**EARIED out after such a long absence for I can scarcely believe myself even whilst I am speaking I now appear as a suppliant and offer up my adorations at the temples and altars of the Gods—perform the vows to the Gods above at last Agamemnon the conqueror reappears amongst us as the proud ornament of the land of Argos and has now returned to his household gods

**CLYT** Why did my husband thus tarry? (said hypocritically) having been expected by me for ten long years? Does the sea still retain him or has he landed on terra firma in safety

**EUR** Safe and sound! Of greater renown than ever rendered famous with the universal praise accorded him and he has planted his foot again on those shores he has so much longed for

**CLYT** If that be the case then we will celebrate the auspicious day  
 all about the history—does the and what about at last settled down?  
 do tell me  
 been so dilatory  
 (Menelaus)  
 and has she

**EUR** I pray for better results than I can vouch for at present and when I say connected with to say much marvel is it and the sh



Ut sparsa tumidum classis excepit mare  
 Ratis videre socii potuit ratem  
 Quin ipse Atrides æquore immenso vagus  
 Graviora pelago damnata, quam bello, tulit,  
 Rementque victo similis, exiguis trahens  
 Lacerisque victor classe de tanta rates  
 CLYD Effare, casus quis rates hausit meas?  
 Aut quæ maris fortuna dispulerit duces?  
 EUR Aceiba fatu potis infuustum iubes  
 Miserie læto nuntium refugit loqui  
 Mens agræ, tantis atque inhorrescit malis  
 CLYD Exprome clades scire qui refugit furas,  
 Gravât timorem dubiâ plus torquent malâ  
 EUR Ut Pergamum omne Doicæ cecidit face  
 Divisâ præda est maris properantes petunt  
 Jamque ense fessum miles exonerat latus,  
 Negiectâ summis senta per puppes jacent,  
 Ad militares remus aptatur manus,  
 Omnisque numerum longæ properanti moræ est  
 Signum recursus regis ut fulsit rate,  
 Et clara lentum remigeni monuit tuba,  
 Aurata primas prora designat vias,  
 Aperitque cursus, mille quos puppes secent  
 Hinc aurâ primo lenis impellit rates,  
 Allapsa velis unda via ætæ levi  
 Tranquilla Zephyri mollis afflatu tremat,  
 Splendetque classe pelagus, & pariter lætet  
 Juvat videre nudâ Trojæ litora,  
 Juvat relicti solâ Sigæi loca  
 Properat juvenus omnis adductos simul  
 Lentare remos adjuvat ventos manu,  
 Et valida nisu brachia alterno movet  
 Sulcata vibrant æquora, & lætera inciepant,  
 Dirimuntque canæ cœrulum spumæ mare  
 Ut rura plenos fortior tendit sinus,  
 Posuere tonfas creditat est vento ratis

lost sight of the companion-ship, which contained Mene-  
 laus<sup>1</sup> But Agamemnon himself, tossed about over the  
 immense ocean wastes, suffered much more severe mis-  
 fortunes than he even endured during the whole of the  
 war, and he is now returning much more like a beaten-  
 down soldier than as a conqueror, dragging, as he is  
 doing, in his rear, a lot of battered disabled ships, left  
 to him out of such a noble fleet, too!

CLYD Speak freely, tell me what misfortunes have  
 befallen our dear ships (said with affectation of extreme  
 tenderness) or what particular disasters of the sea,  
 separated the Naval commanders

EUR Thou askest me to tell what is very disagreeable to speak of—Thou art requiring me as a reporter of leading events to interlard a great deal of what is truly shocking to narrate with that which is a matter for general rejoicing, my unwilling lips almost forbid me to articulate and my very soul shudders again when I recall such horrible disasters to my memory!

CLYD I.e. explanatory he who shrinks from narrating a horrible story only narrates the fears of those who are eagerly waiting to hear it

EUR When all Troy's perimur'd to the Grecian fires the spoils were divided and all hands eagerly wished to put to sea and by this time I must tell you the worn-out soldier was only too ready to doff the word which had dandled at his side so long, and the shields of course now no longer required lay piled on the top of each other about the ships' poops! The oars too were gladly handled by the eager rowers and the last hitch in getting away appeared a perfect rage to those expectant men so anxious to make a start. At last the flaming signals flashed from the royal flagship and the shrill bugle sounding with a will notified to the lingering sailors

It was time to turn the oars. The ship with the gilded prow (Acammnon's) leads the way and indicates the course which the thousand ships are to take as they plough the watery main! At first a gentle breeze wafts the ships along and all sail is lowered to the welcome wind (the sails were drawn up when furled) and the sea so smooth as it appears scarcely ruffled by the balmy zephyrus as the vessels are impelled onward and the sea itself looks resplendent with the ship in such close order so much so indeed that the watery main itself is hardly distinguishable! Ah! and what pleasure it gave us to cast our eyes back upon the naked coast of Troy and what joy it was to have quitted the Sicilian promontory and to leave it to itself—the whole of the eager young sailors hasten to lend a vigorous hand with the oars brought forward and they assist with their manual exertions the gentle winds and they strain their powerful arms as the oars reach the water after the alternate pause (that is to say the interval between raising and lowering the oars). The ploughed waters toss bewildered and as they recede with the onward progress made strike the quarters and creaking sides of the ships—and lo! The white foam divides the blue sea (a line of foam) and as the wind rises and blows stronger, it stretches out the sails and the rowers thereupon lay down their oars! (The word *tonsa* signifies the broad extremity of the





Nec manet in Aufro, fit gravis nimbis Notus, Imbre auget undas, Eurus Orientem movet, Nabathæa quatiens regna, & Eoos finus Quid rapidus oia Corus Oceano exerens?	485
Mundum revelli sedibus totum fuis, Ipsoque rupto crederes cœlo Deos Decidere, & atrum rebus induci chaos Vento resistet æstus, & ventus ietro Æstum revolvit non capit sese mare Undasque miscent imber & fluctus suas	490
Nec hoc levamen denique ærumnis datur, Videre saltem, & nosse, quo pereant malo Piemunt tenebræ lumina, & diræ Stygis Inferna non est excidunt ignes tamen, Et nube diuum fulmen elisa micat	495
Miserisque lucis tanta dulcedo est malæ, Hoc lumen optant ipsa se classis premit, Et proia proræ nocuit, & lateri lateri Illam dehiscens pontus in præceps rapit, Hauritque, & alto redditam removit mare	500
Hæc onere fidit, illa convulsam latus Summittit undis fluctus hanc decimus tegit Hæc lacera, & omni decore populato levis Fluitat, nec illi vela, nec tonsæ manent, Nec rectus altus malus antennas ferens,	505
Sed tunca toto puppis lonio natat Nil iatio & usus audet ars cessit malis Tenet horror artus omnis officio stupet Navitæ relicto remus effugit manus In vota miseros ultimus cogit timor,	510
Erdemque superos Troes & Danaï rogant Quid fata possunt! invidet Pyrrhus patri, Αἴγιος Ulysses, Hæctori Atrides minor, Agamemno Priamo, quisquis ad Trojam jacet, Felix vocatur, cædere qui meruit gradu, Quem fama servat, victa quem tellus premit	515

becomes loaded with clouds, which burst and augment the sea, with the rains which follow—the east wind, raging from an easterly direction, greatly disturbs the Nabathæan Kingdom (Arabia) and the shores first favored with the visits of Aurora! Why is the impetuous north-west wind (Corus) raising its head from the Ocean, and blowing from the west? And you would believe that the whole world was being torn up from its very foundations, and that the sky, having burst, the Gods themselves had fallen from them, and that black Chaos was coming upon us again! The sea resists the winds, and the winds hurl the tides back again! And the sea, no longer its own

master overruns its banks and the ceaseless rains mix up with the waves and the raging sea is carried upwards and seems to be on a level with the sky! Nor amidst all this is the relief afforded us in our misery of being able to see or to guess what our approaching end is likely to be! Darkness drives away every vestige of light and the infernal night of the Tartarian Styx is upon us! However when the lightnings fall around us and the terrible flashes shine again as they cut their way through the clouds there is a relative sweetness even in such a sinister kind of ill

a light like this!

to itself and the

another whilst the broadside of one crashes with and damages the broadside of another The gaping sea suddenly seizes one and swallows it in the yawning gulf and then casts it up again mockingly returned from its depths at some distance from where it had disappeared—one ship presumably waterlogged founders with all hands (its burden) another with its side stove in falls a prey to the waves—the tenth wave (the maximum wave) submerges another with its rigging torn in shreds and with its pennants and ornamental gear carried away bodily floats about in no fixed direction—another has neither sails nor oars nor does its still remaining mast retain even its yards but as a floating tub it simply drifts all over the Ionian sea never to be seen or heard of again! All the skill and nautical experience of the commanders are of no avail! They can attempt nothing and their seamanship counts for naught in presence of these trying difficulties! Horror seizes upon every fibre of their bodies! Every sailor abandons his post fairly stunned by what he sees around him his oars drop from his hands! At last extreme fear induces these wretched men to offer up their prayers and both Trojans and Greeks are asking the Gods for the same things that they may escape these cruel dangers and not meet with a watery grave! (*As carnal seamen in a storm turn pious concerts and reform*) Then it was that we learned what unexpected things can be brought about by the hands of Fate! Pyrrhus actually envies the quiet repose being enjoyed by his father Achilles—Ulysses envies Ajax (on account of his) Menelaus envies the fate of

the fate of Priam and who rest at Troy is considered to be enjoying a happy lot! he who achieved honorable glory and died at his post! he whom his fame has well handed down to posterity and is still preserved in memory and to whom that country which he had conquered offers a peaceful tomb! Will

Nil nobile aufos pontus atque undæ ferent  
 Ignava fortes fata confluent viros  
 Perdendæ mors est quisquis es nondum malis  
 Satiare tantis cœlitum, tandem tuum 520  
 Numen ferentæ cladibus nostris daret  
 Vel Trojæ lacrimas odia si durant turæ,  
 Placetque mitti Doricum exitio genus,  
 Quid hos simul perire nobiscum juvat,  
 Quibus perimus? sistite infestum marie 525  
 Vehit ista Danaos classis? & Trojæ velut  
 Nec plura possunt occupat vocem marc  
 Ecce alia clades fulmine irati Jovis  
 Armata Pallas, quidquid aut hæcæ monæ,  
 Aut ægide & furore Gorgoneo potest 530  
 Aut igne patio, tentat, & cœlo novæ  
 Spirant procellæ, solus invictus malis  
 Luctatur Ajax velæ cogentem hunc suræ  
 Tenso rudente flamma perstrinxit cadens  
 Libratu aliud fulmen hoc toto impetu 535  
 Certum reducta Pallas excussit manu,  
 Imitata patrem, transit Ajacem, & rictum,  
 Ratisque partem secum & Ajacis tulit  
 Nil ille motus, ardua ut cautes fælo  
 Ambustus exstet, dirimit infanum mare, 540  
 Fluctusque rumpit pectoris, & rictum manu  
 Complexus in se trahit, & cæco mari  
 Collucet Ajax omne resplendet fretum  
 Tandem occupata rupe, furibundum intonat  
 Superasse nunc se pelægus, atque ignes juvat 545  
 Vicisse cœlum, Palladem, fulmen, mare  
 Non me fugavit bellici terror Dei,  
 Et Hæctorem una solus & Martem tuli  
 Phœbea nec me tela pepulerunt gradu  
 Cum Phrygiis istos vicimus tene horream? 550  
 Aliena meriti tela mittis devertæ?  
 Quid si ipse mittat? Plura cum auderet furens,  
 Tridente rupem subruit pulsam pater  
 Neptunus, imis exerens undis caput,

the sea and the rapacious waters claim only those, that have dared nothing requiring courage? Will the cruel fates victimize as well, the only brave men amongst us? If so, then death will be deprived of all that was worth dying for! Oh! thou God, whoever thou art of the heavenly host, be satisfied with the great evils already inflicted upon us, and calm down thy anger! Even Troy, herself, would shed tears of condolence at the misfortunes that we are undergoing—if thy anger is to continue for ever, and if it pleases thee that the Grecian portion of the human freight is to be handed over to final extinction,

why should it be agreeable to thee that the Trojan captives should perish along with us and for whose revenge we are doomed to perish! Oh! ye powerful Gods be calm this troubled sea this same fleet is carrying the Greeks and likewise transporting the Trojans! Nor can we urge any thing more for the sea muffles our very voices! Behold another catastrophe! Pallas armed with the lightnings of angry Jupiter is trying all she can whatever her threatening spear her Ægis armed with the head of Medusa (striking terror from its well known powers), together with her fathers lightnings can bring about! and fresh storms spring up in the sky The invincible Ajax is the only one that shows overt resistance in this state of things and as he was hauling taut the rope that enabled him to furl his sails the lightning falling upon him simply grazed his body another more efficacious description of lightning is then determined upon by Pallas and to make things doubly sure she imitates her unerring father and with her whole strength hurls it forth from her right hand (great virtue resided in this right hand) The flash passes through Ajax and the body of the vessel carrying away Ajax and the hull of the craft with him! But Ajax not at all disconcerted starts up but very m  
in the  
raging  
the an  
vessel  
shines  
the dar  
lightnings At length landed on a rock which he had found he thunders forth in a furious voice that he had now conquered the seas and defied the lightnings! It gave him great satisfaction to have triumphed over the heavens Pallas the lightning and the sea—not even the terrors of the bellicose God (Mars) have been able to subdue him, and he had borne up aforetime single handed against the conjoint onslaught of Hector and Mars! Not even the arrows of Apollo had subdued him with their attacks! He had overcome them all as he once did with the Trojans and shall he learn at last what it is to be scared! Should he fear those imitation lightnings which had been sent forth with the unpractised hand of a woman No! and not even if Jupiter himself were to hurl them at him! Whilst in his swollen rage he was saying all this and a great many things too horrible for you to hear Neptune struck the rock on which he was resting with his trident suddenly raising his head from the ocean depths and causing the rock to disappear



Solvitque montem, quem cadens secum tulit Terraque & igne victus & pelago jacet Nos ubi major naufragos pestis vocat Est humilis unda, serpens mendax vadis, Ubi saxa rapidis clusa vorticibus tegit Fallax Caphareus æstuat scopulis fretum, Fervetque semper fluctus alterna vice Arx imminet prærupta, quæ spectat mare Utrinque geminum Pelopis hinc oris tui Et Isthmon, arcto qui recurvatus solo Ionæ jungi maria Phryæis vetat, Hinc sceleris Lemnon nobilem, hinc & Chalcidæ Tardamque ratibus Aulidæ hinc arcem occupat Palamedis ille genitor & clarum manu Lumen nefandæ vertice e summo efferens, In saxa duxit perfida classem face Hærent acutis rupibus fixæ rates Has inopis undæ breviter comminuunt vada Pars velitur hujus prima, pars scopulo sedet Hanc alia retro spatium relegentem ferit Et fracta frangit nam timent terram rates Et maria mœlant, cecidit in lucem suorum Postquam litatum est Ilis, Phœbus recat, Et damna noctis tristis ostendit dies CLYTEMNESTRA Utumne doleam, læter an reducem virum Remeasse lætor vulnus at regni grave Lugere cogor redde jam Grævis præter, Altiſonæ quatiens regna, placatos Deos Nunc omne læta fionde veletur caput Sacrifica dulces tibi effundat modos, Et nivea magnas victimæ ante aras cadat Sed ecce turba tristis incomite comas, Iliades adfunt, quis super celfo gradu Effrena Phœbas entheas laurus quatit	555     560     565          570          575          580          585
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carrying with it, him to whom it had just before afforded a resting-place, and thus he fell conquered—by the earth—the lightning—and the sea! Another still greater calamity awaits us distressed, practically ship-wrecked mariners! There is a portion of the sea, when it is low water very deceiving with its rocky channels, where the treacherous Caphareus (a mountain of Eubœa) hides from the view the multitude of rocks in the rapid gulfy streams, over which it raises its majestic height! The sea rages with great severity round about these rocks, and the waves always observe the same angry attitude, whether the sea is ebbing or flowing! There is a lofty tower on the summit of a rugged mountain, which commands a view of the double sea, on both sides, from this coign of vantage, you can see the coasts of the land of Pelops,

and the isthmus which bending itself back with its narrow neck of land prevents the junction of the Ionian sea with the Hellespont from this point you have a view of Lemnos so notorious for the crimes committed there— here also you can spy Chalcis and Aulis which retarded the Grecian ships. The father of Polydamas (Nauplius) occupies a citadel here and displaying from its lofty heights a brilliant light to further his wicked ends has caused the ships to run aground upon the rocks misled as we were by his treacherous fires—the vessels in consequence were fast bound by the sharp rocks and the shallow streams on account of the scanty waters caused the ships to fall to pieces on the sad rocks. The prow of one ship is in the water whilst its stern rests on a rock and then another vessel strikes against it just as it is making for another safer place and then a mutual crash! And now comes the time when the ships begin to dread the land and would rather have to do with the sea! The fury of the storms begins to abate when day light approaches and when Phœbus returns after Troy has been thus avenged and the light of day fully reveals to us the damage effected during the past sad night!

CLYTEMNESTRA Which really ought I to do after all thou hast told me? Ought I to grieve or rejoice at the return of my husband? No! I rejoice inexpressibly rejoice that he has come back but I am forced to grieve for the grave disasters which have visited our kingdom as it were. Grant this boon to the Greeks oh! thou father of the thunders which shake the heavens with its lofty echoes—grant that the angry Gods may be appeased at last! In the meantime let every head be adorned with the triumphal verdant foliage and let the sacred lute tune forth its most dulcet melodies and the snow white victim fall in sacrifice before the altars! But listen! look! a lugubrious collection of woe—thou neglected look! the Trojan captives are  
 the gift of Apollo  
 bringing the prophetic laurels which she is carrying in her hand!

## CHORUS ILIADUM, CASSANDRA

Chorus Iliadum Trojæ fata casumque luget, Cassandra furore Phœbeo correpta, quæ Agamemnoni immittent, vaticinatur

**H**EU quam dulce malum mortalibus additum,  
 Vitæ dirus amor cum pateat malis 590  
 Effugium, & miseros libera mors vocet,  
 Portus æternæ placidus quiete!  
 Nullus hunc terror, nec impotens  
 Procella Fortunæ movet,  
 Aut iniqui flamma Tonantis 595  
 Pax alta nullos civium cœtus  
 Timet, aut minaces victoris iras,  
 Non maria asperis insana Coris  
 Non acies feras,  
 Pulvereamque nubem, 600  
 Motam barbaricis equitum catervis,  
 Hostica aut muros populante flamma,  
 Urbe cum tota populos cadentes  
 Indomitumve bellum perumper omne  
 Servitium contemtor levium Deorum, 605  
 Qui vultus Acherontis atræ,  
 Qui Styga tristem non tristis videt,  
 Audetque vitæ ponere finem  
 Par ille regi, par superis erit  
 O quam miserum est nescire mori!  
 610  
 Vidimus patriam ruentem nocte funesta,  
 Cum Dardana tecta Dorici raperetis ignes,  
 Non illa bello victa, nec armis,  
 Ut quondam Herculeæ cecidit pharetra,  
 Quam non Pelei Thetidisque natus, 615  
 Carusque Pelidæ nimium feroci  
 Vicit, acceptis cum fulsit armis,  
 Fuditque Troas falsus Achilles  
 Aut cum ipse Pelides animos feroces  
 Sustulit luctu, celeremque saltu 620  
 Troades summis timuere muris  
 Perdidit in malis extremum decus,  
 Fortiter vinci restitit annis  
 Troja bis quinis,

## CHORUS OF TROJANS—CASSANDRA

The Chorus of Trojans bewail the fates and the misfortunes of Troy Cassandra being seized with one of her prophesying paroxysms, foretells what dangers are threatening Agamemnon

## CHORUS

**A**T LAST what a calamity however much it may be cherished has been fastened upon us poor mortals in the shape of our unfortunate love of life. When the way out of our misfortunes is open to us and kind Death summons the wretched and a tranquil harbour of refuge with eternal rest is given us in exchange for those troubles—No such terrors affect such a man then nor is he tossed about by the cruel storms of fate nor is he any longer the victim of the unjust fulminations of thundering Jove—he then enjoys peace in its plenitude! He fears no edacious gatherings of dissipated citizens nor the angry scowl of a tyrannical conqueror! Nor does he then dread the sea lashing itself into fury with a tempestuous northwester nor does he go in fear of the sanguinary battlefield nor is he disturbed by the clouds of dust stirred up by the war steeds of the barbarian horsemen as they gallop about the plain during their hostile incursions! Nor is he terrified by the enemy's fires lying waste his homestead nor does he fear the entire downfall of the population with their entire city destroyed! Not even the ceaseless prolongation of war will disturb the man who is a despiser of the frivolous gods will trample on every kind of bondage—the man who with mental composure can gaze upon the lugubrious Styx (in imagination) and who as a view of the black Acheron is pictured to his mind can summon up the courage to put an end to his own existence is on a par with very kings yet with the actual Gods above! Oh! what a wretched thing it is thus not knowing how and when to die! Here are we! We see our very country ruined in one dreadful night—when the Cretan flames seized upon the Trojan habitations our Troy was

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 when  
 neither  
 oculus

that dear friend of the extremely ferocious Achilles really conquered not even when he stalked forth accoutred with his borrowed arms and when that sham Achilles did rout us only for a time or even when Achilles roused himself from grieving for his friend and all his angry ferocity returned the Trojans were certainly scared, when he appeared suddenly on the lofty walls and to observe him being so swift in the leap he took! The very last honorable satisfaction has been denied us of being conquered by arms overpowering valor! Our Troy resisted—successfully resisted for ten long years and then oh!

Unius noctis peritura furto	625
Vidimus simulata dona molis immensæ, Danaumque fatale munus duvumu, nostra Creduli dextia tremuitque sæpe Limine in primo fonipes, caveinis Conditos reges bellumque gestans	630
Et licuit verfare dolos, ut ipsi Fraude sua capti caderent Pelasgi Sæpe commotæ fonuere parmæ, Tacitumque murmur percuffit aures Et fremuit male fubdolo	635
Parens Pyrrhus Ulyffi Secura metus Troica pubes Sacros gaudet tangere funes Hinc æquævi gregis Aftyanax, Hinc Hæmonio desponfa rogo,	640
Ducunt turmas hæc femineas, Ille viriles Festæ matres votiva ferunt Munera Divis festi patres Adeunt aras unus tota est Vultus in urbe	645
Et, quod nunquam post Hectoreos Vidimus ignes, læta est Hecube Quid nunc primum, dolor infeliv, Quidve extremum deflere paras?	650
Mœnia Divum fabricata manu, Diruta nostra? An templa Deos super iſta fuos? Non vacat iſtis lacrimare malis Te, magne parens, flent Iliades	655
Vidi, vidi, fenis in jugulo, Telum Pyrrhi vix exiguo Sanguine tingi CASS Cohibete lacrimas, omne quis tempus petit, Troades, & ipſæ veſtra lamentabili	660
Lugete gemitu funera ærumnæ meæ Socium recufant cladibus queſtus meis Removete noſtus ipſa ſufficiam malis CHOR Lacrimas lacrimis miſcere juvat Magis exurunt, quos ſecretæ	665
Lacerant cure juvat in medium Deflere fuos nec enim, quamvis	

sad, that she should perish at last, through the treachery enacted, in a single night! We had seen the pretended gift represented by that huge mountainous mass (the Trojan Horse) and in our confidingness, we believed in Sinon, we led along the fatal gift of the Greeks with our trusting right hand, and we observed that the horse, more than once, regularly trembled, just as it passed the thres-

hold of our gates carrying within its hollow cavernous interior armed kings themselves hidden up with all their implements of battle and it might have been permitted to have turned their treachery against its authors so that the Pelasgi themselves (Greeks) might have fallen as easy captives through that dreadful imposture! Their shields striking against each other very often gave forth a sound and even whispering noises would some times reach our listening ears and Pyrrhus whilst he sullenly obeyed the orders of crafty Ulysses groaned with disgust! The Trojan lads and young virgins without any fear delighted to handle those fatal ropes that hung about the horse There Astyanax played at soldiers and marched (military fashion) at the head of boys of his own age—there our virgins accompanied the engaged Princess Polyxena to the tomb of Achilles! Such and such a woman heading the females such and such a man the male portion of the retinue The matrons inclined to be joyous bring their votive offerings to the Gods The fathers of their children in a rejoicing mood approach the altars and there is one look of universal joy in the City and Hecuba even appears to be jubilant a thing we never before noticed since Hector's body had been ransomed and handed over to the funeral pile! Oh! miserable anguish! what will be the next what will be the last misfortune we are making ready to weep about? These walls built by the hands of the Gods and now destroyed by the hands of man! Or, (shall we weep about) our temples burnt and the debris immuring their own Gods? No! We have no time to weep over these misfortunes it is for thee that great Sire of our nation Priam that the Trojans weep! We have seen yes we have actually seen the sword of Pyrrhus plunged into the chest of that old man and when withdrawn to be scarcely tinged with blood!

CASS Oh! ye Trojans restrain your tears you will have plenty of time for that and grieve rather now for your own  
 —my haracter  
 griev then to  
 needing sympathizing tears for my own calamities when they arrive! without

CHOR 'Tis pleasant to mix our own tears with the tears of others they whom hidden troubles disturb suffer more from lack of companions in sorrow! It is much better for them to air their grievances! Nor could you although a harsh virago and capable of bearing ordinary mis



worthily the sad misfortunes of your dynasty! Nor would it be possible for the swan so bright amongst the other white swans which inhabit the waters of the Danube and the Ianaïs (the Don) to utter its last dying notes in its usual way if it thought of your troubles! (When the swan is dying its accents are considered quite musical) Let the kingfishers lightly sound forth their mournful notes in harmony with the fluctuating murmurings of the gentle waves for the death of CLYTEMNESTRA when although distrustful they muster up courage to risk the tranquil sea again and amorously cherish their tender broods in the unsteady net! nor if that mournful tribe of Corymbant priestesses imitating the effeminate men should bruise and mutilate their arms for your sorrows that tribe which after their parent whose head was crowned with rising turrets (refers to the mode of dressing their hair turret fashion) work themselves up into a state of frenzy and tear their breasts stirred up by the harsh screechings of their boxwood flutes so that they may sufficiently bewail their Phrygian Attis! Cassandra! there is no limit to our tears

exceed  
thy h  
thrac

We suppose that the gods above ought to be specially honored with the strictest observances by the wretched suppliants who seek their aid

CASS My misfortunes have effectually steeled me against all fears inasmuch indeed that I never endeavour now to soften the deities with any of my prayers nor if they wish to grow wrathful have they it in their power to injure me—Even capricious fate, you perceive exhausts its own capabilities in time! What country is there left to me? What father? What sister have I now? The dreadful tomb and the exacting altars have swallowed up the blood of all my race! What has become of my once happy brothers? They have perished away from life's scene! The Palace of Aged Priam is empty! deserted! and out of so many spouses that were domiciled there formerly there is not one sister left except Helen that is not a widow! That mother of so many kings and that Phrygian Queen Hecuba so prolific in her parturitions as regards the fiery elements (allusion is here made to her dream before the birth of Paris) has earned some experience of what novel decrees the fates are capable of ordaining and has now assumed the visage of a wild animal and barks aloud as she prowls about the ruins of her once own city! (Hecuba was turned into a



Circa ruitis rabida latravit furas  
 Troja superstes, Hecctori, Priamo sibi  
 CHOR Silet repente Phœbas, & pallor genas 710  
 Creberque totum possidet corpus tremor  
 Stetere vitæ molles horrescit coma  
 Anichæ corda murmure incluso fremunt  
 Incerta nutant lumina, & verbi recto  
 Torquentur oculi rursus minime rigent 715  
 Nunc levat in auras altior solito caput  
 Graditurque celsa nunc inclinantés parat  
 Referare fauces, verba nunc cluso male  
 Custodit ore, Mœurus impatiens Dei  
 CASS Quid me furoris mentium stimulis nova, 720  
 Quid mentis uopeni sacra Priamissi iugâ  
 Raptis recede, Phœbe tam non sum tua  
 Exstingue flammæ pectori infixas meo  
 Cui nunc vagor vesana emi brachior ferens  
 Jam Troja cecidit falsa quid vites ago 725  
 Ubi sum fugit lux alma & obtecurat genas  
 Nox atra, & æther abditus tenebris latet  
 Sed ecce gemino sole præfulget dies  
 Geminumque duplices Argos attollit domos  
 Idæa cerno nemora fatalis sedet 730  
 Inter potentes arbiter pastor Deus  
 Time te reges, moneo, furtivum genus  
 Agrestis ille alumnus evertet domum  
 Quid ista vecors telæ femina manu  
 Destricta præfert quem petit dextra virum 735  
 Lacena cultu ferrum Amazonio gremis  
 Que versat oculos alia nunc facies micos  
 Victor ferrum colla veratus hæcet  
 Ignobili sub dente Marmaricus leo,  
 Morsus cruentos passus auditis leæ 740  
 Quid me vocatis sospitem solam e meis,  
 Umbrae meorum te sequor, tota pater  
 Troja sepulte frater, auxilium Phrygum,  
 Terrorque Danaum, non ego antiquum decus

dog) A legacy to Troy! A reminiscence of Hector! A memento of Priam! A metamorphosis of her quondam self!

CHOR Cassandra is suddenly silent, and pallor seizes her cheeks and a frequent tremor pervades her entire frame! The very fillets around her head grow stiffened, and her soft locks stand on end, and have lost their well-combed appearance—her panting bosom resounds with smothered murmurs—her uncertain, (changing) gaze is cast in every direction, and her eyes roll about and sometimes seem to be turning back, as it were, into their very sockets,

and then they suddenly become stern and cruel! Then she raises her head and looks taller than usual and steps out with a lofty carriage—At one time she is preparing to open her reluctant mouth—at another she suppresses her words with difficulty and mutters with her lips closed. In short she looks like some Minerva struggling with the god that is inspiring her! In spite however of her resistance the God Apollo forces her to speak as follows: Why should I excite myself with any fresh prophetic impulses? Why dost thou drag me away to the tops of Iarissus (sacred to Apollo)? I envy me! I hate me! I am no longer thine! I now belong to Agamemnon—extinguish the divine spirit thou first caused to reside in my breast! For what am I now wandering about as a demented prophetess? For whom am I now ranging like a frantic Minerva? Troy has now fallen! Why should I again act the part of a false prophetess? (Cassandra whilst speaking is seized with some kind of fit and she goes on with her utterances still under its influence.) Where am I? The kind light of heaven has left me and the sombre blackness of night has blinded my eyes and the sky around is hidden from me through the obscurities that prevail—(She then has a vision and exclaims) Behold the day is shining forth as it were with two suns (This is the *usus lupeticus* peculiar to drunkards and vulgarly called double vision and is a symptom also of some nervous affections of the optic apparatus and a double *Argos* also raises two sets of palaces! I see the forests of Ida where dwelt that fatal shepherd who adjudicated upon the rival claims of the three goddesses (Paris) Go in fear of Kings take my advice avoid their incestuous offspring (alluding to Aegisthus) That rustic nurse child will overturn the palace! (The name of Aegisthus was given him because he was suckled by a she goat) Why does that mad woman I see brandish a drawn sword in front of me in that feminine hand of hers? What man is she seeking to destroy that Iaconian woman attired in the garb of some bold Amazon? What other face too, is engaging the attention of my visual organs? Oh! the conqueror of all the other wild beasts—the lion—suffered dishonour! Whom I follow with all my kith and kin? I am following you with my eyes! Oh! rather mine buried away together with all Troy! Oh! Brother mine I see thee too the potent auxiliary of the Phrygian cause and the terror of the Greeks! (Hector) I cannot see that glorious ornament of the past

Video, aut calentes ratibus exustis manus	715
Sed lacera membra, & faucios vincolo graui	
Illos lacertos te sequor, nimium cito	
Congresse Achilli, Troile incertos geris,	
Deiphobe, vultus, conjugis munus nova	
Jurat per ipsos ingredi Stygios lacus,	650
Juvar videre Tartari fœvum canem.	
Avidique regna Ditis hæc hodie raris	
Phlegethontis atri regis animas vchct,	
Victamque, victricemque vos, Umbræ, precor,	
Jurata superis unda, te priter precor,	755
Referate prulum terga nigrantis poli,	
Levis ut Mycenæ turba prospiciat Phrygum	
Spectate miseri fata se vertunt retro	
Instant sorores squallidæ	
Sanguinea jactant verbera	760
Fert lævæ femustas faces	
Turgentque pallentes genæ,	
Et vestis atræ funeris	
Exesa cingit illic,	
Strepuntque nocturni metus,	65
Et offra vasti corporis	
Corrupta longinquo situ	730
Palude hmostræ jacent	
Et ecce defessus senex	
Ad ora ludentes aquas	70
Non captat, oblitus sitis,	
Mœstus futuro funere	35
Exsultat, & ponit gradus	
Pater decoros Dardanus	
CHOR Jam pervagatus ipse se siegit furor,	775
Caditque, flexo qualis ante aræ genu	
Cervice taurus vulnus incisa gerens	
Relevemus aitus entheos tandem suos	
Victrice lauro cinctus Agamemnon ardit,	
Et festa conjux obvios illi tulit	780
Gressus reditque juncta concordæ gradu	

and gone, nor the hands that waxed so hot with the burning of the ships, but I espy some mutilated limbs, and those arms wounded (bruised) by the heavy chains—I see thee, also Troilus, who contended with Achilles, too mighty for thy juvenile arms! Oh! Deiphobus, thou art showing a most indescribable appearance, but the especial gift of thy new spouse (Helen betrayed him to Menelaus who mutilated and slew him cruelly) It is really quite pleasant to stroll round about the Stygian lakes—it does one good to see the savage dog of Tartarus, and reconnoitre the domains of greedy Pluto! That craft

of Charon's which plies over the black Phlegethon this day will convey the souls of two royal individuals as one's (mine) and the con-  
 nplore you oh! ye shades and  
 by which the gods above do  
 swear—open up to view the interior of thy black heavens that the gentle tribe of Phrygians may see Mycenæ and that the shades of the Trojans may have the consolation of seeing Agememnon killed by his wife as a sort of acceptable sacrifice to their Manes! The fates are reversing themselves (changing the order of events) Then the hideous furies are coming upon the scene they are flourishing their blood thirsty whips! Their left hands are holding the half burnt torches and their pale cheeks are puffed out and the habiliments of black death environ their emaciated sides! And those nocturnal sources of terror then give forth subdued noises and the bones of some vast giant are now paraded before my vision partially eaten away through their long continuance in a muddy marsh and I behold the wearied old man he cannot reach with his lips the tricky waters he is actually forgetting all about his thirst and he is sad on account of the imminent death of his great grandson but Dardanus our great great grandsire (Tritavus) chuckles with delight and steps about with a most dignified air of true

spirit

fairly

bull that has received the well directed blow which has severed its neck trembles and falls with its bent knees before the altar Let us raise that body which till now was filled with divine inspiration! At last Agamemnon approaches those who are expecting his arrival with his head adorned with the victorious Laurel and his (apparently only) joyful wife going forth to meet him returns side by side with him to the banqueting Hall

## ACTUS QUARTUS

## AGAMEMNON, CASSANDRA

Agamemnoni reduei prædicit Cassandra fatum nec creditur  
Iroæ vers 31

**T**ANDEM revertor sospes ad patrios latus  
O cara salve terra, tibi tot barbaræ  
Dedere gentes spolia, tibi schia diu  
Potentis Asiæ Trojæ submisit manus 755  
Quid ista vires corpus effusa, ac tremens  
Dubia libat cervicè simuli, attollite  
Resovete gelido lacte jam recipit diem  
Marcante visu suscitæ sensus tuos  
Optatus ille portus ærumnis adest 790  
Festus dies est CASS festus & Trojæ suus  
AGAM Veneremur iras CASS Cecidit ante iras pater  
AGAM Jovem precemur pariter CASS Hercæum Jovem?  
AGAM Credis videre te illum? CASS Et Priamum simul  
AGAM Hæc Trojæ non est CASS Ubi Helenæ est Trojæ puto 795  
AGAM Ne metue dominam simulæ CASS Libertas adest  
AGAM Secura vive CASS Mors mihi est securitas  
AGAM Nullum est periculum tibi met CASS At magnum tibi est  
AGAM Victor timere quid potest? CASS Quod non timet  
AAM Hæc fida, simuli, turba, dum exequat Deum 800  
Retinete, ne quid impotens peccet furor  
At te, præter, qui sævæ torques fulmina  
Pellisque nubes, sidera & terras regis,

## ACT IV

## AGAMEMNON—CASSANDRA

Cassandra, when Agamemnon returns, predicts his fate,  
but she is not believed

## AGAMEMNON

**A**T last, I have returned to my paternal dwelling!  
Oh! my dear country! I hail you with joy—The  
barbarian nations have rendered up to you many  
valuable spoils! Troy, the capital of Proud Asia, so long  
a flourishing Kingdom, has yielded to our valiant arms!  
But, why is that prophetess on the ground in such a  
state of bodily prostration? She is trembling, and seems  
to raise her head with difficulty! Here! Quick, ye atten-

dants! Raise the princess up sprinkle ye her with some cold water! Ah! she is opening her eyes and recovering from her vacant look! Come! Cassandra dear! Do rouse thy senses! The long looked for haven out of thy troubles is now at hand! This is a day of rejoicing for all of us!

CASS And it was once a day of rejoicing at Troy

AG Let us prostrating ourselves offer up our adorations before the altar

CASS 'Twas at the foot of the altar that my father fell! (Priam)

AG Let us address Jupiter likewise with our prayers

CASS What Jupiter Dost thou mean Jupiter Herceus?

AG Dost thou still think Cassandra that thou art gazing at thy Troy

CASS Yes! and at Priam as well!

AG But I am telling thee this place is not Troy

CASS Where is Helen? I can think of nothing but Troy

AG Come Cassandra! don't like any common servant go in fear of a mistress! while thou knowest that thou art beloved by me!

CASS My liberty is not far off!

AG Live Cassandra in comfort and security

CASS Death will be my security

AG There is no danger that thou mayst fear

CASS But there is great danger for thee

AG What can a conqueror fear

CASS The very identical thing that he does not fear!

AG Here! trusty attendants take care of this prophetess till she shakes herself out of this horrible deity—inspiring business lest during one of these frantic moods she may do herself or some one else some bodily mischief—and oh! Father Jupiter who drivest away the clouds and hurlest forth the dreadful lightnings—who rulest the earth and the starry firmament to whom the conquerors are

Ad quem triumphū spolia victores ferunt,  
 Et te sororem cuncta pollentis viri,  
 Argolica Juno, pecore votivo libens  
 Arabumque donis, supplicæ & fibra colam

805

### CHORUS ARGIVARUM

Chorus Argivarum Hereulis laudes canit, nutriti scilicet Argis, eujusque  
 sagittæ fato poscebantur ad secundum Trojæ excidium

**A**RGOS nobilibus nobile civibus,  
 Argos iratæ carum novercæ,  
 Semper ingentes educas alumnos,  
 Imparem æquasti numerum Deorum  
 Tuus ille bisseño meruit labore  
 Allegi cælo magnus Alcides,  
 Cui lege mundi Juppiter rupta  
 Roseidæ noctis geminavit horas,  
 Jussitque Phœbum tardius celeres  
 Agitare currus, & tuas lente  
 Remere bigas, pallida Phœbe,  
 Retulit pedem, nomen alternis  
 Stella quæ mutat, seque mirata est  
 Hesperum dici, Aurora movit  
 Ad solitas vias eripit, & relabens  
 Imposuit senis humero mariti  
 Sensit Ortus sensit Occasus,  
 Hereulem rasei, violentus ille  
 Noctæ non una poterat erari  
 Tibi concitatus substitit mundus  
 O puer magnum subiture cælum,  
 Te sensit Nemeæus arcto  
 Pressus læerto fulmineus leo,  
 Cervaque Parrhasis  
 Sensit Arcadu populator agrī  
 Gemitque taurus Dictæa linquens  
 Horridus arca  
 Morte sæcundum domuit draconem,  
 Vctuitque collo jereunte nasei  
 Geminosque fratres pectore ab uno  
 Irra monstra natos stipite incusso  
 Iregit insultans dixitque ad ortus

810  
815  
820  
825  
830  
835

bringing the spoils of their triumphant victory, and oh! Juno, thou especially protectrix of all Argos, and sister as well as spouse of thy all-puissant husband, we will offer to thee, joyfully, in adoration our animal sacrifices,

and the perfumes and frankincense of Arabia, and with every fibre of our nature we will approach thee suppliantly with our adorations!

### THE CHORUS OF ARGOS WOMEN

The Chorus of Argos Women sing the praises of Hercules especially as he was brought up at Argos and they maintain that his arrows were required by the fates for the second downfall of Troy

Oh! Argos celebrated for thy illustrious citizens! Oh! Argos dear even to an angry step mother (it was hateful to Juno on account of Jupiter's concubines who were in strong force there) thou always bringest up foster children that turn out something great thou now hast equalized the number of the Gods in that respect—thy great Alcides! he has fully deserved to be elected as a fit recipient of divine honors for his twelve labors—Alcides! for whom indeed the laws of the universe were set aside (Jupiter doubled the hours of dewy night and ordered Phœbus to drive his swift courses at a more moderate speed and pale Phœbe to come back at a slower travelling pace with her two horse chariot! And the star of Venus which changes her name alternately as she returned marvelled why her cognomen should be altered from Aurora to Hesperus! Aurora turned aside to her accustomed position and reclined on the shoulders of her aged Tithon—the Eastern Hemisphere she created—the Western was born into created (ushere world under orders stood still awaiting his arrival! Oh! that little boy who was destined at birth finally to enter the kingdom of Jupiter's heaven! The angry Nemæan Lion that had been squeezed to death by his tight pressing arms knew him again! And the Parrhasian stag and the ravaging wild boar of the Arcadian plains knew him again! As well as the horrible bull that groaned so loudly when it quitted the Cretan pastures! And he effectually subdued the prolific Lernæan Hydra (with death) and by destroying its neck preventing its power of growing again (reanimation as one head was destroyed two were said to spring up) and the trigeminal brothers which from one vital centre common to all three were developed into a triple monster—whom Hercules with a sort of amused triumph promptly despatched with one well directed blow from his club and



Hesperium pecus, 840  
 Geryonæ spolum triformis  
 Egit Threicum gregem  
 Quem non Strymonii gramine fluminis,  
 Hebrive ripis pavit tyrannus,  
 Hospitum dirus stabulis ciuorem 845  
 Præbuit sævis, tinxitque crudos  
 Ultimus rictus sanguis aurigæ  
 Vidit Hippolyte ferox,  
 Pectore in medio rapæ spolum & sagittis  
 Nube percussa Stymphalis alto 850  
 Decidit cælo,  
 Arborque pomis fertilis auceis  
 Extimuit manus infuetæ carpæ  
 Fugitque in auras levioræ ramo  
 Audivit sonitum crepitante lamna 855  
 Frigidus custos nescius somni  
 Linqueret cum jam nemus omne fulvo  
 Plenus Alcides vacuum metallo  
 Tractus ad cælum canis inferorum  
 Triplici catena, tacuit, nec ullo 860  
 Latravit ore lucis ignotæ  
 Metuens colorem te duce succidit  
 Mendax Dardaniæ domus,  
 Et sensit arcus iterum timendos  
 Te duce concidit totidem diebus 865  
 Troja, quot annis

## ACTUS QUINTUS

## CASSANDRA

Cassandra vel illa non videns vaticinatur, vel in profcenio stans  
 quæ intus & in ἑξώστρο gerantur, de cæde Agamemnoni,  
 narrat

**R**ES agitur intus magna, pauci annis decem  
 Ehen, quid hoc est anime, confuge, & cape  
 Pretium furoris vicimus victi Phryges  
 Bene est! refurgis, Troja, transisti jacens

870

he drove the Hesperian flocks of this three-headed  
 giant Geryon, to feed upon Eastern pastures! He set  
 free the horses from Diomedes, the Thracian King, which  
 their tyrant owner had not allowed to graze upon the  
 pasture lands of Strymon, nor yet on the fertile banks  
 of the Hebrus, but instead of that, the cruel owner gave

them the blood of his guests and the last human blood that moistened their lips was that of the barbarous Charioteer himself! The fierce Hippolyte was doomed to see her shield and girdle taken from her side and then given up to Hercules as the spoil of war! And the Stympthalides were struck down by his arrows from the very highest regions of the skies! And that tree which produced the golden apples unaccustomed to be robbed of its burden and feared the approach of designing hands he caused to resume its position but with its branches lightened of their load and the cold blooded dragon the guardian of the apples and  
 was only heard the crepit

fruit	!
metal	safe exit from every part
of th	tarus was dragged to the
uppe	un preserved its silence
and	at all but feared the im

pression made upon him by that light (day light) which he had never experienced before! The lying perfidious dynasty of Troy has a foretime (Lomedons) under thy generalship felt that the arrows were to be dreaded a second time and when thou leddest the way as general Troy fell in as many days as it has just taken Agamemnon ten years to bring about!

## ACT V

### CASSANDRA

Cassandra, although she (actually) sees nothing and is only in the Proscenium foretells what is to happen and she narrates everything that is progressing in the banqueting hall to those outside concerning the slaughter of Agamemnon

**A** GREAT event is being enacted inside quite equal to anything that may have happened during the ten years war! Alas! What does it all mean? Oh! my soul rise to the occasion and receive the full reward due to thy inspirations! We the down trodden Trojans have now turned conquerors! It is well thus far! Oh! my Troy you are being resuscitated although fallen you have dragged Mycene into the mire with you! The conqueror is now retreating! And the inspiration of my foreseeing mind has never indicated anything more evident—more clearly to my perception for I actually

Pares Mycenæ terga dat victor tuus  
 Tam clara nunquam providæ mentis furor  
 Ostendit oculis video, & inter sum, & fruor  
 Imago visus dubia non fallit meos  
 Spectamus epulæ regia instructæ domo, 875  
 Quales fuerunt ultimæ Phrygiis dapes,  
 Celebrantur ostro lectus Iliaco nitet,  
 Merumque in auro veteris Assaraci trahunt  
 Et ipse picta veste sublimis jacet  
 Priami superbas corpore exuvias gerens 880  
 Detrahere cultus uxor hostiles iubet,  
 Induere potius conjugis fide manu  
 Textos amictus horreo, atque animo tremo  
 Regemne perimet exsul, & adulter viuum?  
 Venere fata, sanguinem extremæ dapes 885  
 Domini videbunt, & cruor Baccho incidet  
 Mortifera vincitum perfidæ tradet neci  
 Induta vestis exitum manibus negat,  
 Caputque laxi & inui cludunt sinus  
 Haurit trementi femivir dextra latus, 890  
 Nec penitus adigit vulnere in medio stupet  
 At ille, ut altis hispidus silvis aper,  
 Cum casse vincitum tentat egressus tamen  
 Arcuatque motu vincula, & incassum fuit  
 Cupit fluentes undique & cæcos sinus 895  
 Difficere, & hostem quærit implicitus suum  
 Armat bipenni Tyndaris dextram furens  
 Qualisque ad aras colla taurorum prius  
 Designat oculis, antequam ferro petat  
 Sic huc & illuc imprium librat manum 900  
 Habet peractum est pendet exigua male  
 Crurum amputatum parte, & hinc trunco cruor  
 Exundat, illinc ora cum fremitu jacent  
 Nondum recedunt ille jam exanimem petit,  
 Laceratque corpus illi fodientem adjuvat 905  
 Uterque tanto scelere respondet suis  
 Hic est Thyeste natus, hæc Helenæ soror  
 Stet ecce Titan dubius emerito die,  
 Sursum currit, an Thyestæa via

see, am interested in what I do see, and I am now enjoying the fullest fruits of my prophetic power! This is not any doubtful vision or ignis fatuus, which is deluding my vision (mental) it is a reality! I positively see the banquet, that is going on, in the royal palace, such as the feasts of old were celebrated amongst the Trojans—the royal couch is resplendent with the purple coverings stolen from Troy, and they are drinking their wine out of the very golden goblets which belonged to the ancient Phrygian King Assaracus, and Agamemnon himself is lolling in his embroidered garments, and wearing about

his person the habiliments worn by Priam himself but his wife (Clytæmnestra) is (cunningly) persuading him to respect the susceptibilities of the Trojans to take off the attire of the enemy and to put on in preference some clothing actually woven by the dear hands of an affectionate wife! Oh! I dread what I am suspecting I am pausing in my mind whether this adulterous exile will dare to kill a King and that King the husband of his accomplice! The fates have come true! And the second course of the feast will witness the flow of blood and that blood will be shed just as the loving cup passes round (It was a custom with the ancient Greeks to pass round the loving cup—*philotesia*) That garment when it is put on will bind him fast and hand him (Agamemnon) over to a treacherous death It shuts out all means of escape to the hands and the loose inextricable folds completely envelop the head (when any attempt is made to remove it is here meant) Then that effeminate adulterer, Ægisthus stabs the King in the side with his right hand trembling the while but does not send the weapon home for he appears to be lacking in resolution whilst he is inflicting the wound! But Agamemnon just as the bristly wild boar in the depths of the forest attempts to effect its escape whilst bound hard and fast by the hunter's net and merely tightens the cords which bind it through its frantic exertions and only rages in vain at its failure! In a similar way Agamemnon seeks to tear away this flowing robe which enveloped him and which permitted of no exit and thus imprisoned he looks round inquiringly to see who was his enemy! The daughter of Lyndarus raging with excitement takes a two edged sword in her right hand and as the sacrificing priest before the altar marks out with his eye measuring the distance before he takes his deadly aim at the neck of the bull as there so here Clytæmnestra (as it were) scientifically poises her wicked hand! She has it now! She has struck the blow and the head being divided hangs only by a small portion of integument—then the blood flows profusely from the wound and he dies with a groan! But the murderous couple do not go away— he is dead and mutilat sists him in the proc are taking after their family predecessors in this great crime—One is the son of Thyestes—The other the sister of Helen! Behold! Phœbus is in a quandary! Will he stop his chariot in celebration of such a meritorious day's work as he did in the case of the notorious supper of Atreus or will he go on with that chariot as usual?

ELECTRA, STROPHIUS, ORESTES  
ET PYLADES, mutæ personæ

Electra fratri suo Orestæ subducto fugam suadet, eumque Strophio opportune occurrenti tradit abducendum, ipsa ad aram confugit

EL	<b>F</b> UGE, o paternæ mortis auxilium unicum, Fuge, & scelestas hostium evita manus Everfa domus est funditus regna occidunt Hospes quis iste concitos currus agit? Germane, vultus veste furabor tuos Quos, anime demens, refugis? exteros fugis? Domus timenda est pone jam trepidos metus, Oresta amici fida præfida intuo	910
STROPH	Phocide relicta Strophius, Elea inclitus Palma revertor causa veniendi fuit, Gitari amico, cujus impulsus manu Cecidit decenni Marte concussum Ilium Quænam ista lacrimis lugubrem vultum rigat, Pavetque mœsta? regium agnosco genus Electra, fletus causa quæ læta in domo est?	920
EL	Pater peremptus scelere materno jacet Comes paternæ quæritur natus neci Ægisthus arces Venere quæsitæ tenet	925
STROPH	Ō nulla longi temporis felicitas!	
EL	Per te parentis memoriam obtestor mei, Per sceptræ terris nota, per dubios Deos, Recipe hunc Orestem, ac pium furtum occulte	930
STROPH	Etsi timendum cæsus Agamemnon docet, Aggrediar, & te, Oresta, furabor libens Pescunt fidem secunda, at adversa evigant Cape hoc decorum ludicri certaminis, Insigne frontis, læva victricem tenens Frondem virenti protegat ramo caput Et ista donum palmæ Pifæi Jovis Velamen eadem præstet atque omen tibi	935

ELECTRA—STROPHIUS—ORESTES AND  
PYLADES—MUTE PERSONAGES

Electra persuades her brother Orestes to take flight, and luckily encounters Strophius, and she hands him over to Strophius, to be carried away. Electra flies to the altar for protection

ELECTRA

**F**LEE! oh! thou only hope of avenging a father's murder! Flee, and avoid the wicked hands of our enemies—The Palace is utterly overthrown! The

Kingdom has collapsed! Ah! what guest is it I wonder that is now approaching and driving those spirited coursers? Oh! my dear brother I will conceal thy face with some of my garments! Oh! my bewildered soul! From whom are we fleeing? Are we fleeing from strangers? Yet the Palace is to be dreaded it is no longer safe—Come Orestes put aside thy trembling fears—I can trust the safe protection of a friend!

STR (Election demand the of h ... ) Who am I? I am S and am now having game Games and the reason for my coming on hither was simply to congratulate an old friend by whose prowess shattered Troy has been finally overcome after a ten years campaign And may I ask why thou art deluging thy face with tears and with such a sad look of terror about thee? I know thy royal race! What is the cause of all this weeping in thy joyful palace too!

EL My father is lying murdered through my mother's wickedness and now the Son Orestes is being sought for that he may follow his father as a companion to be murdered in a similar manner! Agisthus holds the seat of power now which he has attained by means of a lover's intrigue!

STR Ah! of what short duration is human felicity!

EL I conjure thee by the memory of my lost parent—by his sceptre which was acknowledged throughout all lands—by the uncertain Deities—let this boy Orestes receive thy protection and hide away this pious relic I have filched away!

STR Although to be on our guard—I restes—Prosperity ea puts them to the test iv left hand—use it as an ornamental appendage to thy head it was awarded to me as the victor's prize at the chariot races—it will protect thy face with its ever green branch lets and this palm the gift of Jupiter Pisæus will serve alike the office of a sunshade as well as the trophy of victory and they will be to thee a significant memento as regards the revenge owing for the slaughter of thy

Tuque o, paternis affidens frenis comes  
 Condisce, Pylade, patris exemplo fidem  
 Vos, Græci nunc teste, veloces equi  
 Infida cursu fugite præcipiti loca  
 EL, Excessit abuit currus effreno impetu  
 Effugit aciem tuti jam opperitur meos 945  
 Hostes, & ultro vulneri opponam caput  
 Adest cruenta conjugis victrix sui,  
 Et signa credis veste maculata gerit,  
 Manus recenti sanguine etiamnum mordent,  
 Vultusque præ se scelera truculenti ferunt 953  
 Concedam ad aras prætere me vitæ tuæ,  
 Cassandra, jungi pariter metuentem tibi

CLYTÆMNES IRA, ELECTRA,  
 ÆGISTHUS, CASSANDRA

Electram ab ara detrahi & in carcerem conjici jubet Cly-  
 tæmnestra Cassandra jugulatur

**H**OSTIS parentis, impium aque audax caput,  
 Quo more cætus publicos, virgo, petis?  
 EL Adulterorum virgo deserui domum 955  
 CLYT Quis esse credat virginem? EL Natam tuam  
 CLYT Modestius cum matre EL Pietatem doces  
 CLYT Animos viriles corde tumefacto genis,  
 Sed agere domita feminam discas malo  
 EL Nisi forte fallor, feminas ferrum decet 960  
 CLYT Et esse demens te parem nobis putas?  
 EL Vobis? quis iste est alter Agamemnon tuus?  
 Ut vidua loquere vir caret vita tuus

Father! And thou oh! Pylades, the companion now sitting in thy father's chariot, learn in earnest, the responsibility attaching to the example of a father! And Greece! be now my witness, that you, my swift coursers fly with your headlong speed from these treacherous regions!

EL He has gone—he has left us, and his steeds are galloping away with a wild speed, from this battlefield of the enemy! Now, I am sufficiently protected from the foe! I will willingly offer my own head to the assassin's sword! The sanguinary conqueress of her slain husband is now approaching, and shows the traces of murder on her stained garments—her hands, even now, are moist with the blood only just shed, and her fierce visage car-

ries in its expression the very imprint of crime! I will betake myself to the altars for refuge and Cassandra allow me to wear thy fillets (the fillets thou wearest at thy supplications) when as a crowned prophetess thou fleddest to the altar as a suppliant to be associated with thee thus far I fear the same death is in store for thee as well as for myself!

CLYTÆMNESTRA—ELECTRA—ÆGISTHUS—  
CASSANDRA

Clytæmnestra orders Electra to be dragged away from the altar and thrown into prison—she stabs Cassandra

CLYTÆMNESTRA

O! thou enemy of thy mother thou wicked and audacious upstart by what new fangled custom dost thou a virgin pose as the frequenter of public gatherings?

EL It is simply because I am a Virgin that I have quitted the palace of an adulteress and her accomplice in adultery!

CLYT Who will believe that thou art a Virgin?

EL Those who know that I am thy daughter

CLYT Be then a little more respectful in addressing that mother

EL Thou teachest me the way to be affectionate

CLYT Thou hast the disposition of a Virago with thy inflated imagination but being tamed down by punishment thou wilt learn to act more like a woman

EL Unless I am mightily mistaken is it becoming or the usual thing for women to carry swords?

CLYT And dost thou suppose with thy insane notions that thou art on an equality with us?

EL With us! Who is the other Agamemnon that he longs to thee? whilst thou art speaking as a widow thy husband is lying dead





CLYT Thou shalt die this day!

EL No matter! so long as I die by thy hand I shall now remove myself from the altar whether it pleases thee or not to stab me with thy sword and for that purpose I will give my neck up to thee with all willingness or will it please thee more that my neck should be dealt with after the fashion of cattle slaughter! However that neck is only waiting for thy wounds—thy crime must be fully carried out—wash thy right hand besprinkled with my life blood—that hand which has already been stained with the blood of a husband!

CLYT Come! Ægisthus consort mine sharer of my dangers as well as my kingdom! This daughter is tiring her mother out with her theft in a most defiant manner too—she has actually hidden away the brother whom she has impudently stolen from us!

ÆG Furious virgin thou! restrain the accents of thy wicked tongue and desist from the utterances unfit for a mother's ear!

EL Even the very artificer of crime can now afford to admonish—a son actually born into the world as the direct result of crime with a doubtful name from his own parents—the same man who is a son of his own sister and the grandson of his own father

CLYT Dost thou hesitate Ægisthus to cut off her impious head with the sword? She shall give up that brother or die forthwith

ÆG No! she shall pass the remainder of her life in some dark dungeon dug out of a rock—tortured with every kind of punishment perhaps—starvation privation of every necessary close confinement with repulsive filth around her—and then perhaps she may be willing to tell us where she is now hiding him—a widow before being a wife—an exile—an odious sight for every one to behold and the air of heaven being denied her she must yield to these measures even if she is backward in doing so now!

EL Grant me death

ÆG If thou refusest I will punish thee that tyrant is a wretched novice who inflicts death as a punishment!

EL Is there anything more thou canst do than to visit me with death!

ÆG Yes! Life! if thou wishest to die

CLYT Abripite famuli monstrum & recedam procul  
 Ultra Mycenæ ultimo in regni angulo  
 Vincite septim nocte tenebroſi ſpecus,  
 Ut inquietam virginem carcer domet 1000  
 At iſta pœnas capite perſolvat ſuo,  
 Captiva conjux, regni pellex tori  
 Irabite, ut ſequatur conjugem creptum mihi  
 CASS Ne irabite, veſtros ipſa præcedam gradus  
 Perſerre prima nuntium Phrygiis meis 1005  
 Proprio repletum ratibus everſis mare  
 Captis Mycenæ, mille ductorem ducunt,  
 Ut paria ſita Troicis licet malis  
 Periſſe dono femuræ ſupro dolo  
 Nihil moramur rapite quin grates ago 1010  
 Tantum juvat vixiſſe, poſt Trojam juvat  
 CLYT Furibunda moreie CASS Veniet & vobis furor

CLYT Attendants, ſeize this monster and convey her far away from Mycenæ, ensure her confinement, immured in the perpetual gloom of ſome dark cave, in the remotest corner of the kingdom, ſo that a life of imprisonment may tame this lawleſs Virgin! But that captive wife Cassandra ſhall pay the penalty with her head, that concubine of the royal marriage bed Drag her forth that ſhe may follow my worthy huſband!

CASS Do not drag me out! I will anticipate thee by walking out—I haſten to be the meſſenger of what has occurred to my fellow Trojans in Elyſium—the ſea has been filled with the wrecked ſhips of the enemy! Mycenæ has been captured (by the adulterer Ægiſthus) and the proud leader of the thouſand captains, in order that he might ſuffer the ſame fate, as that which he viſited upon the Trojans, has periſhed through the gift of a woman—adultery and treachery! I wiſh for no delay, ſeize me, I give myſelf up willingly, already, over and over again, it delights me ever to have lived at all, it delights me, that I have ſurvived the fate of Troy!

CLYT Die, thou furious harlot! (alluding to her prophetic ravings)

CASS And a furious end is in ſtore for thee, the vengeance of thy own family!

HERCULES CÆTÆUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HERCULES  
 HYLUS  
 ALCMENA  
 CHORUS ÆTOLARUM MULIERUM  
 NUTRIX  
 DEJANIRA  
 IOLE

PHILOCTETES  
 CHORUS CÆCHALIARUM VIR-  
 GINUM  
 LICHAS muta persona  
 IOLE ET CHORUS CÆCHALIDUM  
 sunt ἡρωατὶς ἡρωα

## ARGUMENTUM

DEJANIRA, indigne ferens sibi prælata Iolen Euryti regis Cæchaliæ filiam, Herculi tunicam mittit imbutam sanguine Centauri Nessi, sagitta Herculis hydræ felle tincta vulnerati, efficacissimum credens phyltrum præsentissimumque amoris remedium, quod illam monuerat moriens Nessus. Quam simul ac induisset in Cenæo Eubœæ promontorio sacrificaturus Hercules, ignem concipit virus, vestisque corpori adhærentis æstus carnem, ossa interiora absumit. Nessi fraude intellecta sibi mortem consciscit Dejanira. Hercules, interfecto Licha, qui munus letale attulerat, mandat Philoctetæ (cui moriens arcum & sagittas tradit) exstrui sibi in monte Ceta pyram, in qua se cum clava ac leonis pelle cremat. Alcmenæ denique matri apparet, ipsamque consolatur jam in cœlitum numerum adscriptus.

## ACTUS PRIMUS

## HERCULES

Scenæ hæc prima cum choro seq. in Eubœa struitur, ubi Hercules, in Cenæo promontorio sacrificaturus, vota de cœlo, quod rebus gestis (quas enumerat) meruisse se gloriatur, concipit reliquæ Tragœdiæ scena est Trachinæ

**S**ATOR Deorum cujus excussam manu  
 Utræque Phœbi sentiunt fulmen domus,  
 Secure regna protuli pacem tibi,  
 Quacunque Nereus porrigi terras vetat  
 Non est tonandum perfidi reges jacent,  
 Sævī tyranni fregimus, quidquid fuit  
 Tibi fulminandum sed mihi cœlum, parens,  
 Adhuc negatur<sup>3</sup> parvi certe Jove  
 Ubique dignus teque testata est meum  
 Patrem noverca quid timen nectis moras<sup>3</sup>  
 Numquid timemur<sup>3</sup> numquid impositum sibi

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HERCULES	PHILOCTETES
HYLLUS	CHORUS OF CECALIAN
ALCMENA	VIRGINS
CHORUS OF ÆTOLIAN	LICHAS (Dumb Personage)
WOMEN	IOLE AND CHORUS OF
NURSE	CECALIANS ARE PRO
DEJANIRA	MINENT CHARACTERS
IOLE	

## ARGUMENT

Dejanira suffering grievously at seeing that Iole the daughter of Eurytus King of Cechalia had been preferred before herself sends Hercules a coat which had been impregnated with the blood of the Centaur Nessus who had been mortally wounded by an arrow shot by Hercules which arrow had been poisoned by the virus (gall) of the Hydra believing it to be a most efficacious philtre as regards the means of bringing back to her the love of Hercules which Nessus as he was dying assured her, that it would prove to be The poison of which no sooner had Hercules put it on became ignited and the fire fastened on his body burnt the flesh and penetrated to the very bones This deception of Nessus being brought home to her Dejanira condemned herself to death Hercules (Lichas who had brought the lethal present being slain) gives orders to Philoctetes to whom when dying he bequeaths his bow and arrows that he should be placed on the funeral pile on Mount Ceta on which he was to be burnt with his club and the Nemæan lion's skin, Hercules appears afterwards to his mother Alcmena and consoles her that he has been enrolled amongst the Gods

## ACT I

## HERCULES

The first scene with the chorus following is laid at Eubœa where Hercules about to offer sacrifices on the promontory of Ceneum records his wishes concerning his pretensions to a place in the heavens and which he recounts and boasts he has deserved The rest of the Tragedy is laid at Trachine

Non poterit Atlas ferre cum cœlo Herculem?   
 Quid Astra, genitor, quid negas? mors me tibi   
 Certe remisit omne concessit malum,   
 Quod terra genuit, pontus, aer, inferi 15   
 Nullus per urbes erit Arcadias leo   
 Stymphalis icta est, Mænali nulla est fera   
 Sparsit peremptus aureum seipens nemus   
 Et hydra vires posuit & notos Hebro   
 Ciuore pingues hospitum fudi greges 20   
 Hostisque uaxi spolia Thermodontiæ   
 Vidi silentum fata, nec tantem iedii,   
 Sed trepidus atrum Cerberum vidit dies,   
 Et ille solem nullus Antæus Libys   
 Animam refumit cecidit ante aras suras 25   
 Bufius una est Geryon sparsus manu   
 Taurusque populis horridus centum pavor   
 Quodcunque tellus genuit infesta, occidit,   
 Meaque fufum est dextera uatis Deis   
 Non licuit esse si negat mundus feras, 30   
 Animum noverca, redde nunc nato patrem,   
 Vel astra forti nec peto, ut monstres iter   
 Permite tantum, genitor inueniam viam   
 Vel si times, ne terra concipiat feras,   
 Propeiet malum quodcunque, dum teira Herculem 35   
 Habet, videtque nam quis invadet mala?   
 Aut quis per urbes rursus Argolicas erit   
 Junonis odio dignus? in tutum meas   
 Laudes recepi nulla me tellus silet   
 Me fenfit Urfæ frigidum Scythicæ genus, 40   
 Indusque Phœbo subditus, Cancro Libys   
 Te, clare Titan, testoi occurrî tibi,

**O**H! Father of the Gods, by whose hand the lightnings, when hurled forth, are fully recognized in both of the dominions traversed by Phœbus—the East and the West—on his rising and at his setting! Oh! thou Deity, secure as far as thy Kingdom is concerned, I have by my labors, brought about peace for thee, wherever Nereus forbids the earth's surface to be covered with the Ocean which he controls—We need not thy angry thunders now! treacherous things and blood-thirsty tyrants have fallen! In fact, I have destroyed every thing that is worthy of thy thunder! But still, oh! my Parent, heaven continues to be withheld from me! And surely I have shown myself everywhere as worthy of Jupiter—even my step-mother, Juno, bears witness that thou and only thou couldst possibly be my father, judging from what I have done! Why, therefore, dost thou contrive thy delay in admitting me into Heaven? I wonder what there is now to inspire further fears! Is it, may I suggest, because Atlas

would never be able to support the heavens on his shoulders again if the weight of Hercules were superadded thereto? Why oh! my father dost thou deny me a place amongst the constellations? Why dost thou refuse me? Surely, when I visited the regions of Mors and was permitted to return therefrom it must be that it was for thee that I came back! Every monster and every thing objectionable have disappeared through my services whether brought forth on the earth the sea or the air or even in the infernal regions! There is now no wild stag at Mænalus to commit its ravages and the Stymphalides have fallen from their aerial abode above by means of my arrows--no lion now prowls about at large amongst the cities of Arcadia! and that dragon the vigilant custodian of the  
 destroyed  
 t its power  
 the banks

of the Hebrus the  
 consuming the bl  
 put to the rout! I  
 queen of the Am

the fates of the wretched Manes nor did I return alone for I brought with me a companion but the astonished world had never beheld before such a sight as the fierce Cerberus any more than Cerberus had ever known before what Light was! There is now no Antæus of Libya who gained fresh strength each time he alighted on Mother Earth--Busiris fell in front of his own altars and the three bodied Geryon yielded to my unaided strong arm and that terrible bull the terror of a hundred peoples and whatever else the cruel earth gave birth to succumbed and was dispersed by my right hand! And the Gods have no reason to be angry if Juno my step-mother is withholding her wrath and if the world is now denying us any more wild beasts or monsters. Come forward now and show thyself as a Parent towards a son and for my brave deeds receive me into heaven amongst the starry group not that I ask oh! my father that thou shouldst point out the way! give me the permission only and I will find out the means of getting there! Or if thou art in any doubt lest the earth might create fresh monsters let such calamities be hastened in their advent whilst the earth has Hercules upon it and can look to him to remove them for who is there except myself that could grapple with such monsters? Or who will be the next one in the Argolic cities deserving of the hatred of Juno? I have gained all my triumphs with perfect safety to myself in fact no land is silent in recording my successes! The people in the cold regions exposed to



Quacunq̄ue fulges nec meos lux profequi  
 Potuit triumphos Solis excessi vices  
 Infraque nostras substitit metas dies 45  
 Natura cessit terra defecit gradum  
 Laxata per me nox & extremum clios  
 In me cucurrit inde ad hunc orbem redi,  
 Unde retro nemo tulimus Oceanum minas,  
 Nec ulla valuit quatere tempestas ratem, 50  
 Quacunq̄ue pressi pars quota est, quam profequor?  
 Jam vacuus æther non potest odio tuæ  
 Sufficere nuptæ, quasque devincum feras  
 Tellus timet concipere, nec monstra invent  
 Feræ negantur Hercules monstri loco 55  
 Jam cœpit esse quanta nunc fregi mala,  
 Quot scelera nudus<sup>3</sup> quidquid immane obstitit,  
 Solæ manus stravere nec juvenis feras  
 Timui, nec infans quidquid est iussum, leve est.  
 Nec ulla nobis segnis illuxit dies 60  
 O quanta fudi monstra, quæ nullus mihi  
 Rex imperavit<sup>1</sup> instituit virtus mihi  
 Junone peiori sed quid impavidum genus  
 Fecisse prodest<sup>2</sup> non habent pacem Dei  
 Purgata tellus omnis in cœlo videt, 65  
 Quodcunq̄ue timuit transtulit Juno feras  
 Ambit peremptus Cancer ardentem plagam,  
 Libyæque sidus fertur, & messes alit  
 Annum fugatæ tradit Afrææ leo  
 Att ille jactans fervidam cœlo jubam, 70  
 Austrum madentem siccant, & nimbos trahit  
 Invasit omnis ecce jam cœlum fera,  
 Meque antecessit victor e terris meos  
 Specto labores astra portentis prius

the blasts of the Scythian Bear have known of me, and the swarthy Indians, subject to the boiling heat under the tropical cancer<sup>1</sup> And thou, bright Titan, I call upon thee to endorse what I say, wherever thou hast shed thy rays, hast thou not encountered me<sup>2</sup> Nor could indeed, even thy penetrating luminosity follow me in some of my various triumphs! (Allusion is here particularly made to his visit to the Infernal Regions) Thus, I have exceeded the very limits of the Sun which has reached its goal, far within the transactions of my diurnal routine (Hercules here means that his day is so much longer than that of Phœbus) Nature (on every side) has yielded to me, the earth even has ceased to find me standing room for my exploits, and the regions of Tartarus were then opened through my exertions, and extreme chaos has been encountered by me, and after all, I made good my return to this orb, from that abyss, whence no one ever came back when once

engulphed therein! I have braved and withstood the ocean's wild tempests and no fierce storm was ever able to wreck the craft which I had pressed down with my weight! But all this that I thing only a part of what I the sky has been cleared of that (even) does not satisfy the hatred of thy Wife! I will undertake to conquer any wild beasts or monsters but the Earth dreads to introduce them nor has Juno been able to discover them, therefore wild beasts are now denied me! Hercules himself therefore must begin to pose as some wonderful monster! How many enemies of mankind have I not subdued? how many crimes have I not punished without the aid of weapons—whenever any huge or (apparently) insuperable difficulties have presented themselves my unaided hands have signally put them aside and rendered them harmless nor even as a mere child did I ever fear wild beasts nor as a baby boy did I dread the two serpents sent by Juno when I was in my cradle! In short whatever I have been commanded to do I have found quite easy of accomplishment! Nor has the light of day ever shone upon me that has been passed in an idle manner without some kind of victory! Oh! how numerous have been the monsters and such like that I have destroyed which no Eurystheus ever ordered me so to do. The fact is the invincible desire that possesses me always to be conquering something or other is far greater than the anger of Juno which suggests their being done but of what good is it to have made mankind on this earth to have their objects of fear removed when the gods above are not to enjoy a reign of peace! Juno has transferred all the monsters and wild beasts and whatever else was dreaded by man and the earth purged of their presence only sees them shining in the Heavens—the very crab I killed and which nipped my toe when I was despatching the Hydra describes its celestial course as the torrid Zone and serves as an especial constellation for the burning plains of Libya and ripens the harvests with the heat it gives out. The Lion (Leo) hands over the fleeting year to the Astræan Virgin (Virgo) who fled this earth in disgust at its wickedness. But he Leo tosses that angry mane of his round his neck and dries up the South winds charged away the clouds. Bet has taken up its abode been selected in prequeror am only permitted to gaze upon them from the earth below! Juno no doubt has given priority to wild

Ferisq̄ue Juno tribuit, ut cœlum mihi  
 Faceret timendum sperferit mundum licet,  
 Cœlumque terris pejus, ac pejus Styge  
 Iratr̄ faciat, dabitur Alcidae locus  
 Si post feras, post bella, post Stygium canem,  
 Nondum astra meiui, Siculus Hesperium latus  
 Tangat Pelorius, una jam tellus erit  
 Illinc fugabo maria, si jungi jubes  
 Committat undas Isthmus, & juncto falo  
 Nova feriuntur Atticæ puppes via  
 Mutetur orbis vallibus currat novis  
 Ister, novasque Tanais accipiat vias,  
 Da, da tuendos, Juppiter, saltem Deos  
 Illa licebit fulmen a parte auferas,  
 Ego quam tuebor sive glaciale polum,  
 Seu me tueri fervidam partem jubes,  
 Hac esse superos parte securos puta  
 Cirrhæa Pæan templa, & ætheream donum  
 Serpente cæso meruit at quoties jacet  
 Python in hydra<sup>2</sup> Bacchus & Perseus Deis  
 Jam se intulere sed quota est mundi plaga  
 Quiens subactus<sup>2</sup> aut quota est Gorgon fera<sup>2</sup>  
 Quis astra natus laudibus meruit suis  
 Ex te & noverca<sup>2</sup> quem tuli, mundum peto  
 Sed tu, comes laboris Herculei Licha,  
 Præfer triumphos, Euryti victos lares,  
 Stratumque regnum vos pecus rapite ocius,  
 Qua templa tollens ara Cenæi Jovis  
 Austro timendum spectat Euboicum mare

CHORUS CĒHALIARUM VIRGINUM

Iole Choro Cēchalidum mixta patræ excidium, suor  
 onem, suam denique servitutum plangit

**P**AR ille est superis, cui pariter dies  
 Et fortuna fuit mortis habet vices,  
 Lente cum trahitur vita gementious

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beasts and monsters as constellations that she might make the heavens a place to be dreaded by me, and although she has scattered the sky with them, will she, in her unbridled anger succeed in making the heavens more formidable than the earth, or worse than the infernal regions? If so, that place will have to be given up to Alcides! If after my triumphs over the wild beasts, after my successful wars, after subduing the Stygian Cerberus, I shall not have deserved my promotion to the starry firmament then I will join the Sicilian promontory Pelorus, with the coast of Hesperia, and they shall be joined as one land! With this

view I will dissipate the seas which separate them if thou orderest them to be united—the isthmus of Corinth shall be

shall flow by fresh channels and the Tanais shall shape a different course! Grant me oh! grant me at least oh! Jupiter the privilege of mounting guard over the safety of the Gods—it will then be in thy power to take away the lightnings altogether from that part of the heavens which I shall defend and whether thou commandest me to protect the icy Pole or the hottest part of the heavens make up thy mind that the gods above will be perfectly protected in such a part! Apollo was considered worthy to receive the Cirrhæan temple and obtained an ethereal abode for one serpent slain the Python but what is that to my achievement with the Hydra? How many Pythons were there in one Hydra (As soon as one head was removed two appeared) Bacchus and Perseus have installed themselves amongst the Gods! But what an inconsiderable patch of a country out of the whole world is this India which was subdued by Bacchus! And of what great importance was that wild Gorgon (Medusa) who amongst all the sons thou hast had by Juno my step-mother has gained the heavens by such triumphs as I have achieved? I am after all only asking for what I once carried on my shoulders (Hercules supported the heavens thus as he says) But thou Lichas (the companion of Hercules in all his labors) carry the report of my victory to my wife—all about the scattered household Gods and trophies of Eurytus and tell her his kingdom is completely wrecked—gather together then quickly the sacrificial animals and drive them on to the temple where an altar is raised to Jupiter Cæreus and which overlooks the Eubœan sea that is so much dreaded by the stormy South winds!

#### CHORUS OF CĒCHALIAN VIRGINS—IOLE

Iole joining in with the chorus of Cēchaliens bewails the destruction of her country the slaughter of her father and kinsfolk and lustly her own position of servitude

#### CHORUS

**T**HAT man is equal to the Gods above whose good fortune keeps pace with the days that are passing onwards whilst existence only enacts the roll of a living death when life has been slowly eked out by those

Quisquis sub pedibus fatis rapacia,  
 Et puppem posuit fluminis ultimi,  
 Non captiva dabit brachia vinculis  
 Nec pompæ veniet nobile ferculum 110  
 Nunquam est ille miser, cui facile est mori  
 Illum si medio decipiat ratis  
 Ponto, cum Boream expulit Africus,  
 Aut Eurus Zephyrum, cum mare dividunt,  
 Non puppis laceræ fragmina colligit, 115  
 Ut litus medio speret in æquore  
 Vitam qui poterit reddeere protinus,  
 Solus naufragium non poterit pati  
 Nos turpis macies, & lacrimæ tenent,  
 Et cinis patrio pulvere fordidos 120  
 Nos non flamma rapax, non flagor obruit  
 Felices sequeris, Mors, miseros fugis  
 Stamus nec patriæ est mœnibus, heu! locus  
 At silvis dabitur, lapsaque fordidæ  
 Fient templa casæ jam gelidus Dolops 125  
 Hac ducet pecudes, qua tepet obrutus,  
 Stratæ qui superest Æchaliæ, cinis,  
 Illo Thessalicus pastor in oppido  
 Indocta referens carmina fistula,  
 Cantu nostra canet tempora flebili 130  
 Et dum pauca Deus secula contrahit,  
 Quæretur, patriæ quis fuerit locus  
 Felix incolui non steriles focos,  
 Nec jejuna soli iugera Thessali  
 Ad Trachina vocor, fava regentia, 135  
 Et dumeta jugis horridæ toiridis,  
 Vix gratum pecori montivago nemus  
 At si quas melior fors famulas vocat,  
 Illas aut volucer transferet Inachus,  
 Aut Dirceæ colent mœnia, qua fluit 140  
 Ismenos tenui flumine languidus  
 Hæc mater tumidi nupserat Hercules  
 Quæ cautes Scythiæ, quis genuit lapis?  
 Num Titana ferum te Rhodope tulit,  
 Te præruptus Athos, te fera Caspia, 145  
 Quæ vugata tibi præbuit ubera?

who are perpetually groaning over their miseries! Whoever can manage to stamp under foot the greedy Fates, and who disregards that craft of Charon's which plies across that eventful river will never resign his arms, as a captive, to any sort of bondage—nor enrol himself as a contribution to the triumphal pomp of any conqueror) That man is never miserable, to whom death is quite an easy sort of business—for, if the craft of such a man should break down in mid-sea, (spring a leak or become otherwise disabled) when the South-West wind has got the

better of blustering Boreas or the East wind has triumphed over that blowing from the West and when these said winds as it were divide the sea against itself (producing what sailors would call a trough in the sea) (he is not bewildered) and does not collect together the shattered timbers of his craft that have been carried away) (to stop up the divided parts in the hope that he may find some snug shore (harbour) in the middle of the ocean, he who can at once give up his life when summoned is the only one that can with unconcern bear up against the horrors of a shipwreck! A repulsive emaciated (feature drawn) look and tears (in profusion) take possession of us and our locks are still soiled with the ashes of our country we are to prefer base slavery to honorable death! Neither the rapacious flames nor the crash of falling walls have been allowed to snatch us away! Oh! cruel Mors thou only seekest as thy victims those that are basking in the rays of happiness the wretched thou dost abandon to their cold despair! We live (that is true enough) but our country is without cities or walled towns—Alas! the land will be given up to forests and our fallen temples have subsided into contemptible huts and already the frozen out Dolops is conducting his flocks thither even where the cinders are spread about and still retaining their caloric and they are all that now remains of our overthrown Cœchalia! The Thessalian shepherd in the times to come when he is rehearsing his unpolished sonnets on his primitive flute in that city of ours that once was will chant his tristful strains in sympathy with the history of our past! And when the Gods have brought our short career to a close the question will be asked! Is this the spot where that once glorious country flourished? I myself dwelt in a home with luxurious surroundings and the first fruits were yielded abundantly by the fields around—now forsooth I am brought to Trachine encompassed by barren rocks or else by dreadful thickets on the scorching mountain side the forests scarcely affording pasturage for the wild goats that wander and climb hither and thither in search of their pabulum. But if any more favourable lot befalls some of the slaves then either the swiftly flowing Inachus will convey them to Argos or they will find some abode in the Dircæan city (Thebes) where that slowly flowing Ismenus glides along with its gentle streams—Was here that the mother of that puffed up Hercules married her Amphitryon! But I wonder whatever rock of Scythia whatever stony place gave birth to such a man? I wonder whether Rhodope brought him forth or that rugged Athos and what Caspian (Caucasian) striped wild beast gave the use of its

Ubi mœstra sonat Phaethontiadum Silva fororum me vel Siculis Addite saxis, ubi fati gemit Thessala Siren vel in Edonas	190
Tollite silvas, qualis natum Daulias ales solet Ifmaria Flere sub umbra formam lacrimis Aptate meis, refonetque malis	195
Aspera Trachin Cypria lacrimas Myrrha tuetur raptum conjux Ceyca gemit sibi Tantalus est Facta superstes fugit vultus Philomela suos, natumque sonat Flebilis Atthis cur mea nondum	200
Capiunt volucres brachia plumas <sup>b</sup> Felix, felix, cum silva domus Nostra feretur, patrioque sedens Ales in agro referam querulo Murmure casus volucrumque Iolen	205
Fama loquetur vidi, vidi Miseranda mei fata parentis Cum letifero stipite pulsus, Iota jacuit sparsus in aula Prô, si tumultum fata dedissent,	210
Quoties genitor quærendus eras <sup>1</sup> Potuere tuam spectare necem, Nondum teneras vestite genas, Necdum forti sanguine Toxeu <sup>b</sup> Quid vestra querar fata, parentes,	215
Quos in tutum mores æqua tulit <sup>b</sup> Mea me lacrimas fortuna rogat Jam jam dominæ captiva colos Fusosque legam prô, sæva decor, Formaque mortem paritura mihi	220
Tibi cuncta domus concidit uni, Dum me genitor negat Alcidae, Atque Hercules socer esse timet Sed jam dominæ testa petantur CHOR Quid regna tui clara parentis,	225
Proavosque tuos respicis amens <sup>b</sup> Fugiat vultus fortuna prior Felix, quisquis novit famulum Regemque pati, vultusque suos	

banks of Eridanus, where the lugubrious groves resound with the plaintive sobs of the sisters of Phaethon, or place me on some Sicilian rock where the Thessalian Siren bemoans her fate (the Sirens were daughters of Achelous) or convey me to the groves of Edon! Or, let me be like the Daulian bird (Philomela) which is in the habit

of bewailing her lost son under the shady boughs of Ismarus and let me as some winged mourner—give me such a shape in which to shed my tears—cause the rocks of Frachine to resound with my cries of woe! Myrrh? that Cyprian offender, is allowed to record her repentance in shedding her tears (the gum escapes from the tree so called resembling tears) and Alcyon the bereft wife bewails her Ceyx and the Tantalus Niobe was made to survive her grief in the shape of a stone retaining her form, and is still seen to weep! Philomela has escaped from her former appearance (changed into a bird) and the dismal Atthis causes the air to resound with her cries after the son which she lost! Why then cannot my arms be covered with feathers and assume the shape of wings? Oh! happy I should be if the woods could become my habitation, and if perched upon some tree in my native soil I could warble forth my misfortunes in plaintive melodies and be able to go down to posterity as the Iole who was changed into a bird! I saw—I witnessed with my own eyes the shocking fate of my parent! He was struck down with that death dealing club of Hercules and his bodily remains were scattered on the floor of the palace! Alas! if fate had given him a tomb how often and much would my father have had to be searched for! (Alluding to the different parts which would require burial as they were collected See Hippolytus v 1256—1259) Nor could I bear to see thy death Toxæus, with thy tender cheeks still unbearded nor as yet arrived at full manhood! Why should I bewail thy fate oh! my parents whom death unsparing to me has taken into a safer place where ye cannot weep as I am doing! My downright misfortunes imperatively call forth my tears now and henceforward, and I as a captive shall have to hold the distaff and turn the spindle! Oh! the disastrous consequences of female comeliness! Oh! that fatal beauty of mine that was paving the road to my destruction! An entire dynasty has crumbled (into dust) in consequence of my beauty alone! When my father refused to give me to Alcides and dreaded that he should ever become the father in law of such a man as Hercules but nevertheless the palace of his wife now my mistress must be sought out!

CHOR Why dost thou in such a silly way hark back upon the charming palace of thy parent and quote thy grandfathers and great grandfathers? The thing is absurd! Let all thy former surroundings vanish from thy mind's eye blessed is that individual who knows how to lead the life of slave or monarch and can assume the



Vniuersa potest vires pepulit  
 Pondusque mali casus animo  
 Qui tulit æquo

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## ACTUS SECUNDUS

NUTRIX, DEJANIRA, LICHIAS *muta personæ*

Furens zelotypia Dejanira conspecta Iola vindictam meditatur  
 vestemque venentiam Herculi mittit

**O** QUAM cruentus seminis simulat dolor,  
 Cum prout una pellici & nuptæ domus!  
 Scylla, & Chrybdis Sicula contorquens freta 235  
 Minus usi timenda nulla non melior fera est  
 Namque ut reluxit pellicis captæ decus,  
 Et fulsit Iole, qualis innubis dies,  
 Purumve clavis noctibus sidus micat  
 Stetit furenti similis, ac torvum intuens 240  
 Herculeæ conjux scæta ut Armeniæ præcens  
 Sub rupe tigris, hoste conspecto exsilit  
 Aut iussa thyrifum quaterere, conceptum ferens  
 Mænas Lyreum, dubiæ quo gressus agat,  
 Hæsit parumper tum per Herculeos hares 245  
 Lymphata rapitur, tota vi satis est domus  
 Incurrit, errat, sistit in vultus dolor  
 Processit omnis pectori præne intimo  
 Nihil est relictum stetus insequitur moras  
 Nec unus habitus durat, aut uno furit 250  
 Contentæ vultu nunc inardescunt genæ,  
 Pallor ruborem pellit, & formas dolor  
 Errat per omnes queritur, implorat, gemit  
 Sonuere postes ecce præcipiti gradu  
 Secreta mentis ore confuso exserit 255  
 DEJAN Quamcunque partem sedis æthereæ premis,  
 CONJUX Tonantis, mitte in Alcidem feram,  
 Quæ mihi satis sit si qua sæcundum caput  
 Palude tota vastior serpens movet,  
 Ignara vinci si quid excessit feras, 260  
 Immane, dirum, horribile, quo viso Hercules  
 Avertat oculos, hoc sinu immenso exeat  
 Vel si feræ negantur, hanc animam precor

character appertaining to each position as chance occurs!  
 That man, who bears his troubles with an unruffled mind  
 deprives misfortune of its sting and materially lightens  
 the burdens which it imposes!

## ACT II

NURSE—DEJANIRA—I ICHAS (Dumb Personage)

Dejanira furious with jealousy when she sees Iole meditates revenge and sends a poisoned garment to Hercules

NURSE.

Oh! how bitter jealousy will work upon a woman's feelings when the same domicile is made to hold a wife and the concubine of her husband—Scylla and Charybdis when there is a whirlpool in the Sicilian sea are much less to be dreaded—no wild beast could be worse and in proportion too as the attractiveness of the captive concubine shines forth conspicuously and Iole's really did thus shine forth—she was like unto the serene day itself and as the unsullied (spotless) star sparkles brightly on a cloudless night! Dejanira stood like some fury and stared with a savage expression even as the tiger with her cubs reposing beneath some Armenian rock leaps forth furiously directly she spies the hunter or like some Mænad reting under the inspiration of the God Lyxus hesitates for a time undecided what she shall do before she sets herself the task of flourishing the Thyrsus after the usual wild fashion—so Dejanira after the first burst of surprise becomes transported with rage and rushes through the rooms belonging to Hercules—the whole palace seems scarcely big enough for her—she rushes on—she wanders without purpose then stops still and every lineament of her visage is the concentration of anger, every other feeling has left her—almost nothing else dominates in the deepest recesses of her soul! Violent weeping then succeeds to this display of anger—nor does one train of mind last nor does her rage content itself with any fixed expression—at one moment her cheeks are burning—then pallor takes the place of the flushed face and thus her anger passes through a succession of phases—she wails—she begins to implore (wildly) and then finishes off with a groan—the doors are creaking and as she advances with hurried steps she betrays the secrets of her mind in the look of utter confusion revealed by her countenance!

DEJ Oh! wife of the Thundering Jove in whatever part of thy ethereal dominions thou mayst now be do send some wild beast to Alcides as the representative of my anger something commensurate with what I am now

Converte in aliquid quodlibet possum malum Hæc mente fieri commoda effigiem mihi	265
Parem dolori non eripit pectus minus Quid exentis telluris extremæ sinus, Orbemque versas? quid rogas Ditem mala Omnes in isto pectore invenies scras, Quis timuit, odus recipe hoc telum tuis	270
Ego sum noveier perdere Alcident potes Profer manus quoecunque quid cessas, Dea? Utere furente quod jubes fieri nefas? Reperi quid hæres? ipsa jam cesses licet, Hæc ira satis est NUTR Pectoris tui parum, Alumna, questus comprime, & flammæ domæ Frena dolorem conjugem ostende Hereulis DEJAN Iole meis captiva germanos dabit Natis? Jovisque fiet e famula nurus?	275
Num flamma cursus pruriter & torrens ferent, Et uræ pontum sicca cæruleum bibet? Non ibo multa, gesseris cælum licet, Totusque pacem debet mundus tibi Est aliquid hydra potius, iraræ dolor Nuptæ Quis ignis tantus in cælum furit Ardentis Ætnæ? quidquid est victum tibi, Hic vincet animus capta præripiet toros? Adhuc timebam monstra jam nullum est malum Cessere pestes in locum venit feræ Invisa pellex summe pro rector Deum, Et clare Titum, Herculis tantum sui Conjux timentis vota quæ superis tuli, Cessere captæ pellicæ felix fui Illi meas audistis, o superi, preces Incolumis illi remeant o nulla dolor	280
	285
	290
	295

undergoing (thy own hatred outweighed the wild beasts in its ferocity)—if there be any repullulating Hydia, too vast for any marsh to contain, one that is incapable of being overcome—or if there be aught else, any thing that exceeds in fierceness the ordinary wild beast—one of huge dimensions terrifying to behold and of such horrifying aspect, that at the bare sight of which Hercules would be glad to avert his gaze—if so, let it at once, emerge from the bowels of the earth, or if wild beasts should not be forthcoming, I implore thee to transform me into something of the sort so that, whatever mischief my anger may meditate, can be carried out to the full, allow me something, the very fac-simile of my anger, for I feel that this breast of mine is not large enough for my wrath! Why should I have to search out the extremities of the earth for my revenge, or even be under the necessity of so industriously calling this orb into requisition

at all for that revenge. Why should I appeal to Pluto for any instrument of mischief? I shall find plenty of wild beasts in this bosom of mine something too which Hercules will have reason to fear! Let this anger of mine unite with that of thine. Oh Juno! I am a step-mother as well! (Dejanira here alludes to the project of off-pring by Iole) thou couldst destroy Hercules stretch forth thy power whatever it may be! Why! Oh Goddess dost thou hesitate use me as the vehicle of thy anger whatever crime thou orderest shall be perpetrated by me! Ah! I have thought of something why dost thou hesitate? well mayst thou thus hesitate for my own anger will be sufficient to accomplish what I desire!

IV. Oh! my nursing there's too little discretion in that bosom of thine cease thy complaint and quench the flames of thy wrath and curb thy jealousy—let every body see that thou art the wife of Hercules!

V. This captive Iole will be furnishing brothers for my own children and the worst of all is that a sister in law is to be manufactured out of a captive maiden imported by this son of Jupiter! I wonder whether the (running) flames and the flowing river can mix their streams in cordial partnership (that is will fire and water mix) (as Iole and myself are as likely to do) And will the Arctic Bear who likes to keep her fur dry descend from the sky and dip herself in the blue blue sea? (Yes! when Iole and myself amalgamate)—I shall not go unrevenge'd Master Hercules although thou once didst carry the heavens on those broad shoulders of thine although the world owes a large amount of its peace and comfort to thy relievements! There is still a something left more potential than any Hydra and that is the jealousy of an outraged wife! What flames from burning Aina ascending angrily into the sky are so great? What ever has been conquered by thee this anger of mine shall surpass! Shall a captive maiden forestal me in my marriage bed? Formerly I was somewhat afraid of monsters but now that there are none to fear and plagues have gone out of fashion in lieu of wild beasts (and plagues) a hateful concubine has been introduced! Oh! thou exalted ruler of the Gods and thou oh! bright Ithecus I find that after all I have been the wife of Hercules only as long as he was in a position to apprehend disasters from his exploits! After all the vows I have registered with the Gods above they have only redounded to the benefit and exaltation of a captive maiden and I have been consoled in the person of a

Contente pœna quere supplicia horrida, Ineogitata, infanda Iuvenem docce, Quid odia valerunt uicere iræ sui Pro me gerchas bella propter me uagra Achelus undas sanguine uiscit suo	300
Cum lenta serpens fieret in taurum trucem Nunc flecteret serpente deposita muris, Et mille in hoste uicereis uno seris Jam displicemus capta prechata est mihi Non praesertur qui dies thalami ultimus	305
Nostri est futurus, hic erit vita tua Quid hoc? recedit animus & pouit unias Jam cessit ira, quid miser linguis dolor? Perdis suuotem? conjugis tretra fidem Mihî reddis iterum quid uetis strumens ali-	310
Quid frangis ignis? hunc mihi serua impetum Pares eramus non erit uotis opus Aderit noverca, quæ manus nostras regat, Nec inuocari uir Quod parus demens scelus?	315
Perimes maritum, eius extremus dies Primusque ludex noxio, & celo tenuis Erecta terras fama suppositas habet Rogos in istos terra confurget parens, Domusque soeeri prima, & Ætolum genus	320
Steinetui omne, fra jmidudum & frces In te ferentur uindictam tellus suum Defendet omnis unæ quot pœnas dabis? Effugere terras etede, & humanum genus Te posse fulmen genitor Aleidæ gerit	325
Jam jam minaces ne pei ecclum frces Specta, & tonantem fulmine excusso diem Moitem quoque ipsam, quam putas tutam, time Dominatur illic patruus Aleidæ tui Quocunqne peiges, misera, cognatos Deos Illic uidebis DEJAN Maximum fieri scelus	330

concubine! Oh! ye gods above, thou hast listened to my prayers for him, that he might return to me in safety! Oh! for my jealousy satisfied with no punishment, let me now seek for some terrible penalties, some never dreamed of before—let me give Juno herself a lesson on anger, that is to say, what anger is capable of! Juno does not know the way to be angry enough for me! Hercules, thou once wagedst war for me, and on my account! Achelous tinged with his blood the wandering streams, so that he might become a trailing serpent, whilst at another time, having laid aside his serpentiform transformation, thou, Hercules, wouldst be turning thy angry onslaught on a savage bull, and thus, thou wast encountering a thousand wild beasts, whilst engaged with one enemy (Achelous

was a suitor of Dejanira and possessed the power of changing himself into any thing he liked) Now forsooth I displease thee a captive maiden is now preferred before me but she shall not be preferred for long for when that day arrives on which she usurps my marriage bed, that day shall be the last one in thy earthly career! What possesses me? Is my resolution giving way? And is my anger displacing itself? And has my indignation begun to hesitate? Why does my wretched hatred appear to be declining? Indeed I am relying in my wrath and do feel to be returning to the old paths of conjugal devotion and uncomplaining wisdom! Why do I thus impose any check upon the nurture of my burning anger? Why do I seek to quench the fires raging within me? (Rage and Indignation) I let me preserve all this energy for my own ends. My anger makes me feel quite equal to Hercules in strength and which if it continues will not necessitate the invocation of any divine aid but Juno who will direct my plans is sure to come upon the scene nevertheless without any invitation of mine!

HERC. What mad crime art thou devising? Wouldst thou dare to sacrifice a husband whose triumphs are blazoned forth from East to West and that fame which he has earned for himself on this earth below reaches to the very skies above—that earth which cherished his existence (the people on it) would rise up en masse and avenge such a death! And the first to suffer would be the palace of his father-in-law thy own father and the entire Aetolian race would be exterminated and the moment after such a deed the indignant rabble who idolize him would stone thee and brand thee with their torches! Every known land would rise up and proclaim itself as an avenger and thou alone wouldst suffer the penalty! Dost thou believe if thou couldst escape the vengeance of every land and the whole of the human race does not the father of Alcides thundering Jove still wield the lightnings? Now at this very moment look at the angry flashes passing along the heavens the light of day itself trembles in awe at the thunders which follow those repeated discharges of lightning! Go in fear too of that death which thou fanciest would ensure thee future security! Bear thou in mind that down below an uncle of Hercules (on the father's side) rules in this third kingdom and oh! miserable child wherever else thou mightest go thou wouldst be sure to encounter some of his family connections!

DEJ I must be candid and freely acknowledge that

Et ipsa fatcor, sed dolor fieri iubet	
NUTR Morire DEJAN Moriar Hercules nempe incliti	
Conjux nec ullus nocte discussa dies	
Vidurum notabit, nec meos pullex toros	
Captiva capiet ante ab Occasu dies	335
Nascetur Indos ante glaucis polus	
Scythiasve tepida Phœbus inficiet rota,	
Quam me relictam Thessalæ aspiciant matris	
Meo jugales sanguine extinguam faces	
Aut pererit, aut me perimat elisis feris	340
Et conjugem addat inter Herculeos lecti	
Me quoque herbes numeret Alcide toros	
Moritura certe corpore amplectar meo	
Ire, ire ad umbras Hercules nuptam libet,	
Sed non multam si quid e nostro Hercule	345
Conceptit Iole, manibus evellam meis	
Ante, & pœ ipsas pellicem inuadem faces	
Me nuptiali victimam feriat die	
Infestus, Iolen dum supra exanimem rursam	
Felix jacet, quicumque, quos odit, premit	350
NUTR Quid ipsa strumaris præcis? & vastum foves	
Ultero dolorem miserâ? quid castum times?	
Dilexit Iolen, nempe dum stuerit hares,	
Regisque nratam peteret in simulæ locum	
Reginæ eeeidit perdidit vires amor,	355
Multumque ab illo traxit infelix status	
Illicita amantur, excidit, quidquid licet	
DEJAN Fortuna amorem peior inflammât magis	
Amat vel ipsum, quod caret patrio hære,	
Quod nudus auro eris & gemmâ jacet	360
Ipsas misericors forsan ærumnas amat	
NUTR Hoc usitatumest Herculi, captas amat	
Dilecta Priami nempe Dardani foror	
Concessa famulo est adice, quot nuptas prius,	

a crime of enormous magnitude would be perpetrated, but my jealousy insists on my committing it

NUR But thou wouldst have to die!

DEJ It is true, but I should then die as the wife of the renowned Hercules, nor would any forthcoming day mark me as a widow, when the shades of night had been dispelled, and before any concubine could ensconce herself in my marriage-bed—the sun shall first learn to rise in the West and set in the East! The North Pole shall become the country of the dusky Indian, and Phœbus shall darken the cold Scythian with his burning rays rather than that the Thessalian Matrons should behold in me, the deserted wife! I would extinguish

their nuptial torches with my own blood and either he should perish or he should kill me and then he could add a wife to the number of wild beasts that he had slaughtered and he would be able also to sum me up amongst his other Herculean labors! At all events when in the arms of Death I should like to embrace with my hands the nuptial couch of my husband! (This is said to indicate her desire at the last that the couch had not passed into other hands whilst she lived) Let me however if it be so willed go to the shades below, but let me go as the wife of Hercules but not unrevenge'd! And if Iole has become pregnant by my Hercules I would tear the fetus out of her very womb with my own hands rather than that it should arrive at maturity and I would attack that concubine in the middle of the marriage ceremony if that cruel man should strike me down on that nuptial day when I should be able to fall on the lifeless form of Iole! Whoever drags down any one that she hates to meet the same fate as herself dies a happy woman!

NUR Why dost thou fan the flames which are thus devouring thee? And obstinately encourage that overwhelming jealousy which aggravates thy misery? Why dost thou conjure up tears which are to no purpose? It is true that Hercules has been smitten with Iole but this probably was when her worldly surroundings were on a better footing—he then sought the hand of a king's daughter but that young princess has now sunk to the level of a mere captive thou knowest that all love loses its ardour in time and her unfortunate position as a captive may now neutralize much of that infatuation—things that are forbidden are often the more eagerly sought after whatever is easy of being arrived at sooner escapes from the longing desire of being retained by us!

DEJ Thou art mistaken—her fallen fortunes only serve to kindle the imagination of Hercules and he even loves her the more inasmuch as she has lost her parental home and because her locks are no longer bedecked with jewellery of gold and priceless gems perhaps pity is prone to strengthen love and he may love her more on account of her misfortunes, this kind of thing always was the case with Hercules, he has a weakness for loving those that he has made captives

NUR But think of this —  
of the sister of Trojan  
her did he not hand



Quot virgines dilexit erravit vagus	365
Arcadia nempe virgo, Palladios choros	
Dum nescit Auge, vim stupri passa excidit,	
Nullamque amoris retinet Herculei notam	
Referam quid aliis? nempe Thespiades vacant,	
Brevique in illis arsit Alcides face	370
Hospes Timoli Lydiam fovit nurum,	
Et amore captus, ad leves seddit colos,	
Udum feroci stramen intorquens manu	
Nempe illa ceivæ spoliæ deposuit fere,	
Crimemque mira picssit, & famulus stetit,	375
Hirtam Sibææ marcidus myrrhæ comam	
Ubique caluit, sed levi caluit face	
Hæreere amantes post vagos ignes solent	
Famulamne & hostis præferet nratum tibi?	
DEJAN Ut alta silvas forma vernantes arit,	380
Quis nemoie nudo primus investit tepor,	
At cum solutos expulit Boreis Notos,	
Et sæva totas bruma decussit comas,	
Deforme solis aspicias truncis nemus	
Sic nostra longum formæ percurrens iter,	385
Deperdit aliquid semper, & fulget minus,	
Nec illa Venus est quidquid in nobis fuit	
Olim petatum, cecidit & partu labat,	
Materque multum rapuit ex illo mlu	
Ætas citato senior eripiit gradu	390
Vides, ut altum famulæ non perdat decus?	
Cessere vultus penitus, & prædor sedct,	
Tamen per ipsas fulget ærumnas decor,	
Nihilque ab illa casus & fatum grave	
Nisi regna travit hic meum pectus tumor,	395
Altræ, laceffit, hic rapit somnos pavor	
Præclaræ totis gentibus conjux eram,	

chums? and in addition to this, reflect on the number of wives, and the multitude of virgins, that man has fallen in love with? Why! He is a most fickle inconstant lover! For example, the Arcadian Virgin Auge, whilst she was officiating as a priestess at the choral celebrations of Minerva, after having been positively ravished by him, soon fell out of his memory, and he speedily showed no traces of this Herculean love affair! Why should I speak of other intrigues? Yes! I must mention, however, the Thespiades, the daughters of Thespius—Alcides burned with amorous passion towards the whole fifty at one time, and impregnated forty-nine of them in one night (brevi face) Then, as a guest of Timolus, he cherished an affection for the Lydian Queen, (Omphale) and captivated by her, he sat down in front of the frivolous distaff and directed with those ferocious fingers of his, the threads

in the spindle making it more easy to be worked with the occasional use of his own *sahva*! (Udum No doubt in those antiquated periods *sahva* was more likely to be used than water and conforms largely with modern usage) and then to crown the whole he removed from his shoulders the Nemean lion's skin and covering his rude locks with a mitre he stood before the Queen like some serving man his shaggy hair being smoothed (flat tened) down with a thick layer of Sabean Myrrh! (a greasy compound used by the ancients and scented with Myrrh and other perfumes) He fell in love everywhere but he always loved with a brief and inconstant passion! And (what is more) lovers after such indiscriminate indulgence of their passions are expected to waver and canst thou suppose that he will prefer for long a captive maiden and the daughter of an enemy too before thyself?

DEJ How the lofty beauty of the forest trees contributes its share to the grace imported to them by the advent of spring (what a transcendent loveliness pervades the verdant woods)! A little before nothing but a naked grove which the first heat of glorious spring transforms into branching trees with densely foliated boughs! But when rude Boreas has by its force driven back the mild South winds and harsh winter has nipped off from the trees their foliaceous clothing thou beholdest naught but an unsightly wood with an array of naked trunks! In like manner our beauty although passing through a long career is always losing some of its pristine attractiveness and shines forth less and less brilliantly till at last all pretensions to vie with Venus are at an end! (That is to say all the elements to constitute beauty are wanting) and what was once mostly prized by us slips away from our possession and is lost for ever through the trials of child bearing! And as a mother myself I may say a great deal has been taken out of me from that cause and advancing age has stolen in upon me with a somewhat quickened step! Canst thou not see for thyself that this captive maiden has not lost her transcendent loveliness whilst my good looks have completely left me and comparative plainness has taken their place! And notwithstanding her captivity and misfortunes this beauty of hers shines conspicuously and her trials and grievous destiny seem to have robbed her of nothing but her royal rank! This circumstance my dear Nurse troubles my mind and it is this source of vexation which interferes with my sleep because I must tell thee I was once myself a particularly handsome wife more so I may safely say than the general run of so called beauties and every matron with an

Thalamosque nostros invido voto iuravi-  
 Optabat omnis quo iuris quisquis Deo  
 Orabat illos nubibus Argolicis sui 400  
 Mensura voti quem Iovi socerum patri n  
 Altrix, habebor quis sub hoc modo mihi  
 Dabitur maritus? ipse, qui Alcides imperat  
 Fraebus suis me iungat Eurysthen, licet,  
 Minus est toro caruisse regnantis levis est 405  
 Alie illa cecidit, qui viro caret Hercule  
 NURR Conclat animos conjugum partus sera  
 DIJAN Sie ipse forsau dividet partus toro  
 NURR Famula illa trahitur interim donum tibi  
 DIJAN Hunc quem per urbes ire praebitum vides, 410  
 Et viva tergo spolia gestantem sera  
 Qui regna miseris donat & ecclis rapit  
 Vasta gravatus horridam elava manum  
 Cujus triumphos ultimi Seres canunt,  
 Et quisquis aliis orbe suscepto praet 415  
 Levis est, nec illum gloria stimulat decor  
 Errat per orbem, non ut requetur Jovi,  
 Nec ut per urbes magnus Argoliers est  
 Quod amet, requirit virginum thalamos petiti  
 Si qua negata, rapitur in populos furi, 420  
 Nuptias ruinis querit & vitium impotens  
 Virtus vocatur cecidit Aethalia melita,  
 Unusque Titan vidit atque unus dies  
 Stantem & eridentem erusa bellandi est amor  
 Toties timebit, Herculi natam parens 425  
 Quoties negabit hostis est, quoties soecr  
 Fieri recusat si gener non est, furi  
 Post haec quid istas innocens servo manus,

envious regret, only longed that they had but made such  
 a marriage, as I had done, through my beauty! And  
 to obtain something of a like character, every woman  
 prayed fervently to any deity that she thought would be  
 able to further her matrimonial aspirations! I was held  
 up as a sort of pattern-model, by which they could  
 regulate their vows, by all the marriageable women round  
 about, and I can assure thee, Nurse, the common cry was  
 —“I wonder whether I shall ever be able to get a father-in-  
 law to compare with Jupiter! What husband, under heaven,  
 could have been provided like mine (for any woman?)  
 Although, Eurystheus himself, who issued his commands  
 to Alcides would have wished to have been joined in  
 marriage with me, but such a match was not desirable in  
 my eyes! And it would not be a trifling matter to be  
 debarred from the marriage-bed of the king (meaning  
 Eurystheus), but that woman would fall from a great height  
 who would lose — “*unhappy*” like Hercules!

NUR As a general rule the fact of having children (by a husband) tones down conjugal squabbles (animosities)

DEJ But in like manner Iole's having children might perhaps be the means of putting me out of court (Aside)

NUR In the meantime at all events that captive is delivered over to thee as a present

DEJ That man whom thou seest passing through the cities exalted before all and wearing on his shoulders the skin of the Nemæan lion a trophy taken from some thing that had possessed life—a living foe (viva a living spoil in contra distinction to any spoil of an inanimate nature) He who e high and  
mighty ones and and miser  
able poisoning in lub whose  
triumphs are sung by the Iar on Seres—and by whom  
soever else that pass their lives in some hedged in  
country or another is nothing more than a frivolous and  
inconstant love maker! Nor does the distinction arising  
from his triumphs spur him on to noble things—he  
wanders about the earth not that he may be thought  
equal to Jupiter (I give him credit for that) nor that he  
may show off as the "great one" of the earth amongst the  
Argolic Cities! No! he simply demands as an absolute  
right whatever he takes a fancy to and is always on the  
hunt after the couches of virgins! And if any such  
one be refused to him she is forthwith taken by force!  
he storms and raves at all the people she is mixed up  
es by first creating their down  
debauchery is euphonomously  
of valour! The illustrious  
and one Sun! (one day) has  
glory and that same Sun has  
witnessed its birth AND love so called was the origin  
of this warlike deed! And as often as a Parent denies  
his daughter to Hercules so often will that father  
have to go in fear and Hercules to become his deadly  
enemy! And as often as he declines the honor of  
being his father in law so often does he storm and  
rage at the honor which he offered in being a son in  
law having been declined! (with thanks!) How can I  
keep my hands from mischief after all such things as  
these? Until I suppose he feigns madness again and  
draws his bow with that murderous hand of his and  
kills me and my son! (alluding to the case of Megara)  
Thus it is that Alcides gets rid of his wives! These are  
his sort of divorces! (with a vengeance!) Nor can he

Donec furem simulet, ac fura manu  
 Intendat ireus, meque matumque opprimat? 430  
 Sic conjuges expellit Aleides furas  
 Hæc sunt repudiat! nec potest fieri nocens  
 Terris videri sceleribus erusum suis  
 Fecit noveram quid stupes, segnis furor?  
 Seelus occurrendum est peige, dum seruet matrus 435  
 NUTR Perimes maritum? DIJAN Pellicis certe matre  
 NUTR At Jove cecatum DEJAN Nempe & Alemenæ fatum  
 NUTR Ferrone? DIJAN Ferro NUTR Si nequus? DEJAN  
 Perimam dolo  
 NUTR Quis iste furor est? DIJAN Quem meus conjux docet  
 NUTR Quem nec noverca potuit, hunc perimes vitium? 440  
 DEJAN Cœlestis ira quos premit, miseros facit,  
 Humanæ nullos NUTR Puer, miserandus, & time  
 DEJAN Contempsit omnes ille, qui mortem prius  
 Libet ire in enses NUTR Major admissio tuus,  
 Alumna, dolor est culpa pro odium exigit 445  
 Cur sæva modicis stultus? ut læsa es, dolo  
 DEJAN Leve esse credis pellicis nuptæ matrum?  
 Quidquid dolorem percipit, hoc unum putat,  
 NUTR Amore clari fugit Aleidæ tibi?  
 DEJAN Non fugit, ultra remanet, & penitus sedet 450  
 Fixus medullis, crede sed magnus dolor,  
 Iratus amor est NUTR Artibus magicis fere  
 Conjugis nuptæ precibus admixtis ligant  
 Vernæque jussi frigore in medio nemus,  
 Missumque fulmen stare concussis fretum 455  
 Cessante vento turbidum expleui mare  
 Et sicca tellus fontibus patuit novis

ever be made to appear as a criminal! he makes out to the world, that Juno, his step-mother, is the cause of all his crimes committed in the various countries! But oh! that dilatory anger of mine, art thou dumb-founding my faculties? The crime I contemplate must be done, so let me push on, and strike whilst the iron is hot! (whilst my inclination is eager for action!)

NUR Wilt thou kill thy husband?

DEJ Without doubt thou meanest the husband of my concubine rival!

NUR But one of the race of Jupiter!

DEJ What dost thou mean? One springing from Alcmena, through Jupiter's adultery?

NUR Shalt thou use the sword?

DEJ Yes a sword!

NUR But if thou art unable to do it with the sword?

DEJ Then I will kill him by some stratagem!

NUR Whatever can this madness suggest?

DEJ The example which he has given me when he slaughtered Megara in his rage!

NUR And thou thinkest thou couldst kill that man whom no step-mother could succeed in doing!

DEJ When celestial anger is brought to bear it makes its objects miserable only, but the anger of mortals substitutes annihilation.

NUR Forbear! Although thou art to be pitied and go in fear of consequences.

DEJ That man who is always ready to meet the sword's attack looks with contempt upon all men who have not learned to treat death with indifference—I myself am ready to do so!

NUR Thy anger nurse child is greater than circumstances justify a crime only deserves to be visited with the vengeance that is due! Why dost thou determine upon such a severe punishment for such small sins? Grieve only in proportion as thou art injured.

DEJ Dost thou regard this grievance of a marriage with a concubine as a trivial one? Dost thou suppose that any thing can be excessive which only keeps alive that indignation which is called forth.

NUR And has all love for the renowned Alcides left your bosom?

DEJ It has not fled Nurse it remains and rests permanently rooted even in the very marrow of my bones believe me as to that, but remember excessive resentment is only outraged love.

NUR Very often wives make the marriage knot more binding by magical devices conjoined with fond entreaties. A grove for instance has by such means been made to look verdant in the middle of winter and lightning itself

Habuerē motum s̄va discuffi fores Umbre stetit̄is & mea iussi prece Manes loquuntur sonit̄ inferni cr̄nis	460
Mare, terra, cœlum, & Tartarus seruit mihi Nox media solem vidit, & noctem dies Nihilque leges ad meos cantus tenent, Flectemus illum carmin̄a inuent̄ uter	
DEJAN Quas Pontus herbas generat, aut quas Thessal̄a Sub iupe Pindus? aut ubi inueniam malum, Cui cedit ille? carmine in terris mago Descendat astris luna desertis licet Et bruma messes vider̄, & cantu fugax Stet deprehensum fulmen, & versa vice	465 470
Medius corc̄tis serueat stellis dies Non flectet unum NUTR Vicit & superos amor	
DEJAN Vincetur uni forsan, & spoliū dabit, Amorque summus fiet Alcidae labor Sed te pei omne cœlitum numen precor, Per hunc timorem, quidquid arc̄ni appar̄o, Penitus recondas, & fide tacit̄a prem̄as	475
NUTR Quid istud est, quod esse secretum jubes? DEJAN Non tela sunt, non arma, non ignis minax NUTR, Præstare fateor posse me tacitam fidem, Si scelere carcat interim scelus est fides	480
DEJAN Circumspice, agedum, ne quis arc̄na aucupet, Partemque in omnem vultus inquirens eat NUTR En locus ab omni tutus arbitrio vacat DEJAN Est in remoto regis fedis loco	485

in its transit through the sky, has been intercepted in its progress—I have myself set the sea in commotion, when there was a total cessation of wind, and on the other hand, I have caused the troubled waves to appear as a calm lake, and a dry soil has been brought into view, displaying the most unexpected fountains—rocks have been endowed with motion—I have broken open the portals leading to the infernal regions—and oh! ye shades, ye have stood forth, and commanded through my invocations, the Manes have spoken—the dog of hell has barked at my solicitation—the sea, the earth, the heavens, and even Tartarus are ever ready to wait upon me! The Sun has been seen in the middle of the night, and the day has been converted into night—nothing is regulated by its usual laws, when I employ my incantations! Let us turn the heart of Hercules, my magical strains will find their way even into the soul of a Hercules!

DEJ Whatever poisonous herbs are grown in Pontus (celebrated for poisonous plants and castors), or whatever plants may flourish at the foot of the Thessalian moun-

tuns or wherever else I may discover something deadly to which Hercules might succumb let the moon be induced to descend upon the earth and desert the companionship of the stars by my magical incantations! and let the cold winter behold the ripened corn and let the swift lightning stand still arrested by my magic strains and the entire course of things being utterly reversed let there be the heat of mid-day with the stars shining in the firmament at one and the same time but all this magical business would not move the heart of one particular man and that man is Hercules! to abandon his love for Iole!

NUR Cupid oforetime thou knowest has conquered the Gods above and may conquer even Hercules!

DEJ Perhaps Cupid himself may be conquered by this one particular Hercules and despoiled of his arms (Cupid may yield up his bow and arrows to Hercules as a trophy) and this love's representative Cupid thus conquered by Alcides may be converted into the last and greatest of his labors. But I entreat thee Nurse by every Deity amongst the Gods above by the fear thou mayst have of displeasing me that whatever secret design I may get ready to carry out thou wilt hide away in the innermost recesses of thy soul and conceal it with the strictest fidelity

NUR What is it may I ask that thou enjoimest me to keep so profoundly secret?

DEJ They are not darts nor weapons of destruction nor threatening flames!

NUR I tender my willingness to observe the strictest secrecy so long as there is no crime with it for some times a promise of that kind might assume the proportions of a crime

DEJ Come this way mind and be circumspect lest a single soul should be listening and catch at my secret and then some inquisitive eyes might be casting searching looks towards every spot

NUR Look! yonder is a snug place secure against any prying lookers on!

DEJ There is an unfrequented cave in the region of the royal domain taking care of my secret—the place does not admit the light of early morn nor even at



Αἰσᾶν tacitus nostra defendens specus  
 Non ille primos accipit soles locus,  
 Non ille feros, cum feiens Titan diem  
 Lassam iubenti mergit Oceano rotam  
 Illic amoris pignus Herculei latet 490  
 Ἄλτρῳ, fitebor, Nessus est ἄκτοῖο μάλι,  
 Quem gravida Nephele Theffalo genuit duci,  
 Qua celsus astris inserit Pindus caput,  
 Ultraque nubes Othrys educatus iugit  
 Namque ut subactus Herculis clava horridi 495  
 Achelous, omnes facilis in species dari,  
 Tandem peractis omnibus patuit feis,  
 Unoque turpe subdidit cornu caput  
 Me conjugem dum victor Alcides habet,  
 Repetebat Aigos soite per campos vagus 500  
 Evenos altum gurgitem in pontum ferens  
 Jam pæne summis turbidus ripis erat  
 Transire Nessus vorticem solitus vadis  
 Pretium poposcit meque jam dorso ferens,  
 Qua jungit hominem spina deficiens equo, 505  
 Frangebatur ipsas fluminis tumidi muros  
 Jam totus undis Nessus exierat ferox,  
 Medioque adhuc erabat Alcides vado,  
 Vasto raptorem vorticem scindens gradu  
 Ast ille ut esse vidit Alcidem procul, 510  
 Tu præda nobis, inquit, & conjux eris  
 Prohibetur undis, meque complexus ferens  
 Gressum citabat non tenent undæ Herculem  
 Inside vector, inquit, immixti licet  
 Ganges & Ister vallibus junctis cant, 515  
 Vincemus ambos consequar telo fugam  
 Precessit arcus verba tum longum ferens  
 Arundo vulnus, tenuit hærentem fugam,  
 Mortemque fixit ille jam querens diem  
 Tibum fluentem vulneris dextra excipit, 520  
 Traditque nobis ungula insertum suæ,  
 Quam forte seua sciderat vulsam manu  
 Tum verba inoricens addit Hoc, inquit, magæ  
 Dixere amorem posse desigi malo  
 Hoc doctæ Myrcæ Theffalis docuit nurus, 525  
 Uram inter omnes Luna quam sequitur magam,  
 Astris relictis illius vestes dabis

any later portion of the day, either when Titan par-  
 amountly rules that day, or when he sinks down with  
 his weary chariot below the ruddy ocean (the reddened  
 horizon) In that spot, lies concealed what will be a  
 crucial test of Hercules' love for me (a poison having  
 the property of reclaiming the lost love of Hercules)—  
 I will confess to thee, Nurse, Nessus is the author of  
 this innocent fraud, he whom Nephele, made pregnant

by Ixion bore to that The stream kin where the lofty  
 Lindus in invites a peak as high as the stars—  
 where Othrys too runs in itself above the clouds is  
 covered with its perpetual mantle of ice and now—For  
 as soon as Achelous was clothed by the club of that  
 terrible Hercules he was ready for transformation into  
 any shape and at last presented himself as a bull after  
 all the wild beasts whose forms he had assumed had  
 been disposed of by Hercules and sank down his head  
 and head (with one of his horns gone) in one of his  
 familiar streams—while the conjuring Alcide looked  
 upon me and a wife he was fond of a man Arcton  
 and on one occasion the Euenus river pursued its wander-  
 ing course through the plains around it in forwards a  
 very whirlpool of its deep waters towards the ca-  
 none in its (well known) bottom ne almost to the level of its  
 highest bank and Nessus the Centaur was doomed to  
 this vortex required some reward for carrying me across  
 these wild waters on his back where that part of his back  
 representing a horse broke off abruptly and became  
 joined to the remainder which assumed the form of a  
 man (the half man half horse) All on a sudden the  
 ferocious Nessus got completely out of the middle of the  
 treacherous stream, he was through the rapid vortex at  
 a great pace when Nessus saw that Hercules was some-  
 distance off exclaiming You are my property and shall  
 be my wife—Hercules is being kept back by the water  
 and embracing me Nessus flew on at a terrible rate but  
 the water did not detain Hercules long and he hunted  
 out Oh thou treacherous porter although the Canges  
 and the Danube mix, their stream should flow over  
 the intermediate valley as over one river bed I would  
 overcome both and follow up thy retreat with one of my  
 arrows! The bow was drawn before Nessus could have  
 heard the word and the arrow causing a deep wound  
 arrested his flight and sealed his doom and whilst his  
 eyes were wandering and trying to distinguish the light  
 of day he gathered up with his right hand some of his  
 poisoned blood as it flowed and handed it to me depo-  
 sited in one of his hoofs which he violently tore off with  
 his savage hand then his dying words were with this  
 poison (a magic phylactery) he went on to say the  
 magicians have declared to me that love can be implanted  
 (in the bosom of those brought under its influence)  
 Myrtle so learned in the magic art told this to the The-  
 salian matrons—she was the only magician out of all the  
 others by whose incantations the moon could be made  
 to come down upon this earth and quit the compan-  
 ship of her fellow luminaries (the stars) Then he went

Hac, inquit, ipsa tæbe, si pellex tuos  
 Invisa thalamos tulerit, & conjux levis  
 Aliam parenti dederit altisono nuium 530  
 Hoc nulla lux aspiciat, hoc tenebræ tegant  
 Tantum remotæ sic potens vires suas  
 Sanguis tenebit verba deprendit quies,  
 Mortemque lassis intulit membris sopor,  
 Tu, quam meis admittit arcæus fides, 535  
 Perge, ut nitentem virus in vestem datum,  
 Mentem per artus aderit, & tactu intimas  
 Intret medullas NUTR Ocius iussa exsequat,  
 Alumna precibus tu Deum invocatum advocat,  
 Qui ceteri tenebra tela dimittit manu 540  
 DEJAN Te, te precor, quem mundus & superi timent,  
 Et æquos, & qui fulmen Ætææum quatit,  
 Timende matri teliger sævæ pueri,  
 Intende certa spiculum velox manu,  
 Non e sagittis levibus ex humero, precor, 545  
 Gravioſe profer, quod tuæ novidui manus  
 Misere in aliquem non levi te'lo est opus,  
 Ut amare possit Hercules rigidus manus  
 Intende, & arcum cornibus junctis para  
 Nunc', nunc sagittam piome, qua quondam hœmidus 550  
 Jovem petisti fulmine abjecto Deus  
 Cum fronte subita tumuit, & rapidum mare  
 Taurus puellæ vector Assyriæ scidit  
 Inmitte amorem vincat exempla omnia  
 Amare discat conjugem si quis decor 555  
 Ioles iussit pectori Herculeo faces,  
 Exstingue totas perbibat flammæ mei  
 Tu fulminantem sæpe domuisti Jovem,  
 Tu furva nigro sceptrâ gestantem poli,  
 Turbæ ducem majoris, & dominum Stygis 560  
 Tu, qui noverca es gravior natæ Deus,  
 Cape hunc triumphum solus evince Herculem  
 NUTR Probatæ vis est quæque Palladæ colu  
 Lassavit omnem tætra similitarem manum

on to say, with this poison rubbed on their garments, (for example) if some odious concubine should usurp thy marriage-bed, or if some unfaithful husband should bring into thy presence another daughter-in-law, for that Jupiter who sends forth from above his mighty peals of thunder—It must not be exposed to the air, but darkness be it ever so far off, must shield it from the smallest access of light, and by that means this potent specific (blood) will preserve its virtues His last end followed these words, and the sleep of death stole over his powerful frame! And thou, Nurse, whom my sincere trust in thy fidelity, has admitted into my secret, proceed with thy task so that the virus shall thoroughly penetrate every

filament of the handsome robe which I shall give thee—and in its travel it will enter his very soul whilst it traverses the innermost marrow of his bones!

NUR I will carry out thy commands with all despatch my dear nurse child but invoke thou the invincible God Cupid with thy prayers that god which sends forth his certain arrows with such a gentle hand

DEJ I pray thee thee of whom the gods above and the world below (the celestial terrestrial and marine animals) go in dread and thee who rulest the sea and who shakest the universe with the lightnings of Ætna and oh! thou dart bearing boy to be feared even (with anxious regard) by thy morose mother send forth with thy unerring arm the swift arrow but I pray thee not one of the lighter sort which thou carriest on thy shoulder but come to my aid with a heavier kind one of greater power the like of which thy hand has never yet hurled at any one for it is more than a gentle dart that will be required to make Hercules love in earnest! Stretch thy hands firmly till thou makest the very cornua of the bow nearly meet (that is to say the extreme ends of the bow approximated to the utmost by drawing the string to its maximum) Now! Now is the time to get the arrow ready in the way thou didst do—  
at what thou wast doing wh  
nings aside and suddenly  
and as a bull with the Lyrian damsel on his back (Europa) he cut his way through the waves of the tempestuous sea! Instil thou love into the obdurate heart of Hercules—let it outstrip all thy former successes! Let Hercules learn to love his wife and destroy at once and for ever any passionate flames by which the loveliness of Iole have burnt their way into the breast of Hercules and let him imbibe the tender passion for my benefit! Thou hast often aforetime subdued the heart of lightning hurling Jupiter thou hast likewise subdued him who wields that murky sceptre in the sombre heavens him who rules the largest portion of subjects (the majority) who dominates over the Stygian realms! Thou who as a deity canst make thyself more acutely felt than any anger of a step-mother—regard thou this as the triumph of triumphs and compliment thyself that thou art the only one that can conquer Hercules!

NUR The poison has been brought! and here is the specimen of the textile Palladian art turned out from the distaff which has tired out thou sayest the fingers of all

Nunc congeratur virus, ut vestis bibat 565  
 Herculeæ pestem præcibus augubo milum  
 In tempore ipso gurgus occurrat Lichas  
 Celanda vis est dira, ne patrat doli  
 DRJAN O, quod superbe non habent iniquum domus  
 Fidele semper regibus nomen Lichas, 570  
 Cape hos amictus nostræ quos necit manus  
 Dum vagus in orbem fertur & victus muto  
 Tenet seroet Licham gremio nutum,  
 Nunc poscit Iolen sed jecm suis horridum  
 Flestram merendo merita vicerunt malos 575  
 Non ante vestes indurat conjux jube,  
 Quam thure strammis præcat, & placet Deo.  
 Cæca rigentem populo vinctus comam  
 Ipsa in penates regios grassus seram  
 Præcibusque amoris horridi matrem eolam 580  
 Vos quæ præteritis extuli comites soeis  
 Calydoniæ, deslete llegendis vices

## CHORUS AEIOLARUM MULIERUM

Mulieres Calydoniæ Desunt sortem desent ambitionem  
 varitram, luxum, ceteraque mortaliu studia marna  
 detestantur privatam fortunam laudant

**F**LEMUS casus, Cænei, tuos,  
 Comitum primos turba per annos  
 Flemus dubios, venerandæ, toros 585  
 Nos Aeheloi tecum solite  
 Pulsare vidum, eum jam timidus  
 Vere peracto poneret undas,  
 Graeilisque gradu serpetet æquo  
 Nec precipitem voleret annem 590  
 Flaus rupto fonte Iyeormas  
 Nos Pallidus ne per aras,  
 Et virgineos celebræ choros  
 Nos Cadmeis origi ferre  
 Teem solite condita eistis, 595  
 Cum jam pulso sidere hūmæ  
 Teitri soles exoent ætras,  
 Et spiciferæ concessa Dee  
 Attet mystas claudit Eleusim

the females who have been working at it! Now the magic aphrodisiac (virus) must be collected carefully, and this Herculean robe must soak it all in, and I will increase its efficacy by my incantations—at that moment, the never-failing Lichas is putting in an appearance, (aside) but the fatal secret of this plot must be concealed from Lichas or it may become known to Hercules!

DEJ Oh! Lichas thou ever faithful confidant of the kings thou servest under a reputation which not every one serving in a proud palace can boast of—take charge of this garment which was woven by my very own hands whilst my husband was roaming about the World—at this moment (Dejanira is soliloquizing aside) he is sitting at his table in a muddled mood and in his flights of fancy is hugging to his bosom his darling Omphale (the Lydian Queen) under the influence of his vinous potations—in another minute he is mumbling inquiringly for Iole but the chance still exists that I shall prevail upon him to conquer this morbid passion by showing that I am deserving in his estimation for downright merit has always got the better of unworthiness in the long run—But let this injunction Lichas be faithfully observed before my husband enrobes himself with this tunic let him ply the altar fires liberally with frankincense and when he offers up his prayers to the Gods let him be sure to encircle those harsh locks of his with the white poplar I myself will betake my steps to the Royal Palace and lose no time in devoutly approaching the Goddess mother of that cruel deity who countenances the reproachable amorousness of my husband with my most urgent prayers and ye Ætolian (Calydonian) women whom I have brought as attendants from thy paternal homesteads bewail in concert my miserable lot!

### CHORUS OF ÆTOLIAN WOMEN

The Ætolian women bewail the lot of Dejanira they express their dislike of ambition avarice luxury and other frivolous pursuits of mankind and praise the inferior conditions of life

OH! Dejanira thou much adored daughter of CENEUS we bewail thy unhappy lot as the assembled companions of thy early years we deplore the precarious aspect of thy marriage outlook (divorce desertion) we who were accustomed to wade in the shallow streams of Achelous in company with thee when the spring was over and the swollen waters had subsided and when with a graceful flow they would glide along at a moderate pace nor would the muddy Lycornas its fountain sources being interrupted roll on as heretofore as a boisterous river—we would then repair to the altars of Minerva and celebrate the dances of the virgins as we were accustomed with our mystic Bacchian symbols triennially hidden away in our Theban baskets in honor

Nunc quoque etiam quemcumque timet Iudis comites accipe fatis Nam rura fides ubi jam melior Fortuna iuit	600
Tu quemcumque es, qui scripta tenes Licet omne tua vulgus in aula Centum prater lumina pulset Cum tot populis stipatus es In tot populis vix una fides Tenet iuratum lumen Erinyas Et eum magne patere fore, Intrant fraudes, erutique doli Ferrumque lateus cumque in populos Prodire prout eomes invidi est Noctem quoties sommovet Ios Regem toties credite rursu Pauci reges, non regna colunt Pluies fulgor concitat ubi Cupit hic regi proximus ipsi Clarus latis ire per urbes Urit miserum gloria pectus Cupit hic gravis implere sinem Nec tamen omnis plaga gemmiferi Sufficit Isti, nec tota situm Lydia vincit, nec, que Zephyro Subdit tellus, stupet iurato Flumine clarum ridere Iagum Nec si totus serviat Hebrus, Ruraque dives cingat Hydaspes Intraque suos euire sine Spectet toto flumine Gungem Avidis, avidis utura prium est Colit hic regem, regumque lures, Non ut presso vomere semper Nunquam cesset curvus arator Vel mille fecent una coloni Solas optat, quis donet, opus Colit hic reges, calcet ut omnes, Perdatque aliquos, nullumque levet Tantum ut voceat, cupit esse potens Quota pars motum tempore fati Quos felices Cynthia vidit,	605 610 615 620 625 630 635 640

of Bacchus in company with thee! When the star of winter disappeared and the third summer would arrive, we would invoke the presence of Phœbus, (summer heat) and Attica having served up its offerings, as being consecrate to the harvest producing Goddess, Ceres, Eleusis would witness the Athenian priestesses, shut up in their temples with their mystic paraphernalia! Now, verily, thou art fearful of some disaster, depend upon us, as faithful com-

panions in thy troubles! For fidebty is a rare commodity enough when our better fortunes forsake us and whosoever thou art that wieldest a sceptre although all thy fawning subjects thronq the hundred entrances of thy palace at the same time and with the same objects thou simply goest forth oppressed by the presence of so many people for amongst that large concourse of human units there is scarcel  
 mounts  
 spacious  
 their entrance is well as the concealed dagger and when the kings make ready to show themselves in person amongst the populace envy accompanies their footsteps and as often as Aurora dispels the night (early morn) believe in thy own mind that thou mayst be said to be coming forward at day light as some fresh king (is often as a king has escaped the snares and perils of the night not to say death itself let him believe that a new king is born so much danger hanging over kings every night) Few kings do not love and venerate their kingdoms the glitter of the palace enraptures so many whilst another man sighs to be the nearest to that very king when he sallies forth in all his splendor amongst the cities far and wide and this, in order to raise his own importance—that thirst for glory fairly inflames their miserable minds another longs to satisfy his craving hunger for riches—not even the entire land of the gem producing Danube is sufficient for him nor does the wealth of all Lydia assuage his longing thirst for gold nor any land blown upon by the mild Zephyr but he is dazzled somewhat with the thought that the bright Tagus shines for him with its golden streams nor would he be satisfied if the entire Hebrus were placed at his disposal and the rich fields whose banks are laved by the fertilizing Hydaspes—not even, if he could behold the Ganges itself with its numerous tributaries passing through his own territories Nature is quite a niggardly arrangement on the part of Providence for the greedy—for the ambitious! One man will worship a king and every thing that belongs to that king! not that the ploughman with his stooping back, will ever cease to force his way through the soil with his diligent ploughshare or the husbandman ever relax from gathering in the harvests from his thousand fields! He only desires the riches which they will yield him—another is addicted to king worship so that he may trample down every one else destroy and ruin some and give a helping hand to none—such a man desires to wield his power only that he may be able to oppress others! How large a proportion of ambitious mortals meet their fate before their



Vidit miseros enata dies Rarum est, felix, idemque senex Cæspes Tyrio mollior ostro Solet improprios ducere somnos	645
Aurea rumpunt tectæ quietem, Vigilesque trahit purpura noctes O si præterint peccatorum ditum, Quantos intus sublimis agit Fortunæ metus! Brutæ Cois	650
Pulsante fretum mitior undæ est Peccatorum pauper securæ gerit Tenet e prætulæ poculæ sago, Sed non trepidæ tenet illæ manu Carpit faciles viresque cibos,	655
Sed non strictos respicit enses Aurea miscet poculæ sanguis Coniugæ modico nuptæ marito Non disposito claræ monili Gestat pelagæ donæ rubentis	660
Nec gemmiferas detrahit aures Lapis Eor lectus in undæ, Nec Sidonio mollis thicno Repetitæ bibit lantæ rubores, Nec Mæoniar distinguit ænæ,	665
Quæ Phœbeis subditus Euis Legit Eois ser arboribus Quælibet herbæ tinere colos, Quas indoctræ nevere manus Sed non dubios fovet illæ toros	670
Sequitur diræ lampadæ Erinnyis Quarum populi coluere diem Nec sibi felix præper habetur, Nisi felices cecidisse videt Quisquis medium defugit iter,	675
Stabili nunquam tramite curret Dum petit unum præbere diem, Patuloque puer constitit axe, Nec per solitum percurrit itei, Sed Phœbeis ignota fecat	680
Sidera flammis errante iora, Secum pariter perdidit orbem Medium cœli dum fulcat iter, Tenuit phœtras Dædalus ois, Nullique dedit nomina ponto	685

time! The newly arrived day sees many men miserable, whom Cynthia (last night's moon) had seen the night before, radiant and happy! It is seldom that you see an old man (and at the same time) a happy man represented by the same individual! The green sward softer than the Tyrian purple, allows you to enjoy your

sleep from apprehensions—the gilded ceilings (roof) often disturb the rest, and those clothed in their purple only pass wakeful nights! Oh! if the hearts of the rich could be laid bare what an amount of misery we should discover that elevated fortune brings in its train! The Sicilian sea is not so rough when the North West wind is contending against its waves a poor man possesses a serene mind as he holds in his hand the rude drinking cup carved out of the wide spreading beech tree nor does he raise it to his lips with that hand in a trembling condition! He gathers in his daily food either that which costs him nothing at all or what is of the very cheapest kind but he does not know any thing about the sword of Damocles and blood (that is the price of it) does not mix up with the contents of his golden goblet! The wife married to the humble man does not bedeck herself with a necklace mounted with the bright ornaments yielded up from the Red Sea! Nor does the Oriental pearl found at the bottom of the ocean weigh down the lobes of her ears as a gem laden pendant! Nor does the soft wool of the poor man's wife imbibe the red dyes from such repeated immersions in the Sidonian copper vessel! Nor does the Mæonian matron carefully ply with her embroidery needle the delicate threads which the Ser living under an Oriental Sun gathers from the trees in those Eastern Woods—any common plant suffices to yield up its colors to the materials issuing from the poor woman's distaff which too have been spun by the very roughest of hands but such a woman as that does not harass her mind by dwelling upon the unfaithfulness of the marriage bed! Erinnys follows up with her unrelenting torch the people who celebrate with pomp and public demonstrations their natal days nor is even a poor man satisfied in his own mind that he is a happy man till he sees some of the high and mighty fall from their lofty eminence! Whoever eschews the paths of moderation can never proceed on his way along a track to be depended on for its safety! When the boy Phaethon madly asked that one day should be granted him to drive the horses of the Sun and settled himself down in his father's chariot it was not allowed to travel the usual path but with the eccentrically driven Chariot he cut his way through those regions in space altogether strange to the fiery steeds of Phœbus and he might have destroyed the earth as well as himself! Dædalus preserved his serenity of countenance when he ploughed the middle way in the sky and gave his name to no sea! But when Icarus had the temerity to outstrip the birds themselves in his aerial flight and whilst that conceited boy totally disregarded

Sed dum volucres vincete veras  
 Icarus audet, patriasque pueri  
 Despicit alas, Phœboque volat  
 Proximus ipsi, dedit ignoto  
 Nomina ponto 690  
 Male pensantui magna ruinas  
 Felix alius, magnusque sonet,  
 Me nulla vocet turba potentem  
 Stringat tenuis litoris puppis  
 Nec magna meos iura phaselos 695  
 Juberit medium scindere pontum  
 Transit tutos Fortuna sinus,  
 Medioque rates quærit in alto,  
 Quarum ferunt supparæ nubes  
 Sed quid pravo territi vultu,  
 Quis Baccho fructa Mænas, 700  
 Festui rapido regina gradu  
 Quæ te iustus fortuna rotat,  
 Miseranda, refer licet ipsa neges,  
 Vultus loquitur, quodcumque tegis 705

## ACTUS TERTIUS

## DEJANIRA, CHORUS

Dejaniram, periculo veneni ad solem expositi flammæque  
 concipientis facto, consilii sui pœnitet

**V**AGUS per altus erat excussos tenior  
 Erectus horret criminis impulsis adhuc  
 Stat terror animis, & cor attonitum salit,  
 Pavidumque tepidis palpitat venis jecur  
 Ut fractus Austro pontus etiamnum tumet, 710  
 Quamvis quiescat languidis ventis dies  
 Ita mens adhuc vexatur excusso metu  
 Semel profecto premeie felices Deus  
 Cum cœpit, urget hos habent magna exitus  
 CHOR Quis iam impotens, o miseræ, te casus rotat? 715  
 DEJAN Ut missa palla est, tibe Nessæa illita

the unaspiring wings of his father's, and flew quite near to the Sun which melted the wax of his wings, and falling gave his name to an unknown sea<sup>1</sup> A lofty condition does not compensate for the ruin involved therewith —another man, more fortunate and rejoicing in his greatness, may fly about (sometimes with impunity) but let no flattering crowd call you great! A fragile skiff may graze the shore unharmed, but a heavy breeze should

never tempt that craft to cut its way to the middle of the ocean! Good fortune only attends upon those who hoist easy canvas and goes on a vain errand in quest of those crafts doomed to destruction that venture into the middle of the deeps with their topsails made to strike the very clouds! (that is to say they come to grief) But why is the Queen coming on (advancing) with such a rapid step? Why does she look so terrified in her expression like some wounded Mænad full of her inspiring God Bacchus? Tell us oh! miserable Dejanira what capricious turn of Fortune's wheel has again affected thee thus? Although thou mayst deny the accusation thy very face reveals that whatever thou art fancying thou art hiding from us!

## ACT III

### DEJANIRA—CHORUS

Dejanira repents of her design when she is acquainted with what danger the poison has brought about and which calamity is predicted from its exposure to the sun had now taken place

#### DEJANIRA

A WANDERING tremor travels all over my convulsed frame my hur stands erect from my fright and (inward) terror still possesses my agitated soul! I am so bewildered in my mind and my natural sensibilities are so much wrought upon that my terrified heart leaps and throbs and my very liver beats against my side with its blood vessels in tremulous commotion—as the sea still remains swollen and angry after it has been vanquished by the South wind although the tempest has quieted down the winds having become more gentle so my inward soul is harassed from the effects of the fears which had been left behind—of a truth when once the angry deity tries to oppress those that were once happy he perseveres with the task he commenced with (great undertakings generally have anxious and calamitous endings)

CHOR What terrible calamity oh! miserable princess causes thee to shake thus?

DEJ When the cloak was sent to me with the Nessus poison rubbed into it being cast down by my sorrows I

Thalamisque mœrens intuli gressum meis,  
 Nescio quid animus timuit, & fraudem fuit  
 Libet experiri solibus virus ferum  
 Flammisque Nessus sanguinem ostendi acuit 720  
 Hic ipse fraudes esse præmonuit Deus  
 Et forte nulla nube resperfus jubar  
 Lababat ardens sevidum Titan diem  
 (Vix ora solvi patitur etiam nunc timor)  
 Medios in ignes solis, & clarum fucem 725  
 Quo tincta fuerat pilla, vestisque illita,  
 Abjectus horret sanguis & Phœbi coma  
 Tepesfactus ardet vix queo monstrum eloqui  
 Nives ut Eurus solvit, aut tepidus Notus,  
 Quas vere primo lubricus perdit Mimas, 730  
 Utque involutos frangit Ionio salo  
 Opposita fluctus Leucas, & lassus tumor  
 In litore ipso spumat, ut cœlestibus  
 Aspersa tepidis thura lavantur focus  
 Sic languet omne vellus, & perdit comam 735  
 Dumque ipsa muor, causæ mirandi perit  
 Quin ipsa tellus spumeos motus agit,  
 Et quidquid ille tabe contactum est, labat  
 [Tumenisque tacita sequitur, & quassat caput]  
 Natum paventem cerno & ardenti pede 740  
 Gressus ferentem prome, quid portes novi

## HYLLUS, DEJANIRA, NUTRIX

Intellecto ex Hyllō funesti muneris mōlo, Dejanira sibi  
mortem consciscit

**I** HYL PROFUGE, quære si quid ulterius patet  
 Terris, freto, sideribus, Oceano, inferis  
 Ultra labores, mater, Alcidae fuge  
 DEJAN Nescio quod animus grande præfagit malum 745

wended my steps towards my bed-chamber, and I know not, why I had my fearful misgivings and I somehow suspected that some fraud had been planned out, I thought, however, I would give it a trial, Nessus laid great stress on the precaution, that his blood, which was a virulent poison should not be exposed to the light nor brought under the influence of heat, my good genius forewarned me there was some fraud intended, but Titan, (the Sun) by chance, with no clouds hanging about, as he let loose the burning day, must have shed his rays on it, my excessive timidity, even now, will scarcely allow me to find utterance for my thoughts — The blood, with which the cloak was impregnated, and the other garment, which

was rubbed with it also, exposed to the heat of a mid day sun and the glaring light of the bright day began to tremble visibly (the calorific and luminous rays combined to cause a bubbling up as if in boiling from the augmentation of temperature) and thus beginning to be made hot by the rays of the sun soon began to burn fiercely. I can scarcely express myself with regard to this prodigious occurrence. As the East wind or the warm South wind which dissipates the snow in early spring on the slippery Mimas that snowy Ionian mountain and as the coast of Lencas exactly opposite breaks up the waves which are rolled against it by the Ionian sea and the swelling of such waves becoming exhausted leaves only a mass of foam on its shores or as the frankincense scattered upon the celestial altars when they are heated soon becomes evaporated in like manner do the entire woolly materials composing the substance of the cloak and the other garment disappear altogether through the heat of the flames and at last become self extinguished (By this passage is meant the whole of the combustible carbonaceous matter being consumed nothing is left for the active flames to operate upon and thus the flames die out) And whilst I ponder wonderingly over all this the cause of such wonder soon vanishes when I think of every thing. But the ground itself becomes agitated and sets up a frothy appearance from its disturbed condition whilst every thing that is brought into contact with that virulent poison is instantly destroyed and although swelling with pent up anger without saying a word she ponders over the situation and merely shakes her head significantly. I now perceive my terrified son Hyllus approaching with rapid steps tell me Hyllus what news hast thou brought?

## HYLLUS—DEJANIRA—NUKSI

The mischief brought about by this fatal gift being ascertained from Hyllus, Dejanira resolves to kill herself

## HYLLUS

Go mother flee seek out if there is any spot open for thy reception more remote than even this earth—the sea—the heavens—the Ocean or even the infernal regions—beyond those regions which have witnessed the labors of Alcides!

DEJ. A presentiment of some great calamity I know not what has taken possession of my mind

HYL Regna, triumpha, templū Junonis pete  
 Hæc tibi patent delubria præclufa omnia  
 DEJAN Effare, qui me casus infontem picmat  
 HYL Decus illud orbis, atque præfidium unicum,  
 Quem fata teris in locum dederant Jovis, 750  
 O mater, abiit membra, & Herculeos toros  
 Urit lues nescio qua qui domuit feras,  
 Ille, ille victor vincitur, mœret, dolet  
 Quid quæris ultia? DEJAN Miferias properant suas  
 Andire miferi fare, quo posita in statu 755  
 Jam nostra domus est o lares, miferi lares!  
 Nunc vidua, nunc expulsa, nunc feror obiuta!  
 HYL Non sola mœres Hercules toto jacet  
 Mundo gemendus fata ne, mater, tua  
 Privata credas jam genus totum obstrepit 760  
 Hunc, ejulatu quem gemis, cuncti gemunt  
 Commune terris omnibus patris malum  
 Luctum occupasti prima non solū Herculem  
 Miseranda mœres DEJAN Quam prope a leto tamen,  
 Ede, ede, (quæso) jaceat Alcides meus 765  
 HYL Mors refugit illum, victa quæ in regno suo  
 Semel est nec audent fata tum vastum nefas  
 Admittete ipsa forsitan trepida colos  
 Clotho manu projecit, & fatum Herculis  
 Timet peragere præ diem! infandum diem! 770  
 Hocne ille fummo magnus Alcides erit?  
 DEJAN Ad fata & umbras, atque pejorem polum  
 Præcedere illum dicis? an possum prior  
 Mortem occupare? fare si nondum occidit  
 HYL Euboica tellus vertice immenso tumens 775  
 Pulsatur omni latere Phœneum mare  
 Scindit Caphareus servit hoc Austro latus  
 At qua nivosi patitur Aquilonis minas,  
 Euripus undas flectit instabilis vagas,  
 Septemque cursus volvit, & totidem refert, 780  
 Dum lassū Titan mergat Oceano iuga

HYL Seek for some kingdom, for some fresh triumphs,  
 aye, the temples of Juno—they will be open to thee, but  
 all other fanes will be closed against thee

DEJ Express thyself more explicitly Who is there that  
 can rail at me, one that is entirely innocent of this  
 calamity!

HYL That ornament of the world and its only safeguard  
 one which the Fates had presented to the Earth in the  
 place of a Jupiter—Oh! mother, he has gone! I know  
 not what destructive agent has burnt up the limbs and  
 muscles of Hercules, and he that subdued the wild beasts  
 is grieving and mourning, and he, the proud conqueror

has lived to see himself conquered! What more dost thou want to know than all this?

DEJ Those in misery are always in a hurry to know the length and breadth of their miseries! Speak out! Oh! in what a sad position our palace is placed! Oh! my home! my now wretched home! but now I am a widow and am utterly overwhelmed in ruin! Now I am a homeless woman!

HYL Thou art not the only mourner Hercules dies with all the world groaning at his loss—do not attach any importance to thy own personal loss—already the entire human race resound the air with their grief—all the peoples bewail him with the same moanings which thou thyself art evincing now—thou art suffering from a calamity which is felt by all the earth—thou art the first to be true to take on with grief but thou in all thy misery art not the solitary mourner for Hercules!

DEJ But how near death is he? Oh! tell me I beseech thee and will my dear Alcides really die?

HYL Even Mors does not like to face him—the Mors of that land which he once subdued as she reigned paramount in her own Kingdom nor even do the Fates dare to commit any impious offence (where Hercules is concerned) and Clotho herself most likely has arranged her distaff with a trembling hand and is fearing to issue her fiat with regard to the fate of Hercules! Alas! for such a day to arrive! Alas! for such a cruel day! And will that really be the last eventful day for the great Alcides?

DEJ Dost thou say that he is going before me to the Fates—the Manes and the worse dark sky below? Cannot I possibly meet my own doom first? Speak! if he has not as yet departed this world

HYL The land of Eubœa swelling proudly with its immense mountain promontory is struck by the boisterous waves in every part of its insular sea board—Caphareus divides the Hellespont, (Phrygian Sea) and this side of Eubœa is under the influence of the South wind but where the same island suffers from the angry tempests of the North wind  
Euripus whir  
often (The  
as many as eight are known to occur amongst some of the islands in the Eastern Archipelago) Where Titan sinks



Hæc iupe celsa, nulla quam nubes fuit,  
 Annosa fulgent templæ Cæteri Jovis  
 Ut stetit ad aras omne votivum pecus,  
 Totumque tauris gemuit auratis nemus, 785  
 Spolium leonis sordidum tabo exiit,  
 Posuitque clivæ pondus, & pluvetra graves  
 Læxavit humeros veste tunc fulgens tur,  
 Cæteri revinctus populo horrentem comam,  
 Succendit aras Accipe hæc, inquit, foci 790  
 Non false missæ genitor, & iugo ficer  
 Splendescet ignis thure, quod Phœbum colens  
 Dives Sibiæ colligit truncis Arabs  
 Præcæta tellus, inquit, & cœlum, & fræteri,  
 Fœcis subactis omnibus victor prædii 795  
 Depone fulmen gemitus in mediæ præces  
 Stupente & ipso, cecidit hinc cœlum horrido  
 Clamore complet quæris impieffa fugam  
 Trivius bipenni vulnus & telum fœrens,  
 Delubra vasto trepidæ mugitu replet, 800  
 Aut quale mundo fulmen emissum tonat,  
 Sic ille gemitus sideræ & pontum fœuit  
 Et vasta Chalcis sonuit, & voces Cyclis  
 Excepit omnis hunc petiæ Cephærides  
 Hinc omne voces reddit Herculeæ nemus 805  
 Flentem videmus vulgus antiquam putat  
 Rabiem redisse tunc fugam famuli petiunt  
 At ille vultus ignea torquens face,  
 Unum inter omnes quærit & sequitur Lichæum  
 Complexus hæc ille tremebunda manu, 810  
 Mortem metu consumsit, & præcium sui  
 Pœnæ reliquit dumque tremebundum manu  
 Tenet cadaver, Hæc manu, hæc, inquit, ferræ  
 (O fœta!) vœtus? Herculem perimit Lichæus  
 Ecce alia clades, Hercules perimit Lichæum 815  
 Factæ inqumentur fœt hic summus labor  
 In istra missus fertur, & nubes vago  
 Spargit cruore tælis in cœlum exsilit  
 Arundo, Geticæ visæ dimittit manu,  
 Aut quam Cydon excussit inferius tramen 820  
 Et telæ fugient truncus in pontum cædit  
 In fœva cervicæ funus ambobus præcet  
 Resistite, inquit non fœvor mentem abstulit  
 Furore gravius istud atque ira malum est  
 In me juvat sævire vix pestem indicat, 825  
 Et sævit utus ipse dilacerat suos,  
 Et membra vasta capit avellens manu  
 Exuere amictus quærit hoc solum Herculem

his wearied chariot below the ocean, on a lofty hill, here, which no clouds ever obscure from the sight (envelope),

the ancient temple of Jupiter Cœtus shines forth radiantly. As all the cattle intended for the sacrifice are standing before the altars the whole forest around echoes to the bellowings of the bulls with their gilded horns! Hercules takes off the Lion's skin stained with the blood of that Nemean trophy and relieves his burdened shoulders of his ponderous quiver then looking very radiant with the robe thou hadst given him binds round his shaggy locks the white poplar (the tender flexible stems and leaves)—then he lighted up the altars and exclaimed Oh! my father receive as a sincere demonstration of my devotion these oriental aromatics on thy venerable altars and let the sacred fires grow bright with unstinted frankincense which the rich Arab who worships the sun gathers from the aromatic trees of Sabœa—He then goes on to say Let the earth now be at peace and the heavens and the sea! As a proud conqueror I have returned from having overcome every wild monster in existence Oh! my father do away now with thy lightnings!—And with a sudden groan in the midst of his adorations he fell to the ground stupefied—then he filled the air with a terrific shout much in the same way as the bull effecting its retreat after it has received the blow from the sacrificial axe and the wound actually retaining the weapon itself fills the very temple and causes it to tremble again with its tremendous roarings or such as the thunder produces when the lightnings of Jupiter are shot forth from the heavens in like manner does the groaning of Hercules smite the heavens above and the sea beyond and the vast Chalcis resounds with his tremendous voice and in every one of the Cyclades is it likewise heard—as well as in the rocky Capharides—every forest near this place echoes to the voice of Hercules and now we behold him weeping the old attendants round about him thinking that his former madness had reappeared (when he killed Megara and his children) and under that impression his servants take to their heels! but in reality his face is only writhing from the agony arising out of the burning he it of the fire round about his body and he singles out one from amongst the number of those near him and pursues Lichas who clung to the altar with a trembling hand and half dead with fear already left very little scope for the vengeance of Hercules! And whilst Hercules held his quivering carcass in his hand he exclaimed Oh! my sad destiny that it should go forth to the world that I had been conquered by such a hand as this for a Lichas to kill a Hercules! Wait to hear of the others slaughter which follows Hercules kills Lichas exclaiming The deed is really an inglorious one and tarnishes my former exploits and to



Hercules could not effect that object the only thing perhaps he ever failed in. However he attempted to draw it (his clothing) from his body a second time and dragged away part of his body with it—for the cloak had become a part of that body and had adhered and connected itself so inseparably with the integuments—nor was the cause of this destructive work by any means brought to light but there the cause was evidently sufficient for the evil it had brought about, then being scarcely able to bear the pain any longer and being very exhausted he smote the earth with his face bent downwards and then he asked for water but the water did not quench his tormenting thirst he sought the shore which the noisy waves were beating against and got into the sea but his servants hands prevented him from wandering far (they had hold of him) Oh! cruel lot we are all now on a par with Hercules then some craft brought him back to the Eubœan shore which a gentle South wind wafts shorewards with the ponderous Hercules on board to CÆTÆ!

DEJ All animation has left my body—my sight is quite dimmed! Oh! my soul! Why dost thou hesitate? Why art thou thus taken aback (astounded) the crime has indeed been worked out (committed) Jupiter is calling back his son! Juno will receive a rival! No! (this uttered in great despair) but Hercules must be given up to the earth again! But let me show what can be given up—let the pointed sword find its way through my body its legitimate due! Yes! Yes! this is what I must do cannot my hand though slight carry out this heavy punishment? Take me away by means of thy lightnings oh! my father in law (Jupiter) thy wicked daughter in law nor be thou not armed with one of thy light thunder bolts—let that lightning flash forth from the skies with which if there had been no Alcides as a son to thee thou couldst have burnt up even the Hydra! Destroy me as thou wouldst some extraordinary monster of the wild beast genus or as thou wouldst some monster even more dangerous than any mere angry step mother could make herself—send forth thy lightnings such as aforesaid thou shottest forth against Phaëton! Hercules has been destroyed by me and I have thus brought misery upon mankind! Then why should I ask for lightnings from the Gods? let me at all events spare my father in law to grant me death as the wife of Alcides? No! This very hand of mine must be made to carry out my wish! Let me call the sword's point into speedy requisition—But why the sword necessarily? Whatever would annihilate me will be sufficient for my object—I will be hurled from

Hæc, hæc tenatum primæ quæ poscit diem  
 Cæta eligam corpus hinc mitti placeat  
 Abrupta cuntes scindat & partem mei  
 Ferat omne saxum pendant læcia manus,  
 Totumque rubent asperi montis latius 865  
 Levis una mors est levis ut extendi potest  
 Eligere nescis anime cui telo incubes  
 Utinam esset, utinam saxus in thalamis meis  
 Hercules ensis! huic decet ferro immori  
 Una perire dextera nobis sit est 870  
 Coite gentes saxa & incensas faces  
 Jaculetur oibis nulla nunc cesset manus  
 Corripite tela vindicem vestrum abstuli  
 Impune sævi sceptrâ jam reges gerent  
 Impune jam infectum indomitum malum 875  
 Reddentur ire cinere assuetæ hostiam  
 Similem colenti sceleribus feci vitam  
 Ego vos tyrannis, regibus monstris, sevis  
 Sævisque, raptò vindicæ opposui Deis  
 Cessas, Tonantis focia non spargis facem, 880  
 Imitata fratrem, & mittis ereptam Jovi  
 Meque ipsa perdis? laus tibi erepta melior est  
 Ingens triumphus æmuli, Juno, tui  
 Mortem occupavi NUTR Quid domum impulsam trahis?  
 Erroris est hoc omne, quodcumque est nefas 885  
 Haud est nocens, quicumque non sponte est nocens  
 DEJAN Quicumque fato ignoscit, & parcat sibi,  
 Errat meruit morte dimitteri placeat  
 NUTR Nocens videri, qui mori querit, cupit  
 DEJAN Mors innocentes sola decipit facit 890  
 NUTR Titana fugies? DEJAN Ipse me litam fugit  
 NUTR Vitam relinques miser? DIJAN At Alciden sequar

some rock which raises its lofty peak to the skies, let  
 Cæta then be my choice, which from its height is the first  
 to catch a glimpse of the rising sun in the far distant  
 horizon—from that I should like to be thrown—the craggy  
 protruding rocks might perchance sever my body in its  
 descent, and every sharp stone might slice a portion of  
 that body—my lacerated hands might be caught, and I  
 should be suspended by them, or the entire rugged moun-  
 tain side might be tinged with traces of my life-blood—  
 One death is easy to go through, it is a slight affair, but  
 it can be prolonged—Thou knowest not, oh! my soul,  
 upon whose weapon thou shouldst fall! But I wish that  
 Hercules' own sword was hanging up in his bed chamber—  
 (its usual place) I do so wish it was! It would really be  
 a worthy death to die, by such a sword as his! But is  
 my own right hand quite equal to the task of inflicting

the death wound on myself Assemble oh! ye various  
people let the hole not want all I nee non e

now any indomitable monster may be born and stride  
the earth unopposed and the altars which were formerly  
accustomed to claim the guests of BUSIRIS as human  
sacrifices will be restored to their original use— I have

against the cruel deities! Why dost thou hesitate oh!  
thou sister and wife of Jupiter do not scatter fire and  
wide thy own lightnings imitating thy brother's—but fling  
some of Jupiter's lightnings and take upon thyself to  
destroy me! Consider what glorious renown has been  
achieved through my instrumentality what great triumph  
for thee Oh! Juno inasmuch as I have caused the death  
of thy rival!

NUR Why dost thou thus endanger the safety and  
welfare of thy home and family? This so called crime  
is after all whatever it may be regarded a mere error  
on thy part that person is not a criminal who is not so  
arising out of his own free will

DEJ Whoever glosses over or pretends not to see her  
destiny so that she may deal sparingly with herself  
deserves to suffer for her errors and thus I willingly  
adjudge myself to die!

NUR He who is courting death wishes to be con-  
sidered guilty

DEJ Death only considers those really innocent who  
have sinned in error (deceived by circumstances)

NUR Shalt thou then void for ever the light of day?

DEJ The day thou shouldst say will not deign to  
look at me

NUR Oh! miserable princess wilt thou really surrender  
thy existence?

DEJ But I shall only be following Alcides

NUR	Supereſt, & auras ille cœleſtes trahit	
DEJAN	Vinci Hercules cum potuit, hinc cœpit mori	
NUTR	Natum relinques, fataque abrumpes tua <sup>2</sup>	895
DEJAN	Quamcunque natus ſepelit, hæc vixit diu	
NUTR	Virum ſequeris <sup>2</sup> DEJAN Piægrædî caſtæ ſolent	
NUTR	Si te ipſa damnas, ſcelere te, miſera, arguis	
DEJAN	Nemo nocens ſibi ipſe pœnas abrogat	
NUTR	Multis remiſſa eſt vitæ, quorum eior nocens,	900
	Non dextia, fuerat fata quis damnat ſua <sup>2</sup>	
DEJAN	Quicumque fata iniqua fortitus fugit	
NUTR	Hic ipſe Megaren nempe conſivam ſuis	
	Stiavit ſigittis atque natoium indolem,	
	Lernæa figens telæ furibunda manu	905
	Ter parricida factus ignovit tamen	
	Sibi nam furoris fonte Cinyphio ſcelus	
	Sub axe Libyco terſit, & dextram abluit	
	Quo miſera pergis <sup>2</sup> quid tuas damnas manus <sup>2</sup>	
DEJAN	Damnat meas devictus Alcides manus	910
	Placet ſcelus punire NUR Si novi Hercules,	
	Aderit cruenti forſitan victor mali,	
	Dolorque fractus cedit Alcidæ tuo	
DEJAN	Exedit'aitus virus, et fama eſt, hydræ	
	Immensa peſtis conjugis membra abſtulit	915
NUR	Seipentis illi virus eneclæ autumas	
	Hæud poſſe vinci, qui malum & vivum tulit <sup>2</sup>	
	Eliſit hydram, dente cum inſivo ſtetit	
	Media palude victor, effuſo obviatus	
	Artus veneno ſanguis hunc Neſſi opprimit,	920
	Qui vicit ipſas horridas Neſſi manus <sup>2</sup>	
DEJAN	Fruſtra tenetur ille, qui ſtatuit mori	
	Proinde lucem fugere decretum eſt mihi	
	Vixit fatiſ, quicumque cum Alcide occidit	
NUTR	Per hæc aniles ecce te ſupplex comas,	925
	Atque ubera iſta pæne materna obſecio,	

NUR Hercules ſtill ſurvives<sup>1</sup> but dwells, henceforward, in ceſtial regions

DEJ When Hercules' turn came to be conquered, from that time forth he commenced to die

NUR Wilt thou leave a ſon behind, and break away from all thy deſtined duties<sup>2</sup>

DEJ Whomſoever a ſon buries, (the mother for whom all affection has died away) ſuch a woman has lived quite long enough!

NUR Then thou wilt follow thy husband

DEJ The chaste and good are apt to go firſt

NUR If thou condemnest thyself thus Oh! miserable Princess thou art deeming thyself guilty of the crime itself

DEJ No guilty man ought to withhold punishment from himself

NUR Life has been spared to many whose guilt was the result of error and not design—who therefore ought to be expected to sit in judgment on what was the result of some unfortunate error?

DEJ Yes! whoever had an unjust sentence passed upon him certainly would attempt to fly from it if he thinks it is unjust and it is to escape that injustice that such a man would do so

NUR Hercules himself for example struck down Megara pierced with his arrows as well as her family of sons wounding them with the shafts armed with the virus of the Hydra—his hands being brought under the control of his madness thus making of himself a parricidal sort of three fold murderer yet he found a way of forgiving himself and he washed out his crime committed whilst mad in the Cynphian streams under the scorching Libyan sky and he in a simple manner enough cleansed his guilty hands But what plan art thou pursuing oh! miserable Dejanira? Why dost thou conclude that thy hands cannot be cleansed (of thy error) in like manner

DEJ Why The fact of Alcides being overcome is sufficient to condemn me (beyond pardon) and moreover it is my will and wish that my offence should be atoned by my punishment

NUR If my notions about Hercules are at all near the mark he would appear most likely to turn out the conqueror in the matter of the virus of that sanguinary monster Nessus and the pain thus overcome will yield to thy Alcides as all other difficulties have done before!

DEJ The virus of this Hydra has eaten away his very limbs so goes the report and this poison has well nigh consumed his immense body as well

NUR Dost thou think that the virus of that hydra which was killed could not be effectually guarded against by him who deprived that monster of life—he strangled this hydra and when the conqueror stood up in the middle of the marsh wounded by its fangs his body was covered



Depono tumida pectoris laci manus,  
 Mortisque dire expelle decretum horribum  
 DEUS. Quicumque misero forte distulit moerem,  
 Crudelis ille est, inferum poena est mori. 930  
 Sed sepe dominum in pluribus veni, fuit  
 NUS. Defende filiam dexteram infelix terra,  
 Fraudisque benignus esse non nupto, fecit  
 DEUS. Defendat illic inferi absolvere rui  
 A me ipsa dunnor purget hic Pluton mori 935  
 Stabo ante ripas immemor Tede, op  
 Et umbra tristis conuogam excipiam in am  
 Sed tu merantis regna qui torque pol,  
 Para laborem seclera que q atque usu op,  
 Hic vicit error Juno non vici Hercules in 940  
 Erripere terras horribum poenam para  
 Sisyphus ceavis cessat & nostro hui  
 Impellet humero me vixi supra lites  
 Neumque fallax vnda deludat sum  
 Merui manus probere turbulibus tui 945  
 Quicumque rogeu Hest lum torque tota  
 Effodiat avidus hinc & hinc vulva, hies  
 Vacat una Darius, has ego explebo ne  
 Ixate manus recipe ne comitem tibi,  
 Phraiaer conjux peior hoc p por tuo 950  
 Utroque dextra est seclere seu mater novus  
 Seu dira soror es, velle me comitem tui,  
 Threici conjux secleribus noium tuam  
 Althea miter recipe nunc verim tuam

all over with the poison as it streamed off the monster!  
 Will the blood of this Nessus then, suffice to destroy him  
 who overcame the terrible power of Nessus himself?

DEJ. That person is held back in vain, who has deter-  
 mined to die!

NUR. Look at me, an old woman! And I conjure thee,  
 even as a suppliant, by these hoary, aged locks of mine,  
 and by these now shrivelled up breasts, that during thy  
 cradlehood were almost those of a mother's in affording  
 thee the pabulum necessary for thy infantile sustenance!  
 I conjure thee, to cast aside the swelling passions raging  
 in thy wounded heart and abandon this terrible threat  
 of self-destruction!

DEJ. Whoever, perchance, dissuades a wretched mortal  
 from dying, commits an act of cruel injustice, sometimes,  
 to die is a punishment, although, oftentimes, death is  
 awarded to us as a form of merciful pardon!

NUR Restrain thy hand at least Oh! unfortunate Princess and let all the world know that what has occurred has only been an offence springing out of the deception on the part of another and not in any way the outcome of a wife's design!

DEJ I myself plead guilty! Pluto will pacify these hands of mine the infernal deities will acquit me as a convict! I shall be defended there at all events I shall stand up with a clear conscience before thy banks Oh! thou Lethe that river of oblivion and as one of the tristful timid Manes will anxiously look out for my lost Alcides! But thou who governest that kingdom with its sombre sky prepare some penalty for me! This offence of mine (in its results) surpasses anything which the most audacious malefactor could ever have perpetrated even Juno herself would never have dared to seize away Hercules bodily from off the surface of the earth (as I have been the instrument of accomplishing) Get ready then some terrible punishment let for instance the shoulders of Sisyphus have a rest and the huge rock shall be thrust onwards by my (feminine) shoulders or let the baffling streams retreat from my eager approach and let the deceptious waters play maliciously at the expense of my thirsting lips! And Oh! thou wheel of Ixion which twirls round and round that Thessalian king I deserve to deliver up my body to thy revolutions! From all sides let the greedy vulture peck away at my liver and entrails! Or if there happens to be a Danaid short I can easily fill up the vacancy! Open thy dismal abodes Oh! ye Manes and let me join thy fraternity as a most desirable companion! Oh! The Phasian wife of Jason (Medea) I am a worse offender than thou art my hands have been much worse than thine in the commission of crime either in thy (of thy children) or

Absyrtus) I et me

criminal order! Oh! thou Thracian wife! (Iroctne)—And consider me as thy daughter Althæa and regard thyself as my mother (thou that slewest thy son) acknowledge me as one of the veritable offspring but what an unimportant proportion compared with mine however that thy hands were instrumental in removing out of the way! Let me be excluded from the temple of Eleusis whatsoever faithful wives ye are who are offering up thy adorations in the groves ye frequent in that sacred forest! Or if any one can be found who has besmeared her hands with the blood of a husband, or any cruel daughter of Belus altogether regardless of the marriage obligations



beast) In my desire to get rid of a concubine I have brought about my own downfall! Hide thyself from me oh! Titan thou grand luminary and thou my own vitality which clings to me and condemn not the wretched to behold the bland light of heaven against their will (I would say that to thee any wife deprived of and sighing for her Hercules my husband that is as dear as Hercules) that the light of heaven is a thing of no value then! No! I must exact the punishment which is due to thee oh! thou life of mine! Shall I surrender my life by my own agency or shall I allow it to be prolonged (For Hercules to take it) Oh! my husband shall I reserve my death to be dealt with by thy hands? And does sufficient strength yet remain in thee that thy armed hands would be able to stretch thy bow and send forth thy arrows? Do thy arrows hesitate or does the bow not respond to the enfeebled hands? Oh! my courageous husband if thou canst give me that death I will look forward to thy kindly aid! Let my death by my own hand be deferred! (Lichas had no choice in his case) Kill me however as thou didst that innocent Lichas! Scatter me in my fall amongst different cities (places) and let me be cast forth into some world unknown to thee! Destroy me as thou didst that Menaliran Boar, the pest of Arcadia or as thou didst whatever offered thee the slightest resistance but from which thou always camest off as my conquering husband!

HYL Spare thyself! Oh! my mother I pray thee throw no blame either on the irrevocable Gates—a mere error is exempt from the disgrace attached to a crime!

DEJ If true affection Hyllus is to be expected from thee now is the time to kill thy mother! Why do thy timid hands tremble so? Why dost thou turn thy face aside? Such an offence (as thou mayst look at it) would be absolute affection! Oh! dullsighted boy dost thou hesitate? I have taken Hercules from thee this—this very hand of mine has destroyed him to whom is thy father thou art so indebted inasmuch as thou possessest Jupiter himself as a grandfather! I have taken away a distinguishing ornament greater than the one I have introduced into the world in the shape of thyself! Learn from thy mother whether such a crime is to be ignored and pardoned by thee! either then let it please thee to plunge the sword into this neck of mine or if it please thee better into the very womb which gave thee birth—thy mother will show the most unflinching courage whilst thou dost so and if the act cannot be completely done

Invalde uterum mater intrepidum tibi Præbebit unum non erit totum scelus A te peractum dextera scilicet tua	995
Sed mente nostra natus Alcidae times- Ita nulla peragas iussa nec frangens mala Eires per orbem, si qua nascetur fera Referas præventem dexteram intrepidum paræ	1000
Patet ecce plenum pectus crummi scilicet Scelus remitto dextera præceat tua Eumenides ipsæ verberum crepuit sonus Quæram ista torquentis ungue vipereo comam Temporibus atris squallidis pinnis quitit-	1005
Quid dura me flagrantem persequeris face Megaræ? pœnas poscit Alcides, dabo Janne inferorum, Diva sedere arbitri- Sed ecce, diris crederis video fores Quis iste saxum immane detritis gerit Jam senior humeris? ecce, jam vœlus lapsis	1010
Quærit retribi membra quis præbet rotæ Hæc ecce palleus dura Lysiphone stetit Causam poposcit præce verberibus precor, Megaræ, præce, sustine Stygis faces Scelus est amoris sed quid hoc tellus habet	1015
Et rula tectis crepuit cæussis muræ Unde iste cœtus? totus in vultus meos Decurrit orbis, hinc & hinc populi fremunt Totusque poscit vindicem mundus summi	—
Jam præcite, inbes quo fugam præceps agrum Mors sola portus dabitur æmulus meis Festoi nitentis flammæ Phœbi rotam Superosque testor Herculem teris adhuc Mortura linguo IIII Fugit attonita heu mihi!	1020
Peracta jam præce matris est statuit mori Nunc nostra superest mortis inferre impetum O misera pietas! si mori matrem vetas, Patri es scelestus si mori pateris tamen, In matre peccas surgit huic illuc nefas Inhibenda tamen est pergam & euram scelus	1025     1030

by thee alone, I will, assisted by thee, throw myself down on thy armed right hand, but I should think, as a son of Alcides, thou wouldst not exhibit such a thing as fear! But it is one of two things, either never attempt to carry out the orders of any future Eurystheus, and wander about the earth in search of monsters, if ever wild beasts of that kind are to be born again, or it is, imitate thy kind parent and get ready thy courageous right hand to kill me—behold, my breast lies open for thee, full as it is of grief and woe—Come! Strike! I forgive thee the crime! Here Dejanua works herself into a state of frenzy, and fancies she beholds various visions—The Eumenides,



## CHORUS

Summa ab Herculis robore habeserunt occasione Chorum omnia  
 intentum obnoxia, nihil ratum iterum erant quam  
 sententiam ab iudice Orphico commendat quisque  
 ritum obiter celebrat

**V**IRUM est, quod eccinit facer  
 Thessa sub Rhodope jugis,  
 Aptans Pieriam chelyn,  
 Orpheus, Calliope genus  
 Aeternum fieri nihil 1035  
 Illius stetit ad modos  
 Fortentis rapidi fragor,  
 Oblitusque sequi fugam  
 Amisit liquor impetum  
 Et dum fluminibus mori est,  
 Defecisse putant Geten 1040  
 Hebrum Bistonies ultimi  
 Advenit volucrum nemus  
 Et silva resideus venit,  
 Aut si quæ terra pervolat,  
 Auditis vagæ cantibus 1045  
 Ales deficiens cadit  
 Abrupit scopulos Athos,  
 Centauros obiter sciens,  
 Et juxta Rhodopen stetit  
 Lævata nive cantibus 1050  
 Et quicum fugiens suram  
 Ad vitem properat Dryas,  
 Ad cantus veniunt suis  
 Ipse cum latebris seipæ  
 Juxtaque imprudum peccus 1055  
 Sedit Mæmaricus leo,  
 Nec damæ trepidant lupos,  
 Et seipens latebras fugit,  
 Funic oblita veneni 1060  
 Quin per Tænariæ foces  
 Manes cum trictos ardit,  
 Mœientem feriens chelyn,  
 Cantu Tartari flebili  
 Et tristes Etebi Deos 1065  
 Movit nec temuit Stygis  
 Juratos superis locus  
 Hæsit non stabilis tota  
 Victo languida tubine  
 Incievit Tityi jecur,  
 Dum cantus volucres tenet 1070  
 Audito quoque narrata  
 Inferni iatis æquoris  
 Nullo remigio venit

## CHORUS

The Chorus sings of everything as being subject to Death the occasion being so suggestive since the failing strength of Hercules— that nothing born or created is lasting which sentiment of Orpheus it praises and they intersperse the Chorus with celebrating his divine art

**I**T is a great truth of which Orpheus the sacred poet of the Muses and interpreter of the Gods and son of

Rhc

his

is e

the Hebrus have ceased enchanted by his melodious strains and that river has abandoned its usual impetuos

cians) actually suppose that the Getian Hebrus must surely have become dried up at its very source! The forest bringing together with it all its feathered inhabitants and the woods are drawn thither riveted by the enchanting melodies and whatever is on the wing in the air above directly his song is heard—whatever small bird is flitting about is overcome by his melodies and falls to the earth helpless! (That is their wings lose their nerve power) Mount Athos breaks away from its rocky foundations carrying with it the Centaurs dwelling here and there on its summits (Athos was the abode of the Centaurs) attracted to Orpheus and took up its stand close to Rhodope whilst the snow thereupon is being thawed by the sweet melodies of Orpheus! And every Dryad abandoned the watchful guardianship of her especial oak and hastens to listen to the musical poet! The wild beasts with their dens included come forward at the sound of his melodies and the ferocious Marmaric Lion crouches languidly by the side of the flock which do not go in dread of his presence for the nonce! Nor do the timid wild goats fear to have the hungry wolf in their very midst! And the serpent for once forgets all about its poisonous fangs and escapes from its lurking place! But when Orpheus passes in by the Tænarian Portals and meets with the silent Manes (thinking of the death of his Eurydice) and striking up some doleful strains upon his Pierian Lyre he moved Tartarus itself and the sad deities of Erebus with his mournful melodies nor did he fear to approach those Stygian lakes by which the Gods do swear! And the wheel



Iunc primum Phrygius fenu	1075
Undis stantibus immemor	
Excussit rabidam sitim,	
Nec pomis adhibet manus	
Sed cum linqueret inferos	1080
Orpheus carmina fundens,	
Et vinei lapidis improbus	
Et vatem potuit sequi	
Consumptas iterum Deo	
Supplent Eurydicæ colos	1085
Sed dum respicit immemor,	
Nec credens sibi redditam	
Orpheus Eurydicen sequi,	
Cantus præmia perdidit	
Quæ natæ est iterum, perit	
Tunc solamina cantibus	1090
Quærens, scibilibus modis	
Hæc Orpheus cecinit Getis	
Leges in superos datas,	
[Et qui tempora digerens	
Quatuor præcipitis Deus	1095
Anni disposuit vicis]	
Nulli non avidas colo	
Parcis staminæ nectere	
Quod natum est, poterit mori	
Vati credere Thracio	1100
Devictus jubet Hercules	
Jam jam legibus obrutis	
Mundo cum veniet dies,	
Australis polus obruet	
Quidquid per Libyam jacet,	1105
Et sparsus Gaamas tenet	
Arctous polus obruet,	
Quidquid subjacet axibus,	
Et siccus Boieas ferit	
Amissum tepidus polo	1110
Titan excutiet diem	
Cœli regia concidens	
Ortus atque obitus tuiet	
Atque omnes pariter Deos	

of Ixion which never stopped before, stood still then, its feeble revolutions being overcome by Orpheus—and the liver and entrails of Tityus, had time to grow larger, whilst the songs of Orpheus held the vultures spell-bound, and that old pilot, Charon, when he heard the music was enchanted thereby, and the skiff of that infernal river, came to land without any help from him as its oarsman! Then, directly Orpheus was heard, the Phrygian veteran, Tantalus, became quite unconscious that the hither to fuga-

scious streams in front of his lips were now standing still and he himself forgot all about his maddening thirst nor did his hands betray any eagerness to seize the apples though within his reach and showing no disposition to retreat—But as he was taking leave of the infernal regions still pouring forth his melodies that relentless time serving stone was willing to be overcome to yield up its duties and follow the musical poet (the stone of Sisyphus) and the Goddesses (Parcæ) had already replenished the exhausted distaff and renewed the threads of life to Eurydice but Orpheus forgetting all about his promise to Pluto looked behind him and then bethinking himself no longer believed that his Eurydice just lately restored to him would now be able to follow him and thus he lost the reward and advantages of all his enchanting songs! And Eurydice who had been born a second time thus returned to her former state (dies again)! Then seeking consolation from his own melodies the Thracian Orpheus chanted forth these truthful measures to the Getæ (a Scythian tribe noted for their contempt of death) Certain fates have been decreed even for the Gods above and that deity who when he regulated the seasons has laid out with exactitude the four divisions of the year as it rolls onwards and it is of no moment that the greedy Fates should fail to weave threads from their distaff for whatever is born or created must die! Place therefore reliance on the Thracian Poet it was simply ordained that Hercules should be finally overcome! And when at length the very laws of the universe become overthrown the last day must come too to this world! The Southern Heaven will overrun whatever exists throughout Libya and whatever lands the nomad Garamantes wander over (now the desert of Zaara) The Northern Pole will overwhelm whatever is beneath its own sky and wherever the dry Boreas shows its power with its freezing cold and stormy blasts! And trembling Titan (the sun) will be dislodged from the sky and there will then be the end of Day! And the palaces of the heavenly regions falling pell mell will drag down in their train all traces of such distinctions as East and West! And some species of annihilation will alike destroy the whole race of Gods and Chaos will reign supreme! And Death even will establish for itself some new laws for its own future guidance! (That is to say after everything has been destroyed by death the destroying cause ipsissima causa will be eventually changed in its turn mutata mutabuntur!) But what place will receive the world? Will the entrances to Tartarus disappear or be open in order to receive the scattered skies as they fall? And what space will serve to

Perdet moēs aliqua, & chaos	1115
Et mors fata novissimæ	
In se constituet sibi	
Quis mundum capiet locus?	
Difcedet via Tutarī,	
Stratis ut pateat polis?	1120
An quod dividit æthiera	
A teris spatium, fat est	
Et mundi nimum malis?	
Quis tantum capiet nefas	
Fati? quis superis locus	1125
Pontum, sidera, Tartara,	
Regna unus capiet tria?	
Sed quis non modicus fragor	
Aures attonitas movet?	
Est, est Hercules fons	1130

## ACTUS QUARTUS

## HERCULES, CHORUS

Ejulans Hercules conqueritur, indigne ferens, se indigna  
 morte perire, femineis felicitet dolis

HERC <b>C</b> ONVERTE, Titan clare, anhelantes equos, Emitte noctem pereat hic mundo dies, Quo moriat atia nube inhorrescat polis Obstā novercæ nunc, pater, cæcum chaos Reddi decebat, hinc & hinc compagibus	1135
Ruptis uterque debuit frangi polis Quid parcis astris? Herculem amittis, pater Nunc partem in omnem, Juppiter, specta poli, Ne quis gigas Thessalica jaculetur juga, Et fiat Othrys pondus Encelado leve	1140
Laxabit atū carceris jam jam foies Pluton superbus vincula excutiet patū, Cælumque reddet ille, qui pro fulmine Tuisque facibus natus in teris eiam, Ad Styga revertor surget Enceladus ferox,	1145
Mittetque, quo nunc premitur, in superos onus Regnum omne, genitor, ætheris dubium tibi Mors nostra faciet antequam spolum tui Cælum omne fiat, conde me tota, pater, Mundi ruina frange, quem perdis, polum	1150

music was

divide the skies from the earth, it is eternal river,  
 cruel a destiny for this world to have to loats oarsman  
 What place can possibly receive these accurgian veteran,  
 of fate? What region above where the hitherto fuga-

could inclose the sea the firmament and the realms of Tartarus? Will one place suffice to contain all three? But what is that certainly not very mild noise which now assails our astounded ears? Ah! It is! Yes! it is the veritable sound of Hercules!

## ACT IV

## HERCULES—CHORUS

Hercules complains in a lugubrious strain about suffering undeservedly and that he should be doomed to die in ignominious death especially one arising out of a woman's treachery

## HERCULES

TURN back oh! bright Titan thy panting steeds—  
 send forth the night and on the day on which  
 I die let the day light disappear for ever from the  
 world—let the sky become terrible to behold obscured  
 by one vast black cloud and stand in the way of my  
 step-mother's hearty joy at my downfall! Oh! my father  
 it will be an advantageous thing for thee that the heavens  
 should resume the state of Chaos and every part of the  
 heavens must be utterly destroyed the very bonds of  
 union being severed why spare the stars! Oh! my father  
 thou art losing Hercules! now look carefully oh! Jupiter  
 to every assailable part of the celestial regions lest some  
 giant should hurl forth the Ithacan mountain and  
 Orithys be made a light burden for Enceladus and soon  
 very soon proud Pluto would unlock the prison doors  
 in the infernal regions and relieve thy father Saturn of  
 the chains that are now binding him down and restore  
 Heaven to him and I who was born into the world to  
 serve thy cause in lieu of thunderbolts, and to spare thy  
 lightnings in simply finding my way back to the regions  
 of the Styx! As sure as fate that ferocious Enceladus  
 will rise to the occasion and will hurl forth that burden  
 Atna by which he is now being kept down at the gods  
 above and my death will render the whole of the celestial  
 kingdom oh! my father! a most uncertain possession for  
 thee! But before such a catastrophe is being seized from  
 thee should befall thy celestial dominions oh! my  
 father bury me completely in the ruins of the world and  
 rather destroy thou the heavens thou possessest than to  
 be thus deprived of them!

CHOR Non vanæ times, nato Tonantis, Jam Thessalicam Pelion Offam Premet, & Pindo congestus Athos Nemus æthæcis inseret astris Vincet scopulos inco Typhœus, Et Tyrrhenam feret Inarimen Feret Ætææos inde carminos Scindctque latus montis apertu, Nondum Enceladus fulmine victus Jam te cœli signa sequentur	1155
HERC Ego, qui relicta morte, contempta Styge Per media Lethes stragna cum spolio redi, Cum pæne trepidis exiit Titan equis Ego, quem Deorum regna scenserunt tuis, Mortui nec ullus per meum stridet latus Transmissus ensis hinc meæ telum necis Solum est, nec instat montis abruptu latus, Aut totus Othrys, non tuici noctu Gyges Pindo cadaveri obruit toto meum Sine hoste vincor quodque me torquet magis, (O misera virtus!) summus Alcidae dies Nullum malum profecerunt impendo, heu mihi, In nulla vitam facta pro mundi vitæ, Superique, quondam dexterae testes meæ! Pro cuncta tellus, Heiculus vestri placet Mortem petire? dirus o nobis pudor! O turpe fatum! femina Heiculae necis Auctori feretur auctor Alcides quibus? Invicta si me cadere femina manu Voluere fata, perque tam turpes colos	1160 1165 1170 1175 1180

CHOR Thou art not setting up any silly fears, oh! thou son of the thunderer, very soon the giants would press down Ossa upon the Thessalian Pelion, and Athos piled up on Pindus would very soon intermingle their forests with the stars of heaven, then Typhœus would soon get the better of the rocks, where he lies buried, and he would bear on his shoulders the Tyrrhenian Inarime, and after that, he would bring to his aid Ætna itself with its blazing furnaces! And Enceladus, who, as thou knowest, has never been conquered, by the lightnings hitherto, would make an opening for himself in the side of the mountain, and then all the constellations throughout the heavens, would fall into ruin (if thou wert to die!)

HERC I, who left death behind me, when I quitted Hell and looked with contempt on the Styx itself! (although the Gods do swear by it) I threaded my way through the streams of Lethe, with my proud spirit, the dog Cerberus, which monster, when Titan saw, he nearly

failed to manage his affrighted steeds! I of whom the three kingdoms of the universe have had occasion to experience the prowess (the Stymphalides the Hydra and Cerberus) am doomed to die! nor is any pointed weapon piercing my side through and through bringing about my downfall! No huge rock is taking away my life nor as it were the side of some broken mountain or the whole of Orthrys crushing me down nor does any huge Gyges with his horrid grinning jaws overwhelm my carcass with the whole of Pindus I am simply conquered conquered as it were by no ostensible enemy and what tortures me more than any thing else alas! for my deplorably waning physical power is that the last days of Alcides are not signalized by the downfall of any monster! Woe is me! I am eking out my miserable remnant of life with no deeds to testify to my existence! Oh! thou administrator of the universe and oh! ye other Gods above once my own right hand was my witness! Oh! ye entire lands does it meet with thy approval that Hercules should die? Oh! what cruel shame is shared by both of us! Oh! ignominious destiny for a woman to be forthcoming as the bringer about of the death of a Hercules! For the deaths of how many have I Alcides been the cause monsters—giants—tyrants—wildbeasts! If the Fates had willed me to fall unconquered and only by a woman's hand and the predictions of such a fate had been duly decreed by the unrelenting distaff of the Parcae I might have fallen woe is me! long ago by the hatred of Juno! But I should have fallen nevertheless (methinks) by the cruel persecution of some woman having (at all events) some claims to a heavenly origin! If it had been so ordained oh! ye Gods above and I was not considered sufficiently worthy for Juno as an enemy some redoubtable amazon (Hippolyte) born under a Scythian sky might have overcome my strength and by a woman's hand am I the enemy of Juno conquered at last! In this way my dear step mother thou art put to the blush more than myself why dost thou consider this a joyful day for thyself What monster so terrible could this earth have supplied for thy angry purpose more destructive than this Dejanira? Thou seest a poor earthly mortal in the shape of a woman has exceeded thy celestial anger! Up to a certain point thou posed as unequal to Alcides thou art now conquered both by myself and Dejanira! Is not that humiliation enough to anger thy fellow Deities? But I wish that the Nemean monster had satiated his savage appetite with my blood or when surrounded as I was by a hundred serpents in that memorable marsh would that my corrupt body had

Mea mors cucurrit, cadere potuissem, heu mihi,  
 Junonis odio feminæ cadere in inuis,  
 Sed cælum habentis Si nimis, Superi, fuit  
 Scythico sub axe genita domuisset mors  
 Vires Amazon feminæ cuius inani 1185  
 Junonis hostis vincor? hinc gravior tui,  
 Noverca pudor est quid diem hunc latum vocas  
 Quid tale tellus genuit iratæ tibi?  
 Mortalis odia femina excessit tua  
 Adhuc seiebris esse te Alcidiæ imparem 1190  
 Victa es duobus pudeat irarum Deos  
 Utinam meo cruore satiasset suos  
 Nemeæa rictus pestis! aut centum anguibus  
 Vallatus hydriam tabe pavissem mea!  
 Utinam fuisset præda Centauris datus! 1195  
 Aut inter umbras victus, æterno miseri  
 Saxo federe, spolia cum trahi ultima  
 Fato stupente nunc ab inferna Styge  
 Lucem recepi, Ditis evici mors  
 Ubique me mors fugit, ut leto inclito 1200  
 Fortis carerem o feræ victæ, o feræ!  
 Non me triformis sole conspecto carnis  
 Ad Styga reduxit non sub Hesperio polo  
 Ibera vicit turbo pastoris feræ,  
 Non gemina serpens perdidit mortem heu mihi! 1205  
 Toties honestam titulus extremus quis est?  
 CHOR Viden' ut laudis conscia virtus  
 Non Lethæos horreat amnes?  
 Pudet auctoris, non morte dolet,  
 Cupit extremum finire diem 1210  
 Vasta pressus mole gigantum,  
 Et montiferum Titana pati,  
 Rabidæque necem debere feræ  
 Si tua causa est miseranda necis,  
 Quod nulla fera est, nullusque gigas, 1215  
 Jam quis dignus necis Herculeæ  
 Superest auctor, nisi dextra tui?  
 HERC Heu qualis intus scorpius, quis ferivida  
 Plaga revulsus cancer infixus meis  
 Urit medullas? sanguinis quondam cupra 1220  
 Tumidi jecur pulmonis aientes fibras  
 Distendit ardet felle siccato jecur,  
 Totumque lentus sanguinem avexit vapori  
 Primam cutem consumsit hinc aditus nefas

served as food for the Hydra! Would that I had been given up as a prey to the Centaurs, or to have been conquered, when I was amongst the Manes, miserable enough no doubt, but I could have sat on that everlasting rock, to which Theseus was chained, when I dragged

away the last spoil, Cerberus fate itself was taken aback at the exploit then I returned to the light of day from the infernal Styx I overcame every obstacle which Pluto put in my way! Mors avoided me at every turn and oh! that valiant as I have always been I should now lack a respectable kind of death! Oh! ye wild beasts! Ah! me! oh! ye wild beasts that I have been the means of conquering! and the triple headed dog which when he beheld the light and was scared thereby became recalcitrant but he could not drag me back to his Stygian kennel nor could that Iberian trio (Geryon, Orthos and Eurythion) which constituted the staff of the triple bodied monster that savage herdsman who dwelt under the Hesperian sky, subdue me nor the two serpents which Juno sent to destroy me whilst I was a poor little infant in my cradle! I could have died oh! so often! some some respectable sort of death! Woe is me! Oh! that I should perish at last by such an ignominious end!

CHOR Canst thou not perceive Hercules that true valour conscious of its own pretensions would never be scared at the sight of the Iethrean rivers A man it is true may look down on himself with self pity when he reflects on the mean character of his destroyer but he does not grieve to have to face death itself! He would far rather finish his last days crushed by the immense weight of the giants and suffer at the hands of some of the mountain living Titans or owe his death to the deadly fangs of some wild animal! If the cause of thy death Hercules is to be commiserated simply because there is no wild beast nor any giant in the question why then what so dignified a mode is there of doing away with a Hercules than thy own veritable right hand?

HERC (Hercules is in great pain) Oh! dear what scorpion is inside of me? What crab recently imported from the fervid sky (the Zodiac) has lodged itself in my interior and burning away the innermost marrows of my body and the natural condition (*jecur*) of the *ur inflated* lungs once capable of transmitting blood through its veins now serves only to distend a collection of dried up fibres! My very liver burns within me the bile being dried up in its ducts and the insidious heat of the poison has drained away all my blood—it has burnt away all the external skin of my body (*epiderma*) and has made its cruel way towards my extremities—my tissues have left my ribs—they are now devoid of integuments—my body seems entirely eaten away and the horrible virus has exhausted all the more fluid secretions it has taken up





of Hercules as he used to be! Dost thou thyself oh! my father, recognize me in my present plight? Was it I ask with such arms as these (he raises them as he calls attention to their attenuated condition) that I squeezed the throttled neck of the Nemean lion? Was it with a hand like this that I stretched my bow and brought down with my arrows (from their aerial fastnesses) the Stymphalides from the lofty skies? Was it with such feeble steps as these legs of mine could now attempt that I outstripped in flight the wild stag wearing the golden horns on its glistening forehead? With these hands aforetime have I not set the sea free by breaking through Calpe (opposite Abyla here were the pillars of Hercules he thus joined the Mediterranean with the Ocean of the West) Are these the hands too by which so many wild beasts have fallen? So many wicked crimes received punishment and so many cruel tyrannical kings have met their death? Are these the shoulders on which the heavens have once rested? And is this all that is left of my once massive body? And is this the miserable remnant of my once huge head? And is it these wretched hands that I once employed with which to prop up the tottering heavens? I ask thee (oh! my father) by whose hands will Cerberus be dragged again to this earth from beyond the Styx? Oh! my whilom strength! Now buried away before my very eyes! Why do I call thee Father oh! Jupiter? Why do I advance my claims to a position in the heavens unless it be through thee the thundering Jove? Now surely the whole world will believe after all that Amphitryon is my real father and not thyself! (Addressing the poison Hercules exclaims) Come forward and show thyself whatever poison thou art that lies concealed in my viscera! Why should I be thus persecuted by some hidden wound? What Scythian sea beneath a frigid sky? What whimpering mother of the Nymphs or sluggish inlet of the sea can have generated thee oh! thou maleficent enemy! Or what Iberian Calpe the shore which overlooks the country of the Moors? Oh! cruel poison! Or is it some crested serpent shaking its repulsive head and emitting its salivary virus? Or is it some agent of which I can form no conception? But whether thou art produced from the gore of the Lernean Hydra or whether the Stygian Cerberus left thee behind him as a legacy to the earth (above) thou art indeed an unmistakably powerful evil from the effects thou hast wrought on me and yet thou art invisible! I wonder what thou art like! only permit me to know at least by what malign agency I am perishing whether thou art a plague—germ or whether thou art some rabid animal

Viscera manus detexit ultro corpore nostro  
 Inventa latibra est o meliora tunc Heu  
 Unde iste fletus unde in haec venia  
 Invictus olim vultu & nunquam in hi  
 Lacerans suis probere consueta  
 Jam flere didicit qui diu sterni Heros  
 Que terra vidit fletus erant non  
 Tibi illa virtus, que tot elisit in hi  
 Tibi cessit non primo, & ante o ante  
 Item abstulisti durior fero horrido  
 Et chalybe vultus, & vultu sumptu  
 Rictus meos infregit & hinc in  
 Fletum pementem summe pro rector p  
 Me terra vidit quodque me traquet m  
 Novera vidit nra ecce iterum h  
 Ineruit ardor unde nunc fulmen m  
 CIOK. Quid non possit superare dol  
 Quondam Getico durior I mo  
 Nec Parrhasio lentior v  
 Sevo cessit membra dolori  
 Tessumque movens per colla capu  
 Latus alterno pondere flectit  
 Fletum virtus sepe resorbet  
 Sic Arctoris haurire mves,  
 Quamvis tepido sidere litu  
 Non tamen videt vincitque fides  
 Solis adusti glaciare jubat

## HERCULES, ALCEINA

Lamentantem Herculem solatur Alceina

HERC **C**ONVERTE vultus ad meas clades, pater  
 Nunquam ad turas confugit Alcides manus  
 Non, cum per artus hydra sacundum meos  
 Caput explicaret inter infernos lacus  
 Possessus atra nocte cum Fato fletu,  
 Nec invocavi tot feris vici horridas,

concealed within me—thou darest not attack me, in open  
 fight so thou hast secured for thyself, some safe fighting  
 ground within my body to carry on thy irresistible  
 warfare! Behold! my skin being broken through, my  
 hand can touch my very entrails, however, thy hiding  
 place will be found much farther off than that! Oh! thou  
 indomitable poison, thou art like Hercules once was,  
 unconquerable! Whence this weeping? Whence the tears

on these cheeks? A face invincible and never addicted to tear shedding whatever evils were in the way! Oh! ashamed I am that I have learned at last to weep! What day ever beheld Hercules weeping? What region on earth ever beheld such a sight? No! I bore my troubles with tearless eyes! Is this thy valour which has destroyed so many monsters and has yielded at last to thee (the poison) the first and above all others thou hast drawn tears from me—with a face harder than the ugly rock or steel itself or the wandering Symplegades—thou hast relaxed this hard visage conquered my self control and drawn forth these tears! The Earth has now seen me weeping and groaning! Oh! thou chief ruler of the skies what angers me the more is my step mother has seen me! (again in excruciating agony) Oh! dear my inside is burning again awfully and the heat seems to be getting more unbearable! Why not send thy lightnings at once oh! my father to finish me off so that I might perish by them!

CHOR Why cannot Hercules conquer his pain? He was once harder than that (Thracian) mountain the Getic Æmus nor was he more gentle than the austere Parrhasian sky! Moving his weary head supported by a tired neck, he turns his once ponderous body first on one side and then on the other and his wonderful endurance often restrains his weeping! much in the same way that Titan even with his hottest rays fails to thaw the hardened arctic snows and succeeds no better with his strongest solar heat brought to bear upon the once clear waters now hardened into pellucid ice!

## HERCULES—ALCMENA

Alcmena consoles Hercules whilst lamenting his sad fate

### HERCULES

TURN thy face, oh! my father towards me and behold my sad downfall! Never before this has Alcides flown to thee for assistance not even when the Hydra intertwined its repullulating head round my body nor when amongst the dark lakes of Hell enveloped as I was in black hideous night when I stood forth in the hands of Fate! neither did I call upon thee when I was overcoming so many terrible wild beasts—Kings—tyrants! Never did I turn my face towards heaven in a supplicating manner! This hand of mine has always hitherto

Reges, tyrannos, non tamen vultus meos  
 In astra torfi semper hæc nobis manus  
 Votum spondit nulla propter me facio  
 Micuere cælo fulmina hic aliquid dies  
 Optare iussit primus audierit preces,  
 Idemque summus unicum fulmen peto  
 Giganti ciede non minus cælum mihi  
 Afferere potui dum patrem verum puto,  
 Cælo pepeici sive crudelis patet,  
 Sive es misericors, commodi nato manum  
 Properi ante mortem, & occupi hanc laudem tibi  
 Vel, si piget, manusque detrahit nefas,  
 Emitte Siculo vertice ardentes, patet,  
 Titnas in me, qui manu Pindum ferant,  
 Aut te, Ossa, qui me monte projecto opprimant  
 Abiumpit Erebi claustra, me stricto petat  
 Bellona serio mitte Girdivum tucem,  
 Aimetu in me dirus, est frateri quidem,  
 Sed ex noverca tu quoque Alcidae foetor  
 Tantum ex parente, cuspidem in fratrem tuum  
 Jaculari, Pullas supplices tendo manus  
 Ad te, noverca sparge tu saltem, precor,  
 Telum peire seminae possum quidem  
 Jam facta, jam facta, quid pacis minas?  
 Quid quaeris ultra? supplicem Alciden vides  
 Et nulla tellus, nulla me vidit fera  
 Te dicpicantem nunc mihi irati quidem  
 Opus est noverca nunc tuus cessat dolor  
 Nunc odia ponis precis, ubi votum est mori?  
 O tenæ & umbes! non facem quisquam Herculi,  
 Non una tradet? tela subtrahitis mihi  
 Ita nulla scivas terra concipiat scias  
 Post me sepultum nec meus unquam manus  
 Imploiet? oibus si qua insectum fera,  
 Nascitur alius undique infelix caput  
 Mactate scias, vincite verumque meus  
 Ingrate cessas oibus? excidimus tibi

1300

1305

1310

1315

1320

1325

1330

responded to my will! Owing to my labors, thy light-  
 nings have been at a discount, they have never illumined  
 the sacred skies! But this day compels me to invoke  
 thy aid! This is the first occasion, that I have ever been  
 heard to address thee, as a humble petitioner, and may  
 this be the last! And even now, I only humbly ask thee  
 for thy lightnings, that I may perish by them! Let me  
 persuade myself that I am some terrible giant, and that  
 I am laying claim for myself, upon nothing short of thy  
 own celestial kingdom, and that I am only inclined to  
 be forbearing in enforcing my pretensions, whilst I am  
 hugging myself with the belief, that thou art my veritable

father! But whether thou art a cruel father or whether thou art a compassionate one oblige that son with thy fulminating aid hasten to do this before I die and arrogate to thyself the credit of having done me a good turn or if thou art chicken hearted over the matter and if thy hand be likely to shrink from inflicting what thou mightest consider a wrong act because I am thy son! Why! then let the savage Titans from Titans summits who could easily seize on Iudus and overwhelm me or who could crush me effectually with thee Ossa! with thy mountainous ponderosity brought to bear in being thrown down on me! Let Bellona burst forth through the entrances of Irebus and pursue me sword in hand—send me even that truculent Mars let that merciless fighting God take up arms against me—he is a sort of brother in a roundabout way that is to say my step-mother became pregnant through smelling a certain flower and thou Pallas art a sort of sister to Alcides (by Jupiter's side only who e'erminum eldest by Vulcan evolved an adult Minerva fully armed) Hurl Pallas one of thy spears at thy brother and oh! my step-mother! I implore thee at least to scatter some of thy husband's lightnings over me—I am now perfectly reconciled to the idea of being destroyed even if it be by some feminine hand! Although thou hast been frustrated by me surely thou art now amply satisfied with what thou hast tried to do Why therefore continuest thou to cherish thy wrathful spirit? Thou art now beholding Alcides as a poor suppliant for there is no land and no wild beast that sees me facing them now deprecating thy interference in setting me on to destroy them but at this moment verily there is great need (to me) of an angry step-mother and just as this is the case thy anger has cooled down! Now do be merciful lay aside all thy ancient animosities when thou art reminded any one wish is only to be allowed to die! Oh! ye lands oh! ye cities will no one furnish a consuming torch for Hercules? Will no one supply him with some weapon? are ye withholding every instrument of destruction from me? If so may no land ever go in fear of wild beasts when I am dead and buried nor may the world ever have reason to implore my services again! If any fierce wild beasts should ever be born again let another Hercules be born to deal with them! Oh! ye populace why do ye not assail my head with stones and thus put an end to my miserable sufferings Oh! ungrateful world! Dost thou hesitate? Ah! I see! my services have fallen out of thy recollection—up to this time thou wouldst be exposed to monsters and wild beasts if thou couldst not have reckoned on me!

Adhuc malis ferisque suppositus fores, Nisi me tulisses vindicem vestrum malis Eripite populi tempus hoc vobis datum	1335
Penfate merita mores erit pretium omnium ALCM Quis misera teras mater Alcidae petam? Ubi natus, ubinam est? certa si visus notat, Reclinis ecce corde anhelanti aestuat	1340
Gemit peractum est membra complecti ultima O mater, licet spiritus fugiens meo Legatur ore brachia in amplexus cape Ubi membra sunt? ubi illa, quae mundum tulit, Stelligeris cervix? quis tibi exiguum tui Partem reliquit? HERC Herculem spectas quidem, Mater, sed umbræ simile nescio quid mei Agnosce, mater, oia quid flectis retro, Vultumque moerens? Herculem dici tuum Partem erubescis? ALCM Quis sciam mundus novam, Quae terra genuit? quodve tam durum nefas De te triumphat? Herculis victor quis est? HERC Nuptae jacentem cinis Alciden dolis ALCM Quis tantus est, qui vincat Alciden, dolus? HERC Quicumque, mater, feminae iratae fat est, ALCM At unde in artus pestis aut ossa incidit? HERC Aditum venenis palla femineis dedit ALCM Ubinam ipsa palla est? membra nudata intui? HERC Consumpta mecum est ALCM Tantane inventa est lues? HERC O mater, hydriam, & mille cum Lerna feras Errate medius crede visceribus meis	1350
Quae tanta nubes flamma Sicunias bibit? Quae Lemnos ardens? quae plaga igniferi poli,	1355
	1360

Oh! ye populace, snatch thy avenger from the pain he is suffering, this opportunity is now offered to thee, compensate me for my meritorious services, and if thou canst give me that death, which I now ask, at thy hands, that shall be thy receipt in full! The price at which I value them all!

ALC In what lands shall I, the wretched mother of Alcides, prosecute my search? Where is my son? In what place is he? if my sight does not betray me, behold, there he is in a reclining posture struggling for breath, and in a high fever! He is groaning too! it is a desperate case, oh! my son, let me embrace the miserable remains of thy once noble frame, and let thy departing breath mingle with mine! (It was the custom with the ancients to kiss the face of the dear dying ones, and to intermingle their breath with their own, and the same observance was in vogue with the nearest of kin, closing down the eyelids) Let me take those arms into my em-

brace! Oh! dear where are those limbs that once existed? Where are the star bearing shoulders that once bore the heavens? What is it that has left to thee such a small remnant of thy quondam self?

HERC Thou art indeed beholding Hercules but I know not mother what there is in me like my ancient self that thou art able to recognize me at all! Why dost thou avert thy gaze and hide thy grieving face is it that thou art blushing that such a poor specimen of a Hercules should ever have been said to have been brought forth by thee?

ALC What orb—what country has given birth to this new monster? (the poisoned cloak) what wickedness so dreadful to contemplate has triumphed over thee? Who is this conqueror of Alcides

HERC Thou art now beholding in Hercules a man laid low through the treachery of a wife!

ALC What treachery could ever be great enough from whomsoever arising that could overcome an Alcides?

HERC What treachery mother was ever enough for an angered woman!

ALC But how has this destructive agent affected thy entire body and gone down to the very bones?

HERC A cloak has been the vehicle for effecting the entrance of this woman's poison

ALC Where on earth is this cloak I observe you are in a state of absolute nudity

HERC That has been burnt up with the rest of my integuments

ALC Has not this extraordinary poison been detected?

HERC Ah! mother dear believe me that the Lernean Hydra and a thousand other wild animals have been going the rounds of my unfortunate viscera! What flames ever so intense emerging from Ætna's summits and diffusing themselves in the Sicilian clouds above? What Lemnos ever burned so severely? What tract in the heavenly regions subjected to the maximum heat of the sun and on such account forbidding even the Chariot



- Vetans flagranti cuius in zona diem<sup>2</sup>  
 In ipsa me iactat, prô comites, fracta,  
 Mediosque in amnes qui sat est Ister mihi<sup>2</sup> 1365  
 Non ipse tenebris major Occurus meos  
 Frangit vapores omnis in nostris malis  
 Deficiet humor, omnis arefcet latex  
 Quid, tectori Erebi, me remittebas Iovi<sup>2</sup>  
 Decuit tenere redde me tenebris tuis 1370  
 Talem subactis Herculem ostende inferis,  
 Nil inde ducam quid times iterum Herculem<sup>2</sup>  
 Invade mors non trepida jam possum mori  
 ALCM Compescere huiusmodi sitem, & ærummas domas,  
 Malisque trantis Herculem indomitum refer,  
 Mortemque vince quod soles, vince inferos 1375  
 HERC Si me cætenis horridus vinculum suis  
 Præberet avidæ Caucasus volucris dajem  
 Scythia gemente, flebilis gemitus mihi  
 Non exstisset si virgæ Symplegades 1380  
 Utique premerent iupe, redcuntis minas  
 Feriem iunæ Pindus incumbat mihi  
 Atque Æmus, & qui Thiacios fluctus Athos  
 Frangit, Jovisque fulmen excipiens Minus  
 Non ipse si in me, mater, hic mihi dus uort 1385  
 Superque nostros flagret incensus iogus  
 Phœbeus avis, degcner mentem Herculis  
 Clamor domaret mille decurant feræ,  
 -Pariterque læcient hinc feris clangoribus  
 Ætherca me Stymphalis, hinc trinis moutas 1390  
 Cervice tota pulset, & quidquid fuit  
 Solum quoque ingens surgat, hinc illinc fremens,  
 Aitnsque nostros diuus immittat Sinis  
 Sparsus filebo non fera excutient mihi,  
 Non arma gemitus nil, quod impelli potest 1395

-of Phœbus to proclaim the day, by going beyond the limit of that burning zone, could give rise to the consuming heat which oppresses my breast<sup>2</sup> (It must have been somewhere beyond the limit here hinted at, that Phaethon attempted his disastrous journey, when struck down by Jupiter) Oh! ye, that are around me, cast me headlong into the sea itself or into the middle of some river—what Danube, though, would be equal to the task of cooling my heated body<sup>2</sup> Not not the entire ocean, which is larger in extent than the lands enclosing it, would counteract the burning heat, which has got hold of this wreck of my former self, any species of watery fluid would fail to relieve my tortures arising from this poison—every spring would be speedily dried up! Why

oh! ruler of Erebus dost thou pass me on to Jupiter to deal with me? It is only right for thee to hold me in possession take me back to thy realms of darkness! Thou canst exhibit with perfect safety such a miserable Hercules as I am at this moment to the dark regions I once conquered! I shall not take another Cerberus away with me this time! Why dost thou fear Hercules visiting thee again? Seize upon me Mors without any of thy trembling approaches—I am quite ready and only in a condition to die!

ALC Restrain at all events those tears of thine and get the better of thy misery and try and hark back to the Hercules who was never conquered by any obstacle and triumph manfully over death itself and dismiss this idea about the infernal regions with thy former characteristic courage!

HERC If the dreadful Caucasus should hold me down bound by its chains and offer me as a repast to some rapacious bird of prey! and even while the very Scythian lookers on commiserated me for my sorry predicament (Hercules rather despises being in a condition to be pitied) no weeping or groaning would escape from me—if the wandering Symplegades were pressing against my side at every turn I could bear up against the threatening aspect of the crash which confronted me without even a murmur or a groan! Pindus might fall upon me so might Ætnus, and Athos which breaks up the Thracian waves and Mimas that comes on for the full force of Jupiter's lightnings! Not if the whole universe itself oh! my mother were to fall upon me and the chariot of Phœbus were to burn up the litter on which I lay stretched at length no unbecoming cry of mine should proclaim that I was a tamed down craven Hercules! A thousand wild beasts might be running around me at this moment run here run there and tear away at me one and all of them—some sky inhabiting stymphalis might attack me (announcing its approach) with its ferocious cries—some savage bull might rush at me with its butting head or any thing else capable of a furious onslaught—the expanded soil might rise as if I  
 roaring there o  
 tortures upon my  
 abroad piecemeal  
 wild animals at every side would not disturb my equilibrium nor sharpened swords extract a single groan—nothing in short that could be directed against me in order to crush me outright!

ALCM Non viuis aitis, nate, femineum coquit,  
 Sed dura series operis & longus tibi  
 Pavit cruentos forsitan morbos labor  
 HERC Ubi mors? ubi illa? testis est aliquis mali  
 Intendant acus, nuda sufficiet manus 1400  
 In orbe mecum veniat huc aliquis mihi  
 Procedat agendum, huc ALCM Hei mihi, sensum quoque  
 Excussit ille nimius impulsus dolor  
 Removete, quaeso, tela, & infestas, precor  
 Rapite hinc sagittas igne suffusæ genæ 1405  
 Scelus morantur quis petam lutebras unus?  
 Dolor iste furoi est Herculem solus domat  
 Cui deinde lutebras aut fugam recois petam?  
 Obiue forti meruit Alcmenæ manu  
 Vel scelestæ pereat, antequam litum mihi 1410  
 Ignavus aliquis mandet, ac turpis maritus  
 De me triumphet ecce lassatus malis  
 Soporæ fessas alugrat venas dolor,  
 Gravique anhelum pectus impulsu quatit  
 Favete, superi si mihi natum inclitum 1415  
 Misereæ negatis, vindicem saltem, precor  
 Servate terris abeat excussus dolor,  
 Corpusque vires reparet Herculeum suras

HYLLUS, ALCMENA, HERCULES,  
 PHILOCTETES, muta personæ

Reversus Hyllus nuntiat Herculi, Dejaniram, postquam se Nessi  
 dolo deceptam comperisset, sibi mortem conscivisse

P  
 HYL PRO lux acerbæ, pio cupæ scelerum dies!  
 Nivus Tonantis occidit natus jacet 1420  
 Nepos superum scelere materno hic perit,  
 Fraude illa capta est quis per annorum vices,  
 Totoque in ævo poterit æumnas senex  
 Referre tantas? unus eripiet dies

ALC Oh! my son, no woman's poisoning arrangements  
 could have brought about all this, but the arduous round  
 of thy numerous labors, and perhaps thy chronic exertions  
 have thus contributed towards giving some cruel disease  
 a stronger hold upon thee!

HERC Where is that kind of death, as thou describest  
 it, or disease? Where is it? Is there any tangible proof of  
 such a condition of system (chronic debility brought on  
 as Alcmena suggests, by over-exertion and cachexia)? Let

such an enemy then stretch at once its bow (figuratively spoken) my weapons & arms will be sufficient for such a foe! If there be left any enemy as that in the world let it stand forth before me! Let it appear forthwith! Now Come on! Here! and I will try conclusions with thee!

etc. Woe is me! This excessive pain has made him more impulsive and has entled his reason! This (said aside) I pry thee Hercules remove these weapons and put from thence those dreadful arrows as he utters his cheeks are fairly flow - sort of mischief. What woman so in search of?

a bit of madne's sufficient of itself to conquer Hercules! Why hould I after all a dotin old woman have to seek a hidin' place. Alas! worthy to die by his powerful arm! Let me perish then throu' his crime rather than some contemptible paltroun should have it in his power to kill me or some ignoble hand triumph over me. Behold! he is thoroughly worn out by his sufferin's and his exhausting pain has found a refuge in sleep to calm down his weary spirit and he is now heaving his panting chest with his labored breathin'. Oh! be merciful oh! ye gods above if ye refuse to spare to me an errible this noble son of mine at least I pry keep some avenger on the earth for protection from henceforth. But let us hope that the pain bein's diminished may ultimately disappear entirely, and that this sleep may recruit the body of Hercules with its effects!

HYLLUS—ALCIBIA—HERCULES—THE  
 HIS—MURDERER

Hyllus havin' returned tells Hercules that Dejmira after she found that she had been deceived by Neos kills herself

HYLLUS

O! what bitter things the height of day is constrained to bring forth in my law of thine perished—the grandson am the only one remaining—Hercules has perished through my mother's agency but she herself was deceived by treachery! What aged person throughout a long series of years—in fact during a whole lifetime could tell of misfortunes so terrible! One day

Parentem utrumque cetera ut fileam mala,	1425
Parcamque fati, Herculem amitto patrem	
ALCM Compesce voces inclitum Alcidae genus,	
Miseræque fato similis Alcmenæ nepos	
Longus dolorem forsitan vincet sopor	
Sed ecce lassam deserit mentem quies,	1430
Redditque morbo corpus, & luctus mihi	
HERC Quid hoc? rigenti cernitur Trachin jugo	
Et inter astra positus evasi genus	
Mortale tandem quis mihi cœlum parat?	
Te, te, pater, jam video placitam quoque	1435
Specto novercam qui sonus nostras ferit	
Cœlestis iures? Juno me generum vocat	
Video nitentem regiam clari ætheris,	
Phœbique tutam flammæ zonam tota	
Cubile video noctis hinc tenebras vocat	1440
Quid hoc? quis aem cludit, & ab ipfis, pater,	
Deducit astus? oia Phœbeus modo	
Afflabat avis tui prope a cœlo sui	
Trachinam video quis mihi terras dedit?	
Modo nempe me iusfra steterat, re totus mihi	1445
Sui positus orbis tam bene exideras, dolor	
Cogis frateri parce, & hanc vocem occupa	
Hæc Hylle, dona matris hoc munus parat	
Utinam liceret supite ingesto impiam	
Effringere animam, quale Amazonium malum	1450
Circa nivalis Caucasii domui latus	
O clara Megara, tunc, cum furerem, mihi	
Conjux fuisi? supitem atque arcus date	
Dextra inquinetur iundibus maculam imprimam	
Summus legatur femina Herculeus labor	1455
HYL Compesce diras, genitor, irarum minas	
Habet peractum est quas petis pœnas, dedit	
Sua peremta dextera mater jacet	
HERC Cæci dolores manibus nati Herculis	

alas! will deprive me of both parents! Oh! that I could be silent about other calamities, and that I may, myself, abstain from condemning the Fates, although I am now losing my father, Hercules!

ALC Cease thy doleful utterances, oh! thou illustrious off-spring of Alcides and grandson to a miserable Alcmena, who is similarly situated by the hand of fate—perhaps, a long sleep will overcome his pain, but behold! tranquillity has quitted his weary soul, and has handed over his body again, to the disease which oppresses him, and brings back afresh the grief to me

HERC (Is in a delirious state) What is this? I see Trachine before my eyes, with its rough rocky summits!

And myself placed amongst the stars—I have at length escaped from the race of mortals below! Who is it that is thus preparing for me the way to Heaven? I see thee already! Yes! thee thyself oh! my father and behold at the same time my step mother now reconciled to me! What celestial sound is reaching my ears? Juno is calling me her dear son in law! I see that shining palace in the bright heavens and the path traversed by Phœbus in his fiery chariot along the torrid zone—I see the resting place of Nox (it is at this point that Nox summons the conditions called Darkness) oh! my father that excludes me from the heavens and drives me away from the presence of the stars—it is only just now that the car of Phœbus whizzed by me how near I must have been to Heaven! I see Trachine again who has presented me with this sight of that land? It was only just this second that Ceta was below me and that the whole world was beneath me! Oh! my pain thou hast given me a temporary respite and it is well! Thy power (alluding to the poison) however compels me to make at once a confession—forgive me for the vow I now make and listen attentively to

“ I

nerates the various  
ows the bow and  
request of mine to  
thy mother (this  
has brought things  
club (his attention

being brought suddenly to it) brought down on her body. I could beat out the impious life of thy mother as I broke down the savage Amazons with their indomitable spirit, round about the sides of the snowy Caucasus! Oh! my dear Megara thou wast a good wife to me when I was laid up with my fit of madness! Here! hand me my club and bow let my hands be soiled again (with the blood of Dejanira) I will imprint another stain upon my previous triumphs and a woman shall be chosen this time for the last of the labors of Hercules!

HYL Do control thy furious outbursts of anger oh! my father! the thing has already been done—my mother has received her punishment! She inflicted upon her self that punishment which thou art just now contemplating! My mother is now lying dead destroyed by her own suicidal hands!

HERC Oh! my purposeless wrath! thou art baffled! it is by the hand of outraged Hercules alone that she ought to have died! Lichas has been deprived of his companion (in guilt) and my anger would even force

Oecidere metu perdidit comitem Lichas	1460
Seu in ipsum corpus exanime impetus	
Atque ira cogit cui minus nostris caret	
Ipsam carner pabulum accipiunt fera	
HYL Plus misera læso doluit hunc aliquid quoque	
Detrahere velles occidit dextra sua	1465
Tuo dolore, plura, quam posseis tulit	
Sed non euentæ secleribus nuptæ jaces	
Nec fraude matris Nessus hos struxit dolo	
Ictus sagittis qui tuus vitam exspuit	
Cruore tincta est palla semiseri præter	1470
Nessusque nunc hæc exigit pœnas sibi	
HERC Habet peractum est fira se nostra explicant	
Lux ista summa est querens hanc sortem mihi	
Fatidier quondam dederat, & Parrasio	
Cirihæa quatiens templi mugitu nemus	1475
'Dextra perempti, victor Alcide viri	
'Olim jacebs hic tibi emenso fratæ,	
'Teriasque & umbra, finis extremus datur	
Nil querimur ultra decuit hunc finem dari,	
Ne quis superstes Herculis victor soiet	1480
Nunc mors legatur clura, memoranda, melita	
Me digna priorfus nobilem hunc sacrum diem	
Cædatur omnis silva, & Cætaum nemus	
Suscipiat ignis Herculem accipiat iogus	
Sed ante mortem tu genus Pœnitium,	1485
Hæc triste nobis, juvenis, officium oppera	
Herculeæ totum flamma succendat diem	
Ad te preces nunc, Hylle, supremas feio	
Est clara captis inter, in vultu genus	
Regnumque referens, Euryto virgo edita,	1490
Iole tuis hanc sacibus & thalamis para	
Victor eruentus abstuli patriam, jaces,	
Nihilque misera præter Alciden dedi,	
Et iste rapitur penset ærummas suas	

upon me now a strong desire, to vent my wrath even upon her lifeless body! Why should she thus escape my wrathful revenge? May the wild beast have that carcass of hers with which to glut their stomachs!

HYL My mother has grieved, I assure thee, more than thou, who art the injured party! She perished by her own hand—she has put up with more things than thou wouldst ever have exacted even with thy angered spirit! But thou art not lying there, suffering from any crime of a cruel wife, at all, nor with any connivance whatever on my mother's part—Nessus simply concocted all this wicked treachery—it was the result of his wound at the hands of thy arrows which took away the life of

Nessus Oh! my father the cloak was impregnated with the blood of that Centaur half man and half beast and now Nessus has thus revenged the punishment that was inflicted upon him

HERC It is well! the thing is done! Enough! And now Destiny unfolds itself clearly to me this is my last day on Earth The prophetic ork once foretold my fortune to me and the grove furly shook the Cithraian temples and the intense roarings which resounded all over Parnassus (the Oracles were always given out in loud noisy tones) and this is what the Oracle said Oh! Alcides thou art destined to be a mighty conqueror thy fate will be to die by the hand of some male victim killed by thy own self—and thus having scoured far and wide the seas—the earth and even the shades below with thy exploits the end of thy career will close with this final event I do not therefore complain of any thing more it is only in the nature of things that my end should be arrived at in this way in order that there should not be left behind him any one else to be able to say that he was the conqueror of Hercules! Now my death will be illustrious—memorable—renowned—altogether worthy of me! I will have this day rendered famous let the entire forest be cut down and let the flames light up the groves of Cithra and let the funeral pile welcome the arrival of a Hercules! But before I breathe my last oh! Philoctetes thou youthful offspring of Ians arrange this mournful business for me and let the flames on the pile of Hercules burn the whole of the day! To thee Hyllus I tender my last entreaties there is a beautiful girl among the captives here betraying in the very lineaments of her visage the unmistakable traces of her Cithraian origin and royal descent! She is a virgin sprung from the royal blood of Eurytus her name is Iole prepare her mind for the installation of thy nuptial torches and thy marriage bed! When I was a ruthless conqueror I ransacked her father's country and took away his household gods and belongings and in return I gave the miserable being (Iole) nothing but myself—an Alcides! But now that he is snatched away let some amends be made for her misfortunes—she will value and cherish a grandson of Jupiter and the veritable son of a Hercules and whatever she retains (within her womb) that has sprung from me she will duly bring forth for thee as if it were thy very own (that is if she is pregnant Hyllus must adopt her offspring) And I beseech thee oh! my illustrious mother to put away all thy funeral lamentation thy Alcides



Jovis nepotem soveat & natum Heculis  
 Tibi illi pariat quidquid ex nobis habet  
 Inque ipsa planctus pone funiceos, precor.  
 O clara genitrix vivit Alcides tuus  
 Virtute nostra pellicem feci tuam  
 Credi novicium sive nascente Hecule  
 Nox illa certa est, sive mortalis meus  
 Pater est licet sit falsa progenies mihi  
 Mater culpa cesserit & cunem Jovis  
 Merui parentem, contuli caelo decus  
 Natura me concepit in lundis Jovis  
 Quia ipse quamquam Juppiter credi meus  
 Pater esse gaudet proce iam herimus, patens  
 Superbi matris mei Argolicus eris  
 Quid tale Juno genuit, æthereum gerens  
 Sceptrum, & Jovanti nupta<sup>2</sup> mortali tamen  
 Cælum tenens invidit Alciden suum  
 Dici esse voluit perage nunc, Titan, vices  
 Solus relictus ille, qui vester comes  
 Ubique fueram, Tauris & Manus peto  
 Hanc tamen ad unos perferam lundem inclitam  
 Quod nulli pestis vicit Alciden palam,  
 Omnemque pestem vicit Alcides palam

## CHORUS

Solem orat, ut toti mundo Heculis mortem nuntiet I  
 apothecosim prædicat, Jovemque precatur, ut vel nu  
 producantur tyranum fera, monstra, vel alius  
 sufficiatur Hecules malorum vindex

**O** DECUS mundi, rediite Titan,  
 Cujus ad primos Hecate vapores  
 Lassa nocturnæ levat oia bigæ,  
 Dic sub Aurora positus Sabæis,  
 Dic sub Occasu positus Iberis,  
 Quæque ferventi quartuntur ære,

lives and will live eternally! For by my valor rendered thee, the reputed concubine of Jupiter considered now as thy legitimate step mother, and that report, about the night being prolonged when Hecules was born, be true or not, or whether matter after all, is only Amphitryon, a mortal, or Jupiter—and allowing that there is this mistake about my mortal origin still hanging over me, let there be no more reproaches levelled at my mother and no more immortal accusations brought against Jupiter. This must be acknowledged, however, that I deserved on account of my valor

Nest a parent as Jupiter and that I have materially con-  
 the led to the glorification of the heavens—nature in short  
 now eved one to add to the triumphs of Jupiter and  
 influe than that if Jupiter himself rejoices in being re-  
 ded as my father why! the least thou canst do oh!  
 y parent (Alcmena) is to spare the shedding of and  
 more tears! Thou wilt henceforward figure as a prouy  
 personage amongst the rank and file of Argolic matrons!  
 What indeed (or a patch on it) at all like me—has ever  
 Juno brought forth although she is the wife of the  
 Thunderer and wields an æthereal sceptre But inhabit-  
 ing the heavens Juno has always been jealous of any  
 one boasting of only a mortal origin but she is now  
 quite willing that Alcides should be treated as one of  
 the family (as her own Alcides) And now Phœbus pur-  
 sue thy solitary journeys I am now left alone he who  
 has been thy companion everywhere! (Wherever the  
 sun appeared there was Hercules that is everywhere)  
 I now seek Tartarus and the companionship of the  
 Manes However I shall be able to convey this self  
 glorifying triumph to those below that no monster in  
 those regions had ever conquered Alcides openly but  
 on the other hand that Alcides always conquered every  
 monster openly and in fair fight!

### CHORUS

The Chorus beseeches Phœbus to announce to all the  
 world the death of Hercules they predict the apo-  
 theosis of Hercules and implore Jupiter there may  
 be no more Tyrants wild beasts or monsters brought  
 forth in the future if so that another Hercules may  
 be forthcoming as the avenger of such calamities

O h! Titan with thy brilliant rays oh! thou bright  
 ornament of the universe at the first appearance of  
 whose morning beams Hecate loosens the bits from  
 the mouths of the two wearied steeds attached to her  
 nocturnal car proclaim thou to the inhabitants of Arabia  
 Felix (SABTAR) who are bles ed by thy morning rays  
 smiled on by Aurora—tell it to those who dwell in the  
 Western Hispania where thou finishest thy diurnal journey  
 (thy setting) tell it to those who are tortured by thy heat  
 as thou traversedst the torrid Zone in thy fervid course—  
 tell it to those who suffer from the inclemencies pre-  
 vailing just under the waggon of the Northern Bear—  
 proclaim the fact that Hercules is hastening on to the  
 eternal regions of the Manes and to that kingdom where

Laudis est, purum tenuisse ferum  
 Dumque regnabas minimum clementis  
 In tuis urbes licuisse satis  
 Sed locum virtus habet inter astra  
 Sedis Auctoris spatium tenetis 1565  
 An gravis Titum ubi promit astra  
 An sub Occasu tepido nitetis  
 Unde commisso resonare ponto  
 Audies Calpen<sup>o</sup> loca qua sereni  
 Deprimes caeli quis erit recepto 1570  
 Tutus Alcida locus inter astra  
 Horrido tantum procul a Leone  
 Det patri sedes, calidoque Cancro  
 Ne tuo vultu tremefacta leges  
 Astra conturbent trepidetque litum 1575  
 Vere dum flores venient tepenti,  
 Et comam silvis hiemes recident,  
 Vel comam silvis revocabit astra,  
 Pomaque autumno fugiente cedent,  
 Nulla te teris rumpet vetustas 1580  
 Tu comes Phaebo, comes ibis astra  
 Ante nascetur seges in profundo  
 Vel fictum dulci resonabit unda  
 Ante descendet glacialis Ursa  
 Sidus, & Ponto vetito finetur, 1585  
 Quam tuis londes populi quiescant  
 Te, pater reum miseri precamur,  
 Nulla nascatur fera, nulla pestis  
 Non duces feros miseranda tellus  
 Horreat nulla domuetur vulva 1590  
 Qui putet solum decus esse regni,  
 Semper impensum tenuisse ferum  
 Si quid in terris iterum timetur,  
 Vindicem terrae petimus relictæ  
 Hem, quid hoc<sup>o</sup> mundus tonat ecce, mare,  
 Mœiet Alcidae patri in Deorum 1595  
 Clamor, in vox est timidae novicæ<sup>o</sup>  
 Hercule an viso fugit astra Juno<sup>o</sup>  
 Lassus in pondus titubavit Atlas<sup>o</sup>  
 An magis diri tremuere Maues 1600  
 Herculem<sup>o</sup> & visum crinis inferorum  
 Fugit abiuptis trepidus catenis<sup>o</sup>  
 Frallimur læto venit, ecce, vultu,  
 Quem tulit Pœas, humerisque telus  
 Gestat, & notis populis pharetras,  
 Herculis heres 1605

with the waves beating on its shores, from its two seas<sup>o</sup>  
 What is the lucky place, that thou wilt press down with  
 thy weight, in the serene sky<sup>o</sup> What place will be free  
 from anxiety in the firmament, to which Alcides will be  
 consigned<sup>o</sup> His father must assign him a habitat as fa

off as possible from that terrible Nemæan Lion (I do) and likewise from that terrible burning Cancer (The Horrid Zone) lest at the sight of thee the affrighted stars might capsize the very laws which govern their celestial movements and I Titan himself be made to tremble for the consequences! Not let the flowers joyfully bud in the warm spring and the winter as usual nip off the foliage from the forest trees and the ensuing summer recall the bright verdure to the grove and let the ripened fruit as heretofore fall from the trees when autumn wanes! But no length of time Hercules will snatch thee from the world's memory and the hearts of the people. Thou wilt go forth as the celestial companion of Ixibus now and as a companion to the stars and corn will be seen to grow  
 the Ocean shall be full of  
 frosty Northern Bears shall that dip in the sea which it is forbidden to make before the peoples will cease to sing thy praises! And we poor wretched mortals beseech thee oh! thou father of all things let no wild beast be born again — no monster! Let not the miserable Hercules bereft earth grow wretched again with cruel kings! Let no palace intrigues exert an oppressive dominion and let no one exist who harbours the notion that the solitary glory of kingly power resides in the fact of always giving the sword abundance of employment! But whatever is an object of terror to the earth in the future we shall seek for thee again (that is we shall wish for thee again) as the avenger of that earth thou hast just quitted! Hark! What is that frightful noise. Surely the thunder is being heard all over the earth! Let us think! Is it grieving that Hercules has left us? Or is it the father of Alcides who is grieving and repenting his rashness in raising Hercules to the stars? Or is it the voice of the terrified step mother? Or is it a factious clamour of dissatisfaction got up by all the gods in conclave. Or has Juno fled from heaven when she saw Hercules arriving. Or has Atlas stumbled with his load as he was trying  
 what is the most likely solution  
 it is the foot at the sight of Hercules  
 rus of the infernal regions, dismay at seeing Hercules  
 it is Philoctetes whom Hercules has appointed his heir  
 See! with what a self satisfied countenance this son of Peas got the very arrows trying that identical peoples of the earth!

## ACTUS QUINTUS

## NURIX PHILOCTETES

Philoctetes Herculæ mortem et quæ sunt hæc nuntiat

**E**THAPI cæsus juvem, Herculæ pro æ  
 Vultuque quondam tolerat Alcide necem  
 PHIL Quo nemo vitam sciti Iæta deont ultimo  
 Invasit ignes PHIL Esse jam flamma nihil 1610  
 Ostendit ille, qui sub hoc mundo Herculæ  
 Immanc nil reliquit in domna omnia  
 NURIX Inter vapores quis fuit forti locu  
 PHIL Quod unum in orbe vicerat nondum molim  
 Et flamma victa est hæc quoque recessit feris, 1615  
 Inter labores ignis Herculæos ibit  
 NURIX Ediffere agedum, flamma quo victa est modo  
 PHIL Ut omnis Qæta moesta corripuit manus  
 Huic fagus umbras perdit, & toto præc  
 Succisa trunco flebit hic pinum seros 1620  
 Astris mirantem, & nube de media vocat  
 Runtur erutes movit, & silvam trahit  
 Secum minorem Chronis quondam loquax  
 Strit vaster late querens, & Phæbum vetit  
 Ultrique totos porrigit ramos nemus  
 Gemit illi multo vulnere impresso mirax, 1625  
 Frangitque cuneos resilit excussus chalybs,  
 Vulnusque ferrum patitur, & truncum fugit  
 Commota tandem est tunc cadens latam sui  
 Duxit rumam protinus radios locus 1630

## ACT V

## NURSE—PHILOCTETES

Philoctetes announces the death and the last disposal of the body of Hercules

## NURSI

**T**ELL me, youth, I pray thee, all about Hercules' last end, with what expression of countenance did Alcides face his death?

**PHIL** With that amount of equanimity which no man ever evinces, in dealing with even the commonest drawbacks of his daily life

NAU. Did he approach then the very thick of the flames with a joyous expression at all?

PHIL. He showed by his outward expression that the flames were nothing to him—that Hercules indeed who never did give up in this sublunary world any enterprise however weighty and considered that all things have been subdued by him.

NAU. What scope was there for showing any extraordinary bravery when surrounded by flames?

PHIL. The fiery elements were the only difficulties he had never conquered in this world before but he fairly vanquished them then and this achievement was quite equal to any of his wild beast exploits! Fire therefore must henceforward be included in the category of Hercules labors!

NAU. Tell me come be plain in what way dost thou mean that the flames were overcome?

PHIL. How every sorrowing land has hastened to Ceta—the lofty beech was made to part with its spreading protection and to be converted to his use and by there cleft at the very lowest part of its huge trunk—one forester rough and ready hewed down a pine that threatened the tranquillity of the stars with its lofty pretensions and he very soon lowers its pride and summons it from its proud place in the midst of the sky and as it fell it shook the very rocks around and dragged down in its tremendous fall a number of smaller trees of the forest around and the Chronian Oak which spreads its import  
ance far and  
and prevente  
rays its den  
branches rigl

a very angry manner as it was struck with a series of blows breaking the very wedges (which they use on such occasions) and the steel hatchet shivering to pieces bound edback again and the edge of the axe was turned (blunt ed) and appeared reluctant to repeat its attack on the trunk of such a recalcitrant tree. At length however it was disturbed from its resting place then, when it did fall it brought about indescribable disorder with its downfall! the place hitherto shaded was instantaneously lighted up as it were by the free  
had never penetrated b  
being driven from their

Admisit omnes sedibus pulſa ſuis  
 Volucres pererant nemore ſucceſſo diem,  
 Quærantque liſſis garrule pennis nemus  
 Tamque omnis arbor ſonuit, & ſicæ quoque  
 Senſere quicquid horridam ferro manum, 1635  
 Nullique priſcum proſuit ligno nemus  
 Aggeritur omnis ſilva, & alternæ trabes  
 In aſtra tollunt Herculi anguſtum rogam  
 Rapiſt alta flammas pinus, & robur tenax,  
 Et bicivior ilex ſilva contexit pyram 1640  
 Populeæ ſilva, frondis Herculeæ nemus  
 At ille, ut ingens nemore ſub Naſamonio  
 Æger reclini pectore immugit leo,  
 Fertur quis illum credat ad flammæ rapi?  
 Vultus petentis aſtra, non ignes, erant 1645  
 Ut preſſit Ceten, ac ſuis oculis rogam  
 Luſtravit omnem, fregit impoſitus trabes,  
 Arcumque poſcit Accipe hæc, inquit, ſicæ  
 Pœante, dona, munus Alcideæ cape  
 Has hydra ſenſit his jacent ſtympthalides, 1650  
 Et quidquid aliud eminus vici malum  
 Virtute ſcila juvenis, has nunquam irritas  
 Mites in hoſtem ſive de media voles  
 Auferre volucres nube, deſcendent aves,  
 Et certæ prædæ tela de cælo fluent  
 Nec fallet unquam dexteram hic arcus turam 1655  
 Librare telum didicit, & certam darc  
 Fugam ſagittis ipſa non fallunt iter  
 Emiſſa nervo telæ tu tantum, precor,  
 Accommoda ignes & ſacem extremam mihi 1660  
 Hic nodus, inquit, nullæ quem capiet manus,  
 Mecum per ignem flagret hoc telum Herculem  
 Tantum ſequatur hoc quoque acciperes, ait,  
 Sic ſenſe poſſes adjuvet domini rogam  
 Tum rigida ſecum ſpolia Nemeæi maræ 1665  
 Aſſura poſcit latuit in ſpolio rogis  
 Ingemuit omnis turba, nec lacrimas dolor  
 Cuiquam remiſit mater in luſtum furens

at the light of day, the broken-up grove, and the birds all chattering in their own peculiar way, ſeek with wearied wings, ſome other grove, as their aſylum! And at length, every tree ſounded with the ſtokes of the hatchet, and the ſacred oaks likewise experienced the terrible blows of the ruthleſs foreſter's axe, and in that grove of ſuch great antiquity, no log, even, available for purpoſes of conſecration, was left to record this tale of deſtruction! All the foreſt is heaped up, and the beams being arranged one above the other, ſoon raiſe the pile towards the ſky, although narrow for the body of a Hercules! The inflammable lofty pine attracts the flames the firſt, then

the tough oak and then the less pretentious holm oak which the forests had yielded up and lastly the poplar plantations surmounted the pyre—the very groves that had furnished Hercules with his poplar wreaths! But Hercules as he lay there although weak and subdued reclining on his broad chest reminded you of the huge Libyan lion that roared in the Nisamonian forest! He then mounts upwards and who to look at him would suppose for a moment that he was offering himself to the rapacity of the voracious flames. But even then his looks were directed only towards the heavens and he appeared utterly to disregard the flames around him. As he approached Ceta he surveyed the whole of the pile with studious eyes and the beams which had been piled above broke down with his weight—he then asked for his bow. Take these presents he says oh! Son of Peas take them as the last parting gift of Hercules—The Hydra aforetime has had reason to be requirited with these! (alluding to the arrows) and with them the Stymphalides were brought down from the lofty skies and whatever other animated monster that required to be done away with were it never so far off! Oh! youth rejoicing in thy strength never use these arrows without effect upon thy enemy for whether it be that thou seekest to dislodge the feathered tribe from the middle of the skies the birds will fall directly the cloud is struck and these arrows always sure of their prey will return to thee floating gently from out of the air above! nor will this bow ever suffer thy right hand to miss its aim the arrows themselves have acquired the knack of poising themselves with precision and to afford an assured direction in their flight—these arrows when they are shot forth from the string of the bow never mistake the path they are intended to take! But wilt thou I pray see to making this fire ready, and prepare these final (torches) flames for me! This club Hercules said is one which no hand but mine can wield and it must therefore be burnt with me in the same fire—this is the only weapon which will accompany Hercules but thou shouldst he continued if thou couldst to augment the funeral

for that terrible looking skin of the Nemean Lion and such that it should be burnt with him also and which trophy when spread out completely concealed the summit of the pile. All the people about gave a groan nor did any one fail to demonstrate his grief with copious tears and Alcmena the mother, raging frantically hands over her bosom eager to enter upon her task of grieving and beats her naked breasts and is far down as her very





will chuckle at the tears of what she would call her rivals as regards the affections of Jupiter—rather strengthen thou mother any infirmity of spirit thou mayst have it is not the right thing at all for thee to be tearing away at the very breasts that once suckled an Alcides and to beat against the side of the very womb that bore me! Then giving out a terrific roar like that which occurred when he dragged Cerberus through the Argolic cities when the conqueror of Erabus returned from the Stygian realms at which yet even Fate itself which he had always held in such supreme contempt fairly trembled! And in such a mood he lay down on the pile—what jubilant conqueror ever sat so enwrapped in triumphant glee at witnessing his own regal pomp or what tyrant (King) ever dealt decrees to his subjects with so benign and calm an air of majesty! What a tranquil ending received him at last! The tears of all were stayed—the demonstrations of grief with which they were all affected ceased forthwith not one of us even gave forth a groan when he was about to breathe his last! Surely it to weep says Alcme only would seem to checked herself and and as a Noble Parent stood forth vying with her son in self possession!

NUR And as he was dying did he not send forth any prayers to the Gods and look up to Jupiter to ratify his vows?

PHIL No! He lay there self collected and self reliant and looking steadfastly at the heavens stared eagerly with his longing eyes to see whether his father would deign to look down upon him from some one or other of his lofty celestial palaces, then stretching forth his hands he said In whatever part of the heavens thou mayst be oh! my father! look down on thy son to thee thee oh! father whom one entire day sought for in vain afore time when night followed night I now appeal if my praises are sung on each shore visited by Phoebus east and west—if they are sung in regions traversed by the whole wandering tribes of Scythia and if every coast line records my fame which the mid day sun burns up with his scorching rays! If peace reigns throughout the earth—if no cities have any grounds for groaning under their oppressors hand nor any such impious specimen of a humanity be found that would dare to defile thy sacred h tars! If crimes cease to be committed I pray thee admit his soul of mine to mix with the stars above but let not

- Si scelera desunt spiritum admittite hunc precor,  
 In astra nec me mortis inferni locus  
 Nec maesta nigri regna conterent Jovis  
 Sed ne ad illos umbra quos vici Deos  
 Patet erubescio nube discussa diem  
 Pande, ut Decorum vultus ardentem Herculem  
 Spectet licet tu sidera & mundum neget,  
 Ultio, pater, cogere si voces dolor  
 Abstulerit ullis pande tum Stygios Iteus  
 Et redde Patris approbationum prius  
 Ut dignus astus videar hic fiet dies  
 Leve est, quod istum est Herculem hic, genitor, diu  
 Invenit, aut damnabit hoc postque addidit  
 Noveret cernit, quo feram flammis molio  
 Flammis poposcit hoc age Meride comes,  
 Non segnis, inquit corripe Otram faciem  
 Quid dextra tremuit? num manus praevia impium  
 Scelus refugit? redde iam pharetras mihi  
 Ignave, incis, incinis tu nostros manus  
 Quae tendat arcus quis sedet pallor genis  
 Animo faces invade quo Meriden vides  
 Vultu precare respice arsurum miser  
 Vocat ecce iam me genitor, & prandit polos  
 Veno, pater, vultusque non idem fuit  
 Tremente pinum dexteram ardentem impulit  
 Refugit ignis & reluctatur faces,  
 Et membra vitium ~~sed~~ ~~cedentem~~ Hercules  
 Insequitur ignem Caucasum aut Pinum in: Athion  
 Audere credis nullus erumpit sonus  
 Tantum ingemiscit ignis o durum jecur!  
 Typhon in illo positus immanis rogo  
 Gemuisset ipse, quique convulsus solo  
 Imposuit humeris Ostram Fucelidus scrox  
 At ille medius inter exsurgens faces  
 Semiustus ac laniatus, intrepidus, rubens,  
 Nunc, o pater Hercules, sic stare ad rogam  
 Te, mater inquit, sic decet fletu Herculem  
 Inter vapores positus & flammis miris

1705

1710

1715

1720

1725

17

1735

1740

a place in the infernal regions be assigned for my destination not that the poor sorrowful kingdom of that sombre Jupiter (Pluto) would in any way terrify me, but I should really be put to the blush, that I should have to return as a miserable Umbra to those very gods, whom I once subdued, when I was a Hercules! No! Having driven away the clouds, open for me the avenues to thy celestial kingdom, that the faces of the Gods may look down and see Hercules burning in these flames! It is quite natural, that thou shouldst hesitate, under all circumstances to grant me admission amongst the stars, and to make me

a celestial denizen, but oh! my father thou wilt be constrained to do so some time of thy own free will and if my pain which I am now undergoing should extract a single syllable of a murmuring character consign me forthwith to the Stygian lakes and without compunction hand me over to the Fates. But do allow me to prove that I am thy son first! This day will determine whether I can be a candidate for celestial honors—But what I have already done let all things be regarded as comparative trifles! This day oh! my father will be either the making or the marring of Hercules! He afterwards added these remarks— My step-mother will see for herself with what composure I bear up against these flames— He then cried out for more fire. Come hither thou companion of Alcides do not be dilatory but hasten thy steps to feed these Cetaean flames—why is thy hand trembling in that way? Does thy hand shrink as from some terrible crime? Give that quiver back to me directly thou idle lazy useless fellow! Behold! My hands which can even yet stretch this bow—why that paleness which now shows itself on thy cheeks? Seize up the torches with the same courage that thou seest Alcides display in his look! Oh! thou miserable wretch watch me as I am burning all this time! Behold! Now my father calls me, and he is opening the gates of heaven! I am coming! oh! my father—and his face assumed quite a different aspect it was no longer the same countenance! I began to push on trembling all the pile with a burning pine but and the torches as it were and to avoid close contact with the body of Hercules but he moved close to the flames as they appeared to be receding and you really would have believed that Caucasus or Pindus or Athos was fairly in flames! No sound escaped from Hercules—the fire alone was heard to make its characteristic roaring noise! Oh! What unflinching endurance! Typhœus that immense giant placed on such a pile as that would have roared with a will and even that ferocious Enceladus who bore Ossa on his shoulders which he tore away from the earth from its very foundations would have groaned too! But Hercules rising up in the middle of the flames half burnt shockingly mutilated was courageous and only flushed with excitement as any animated conqueror would be! Now oh! thou parent of Hercules becoming on thy part to stand in way for Hercules to be unmoved in no way disc of smoke and rapaciou

Immotus inconcussus in neutrum latus  
 Concepta scelerens membra adhoritatur, monct  
 Gemit aliquid ardens omnibus sortem addidit  
 Animum ministris utque videntem putes  
 Stupet omne vulgus, vox habent flammae sedem 1745  
 Tam placida fons est tanta maiestas viro  
 Nec prope rat moe cumque jam sortis datum  
 Leto satis pensavit, igniferas trabes  
 Hinc inde trahit, nomia quas flammam occupat  
 Iotaque in ignem vertit & qua pluviumus 1750  
 Exundat ignis, incipit intrepidus ferio  
 Nunc oia flammis implet ut illi graves  
 Luxurie habere cumque jam vultum morata  
 Appeteret ignis, lambicent flammare eripit  
 Non preffit oculos sed quid hanc maestram intuo 1755  
 Sinu gerentem? reliquias magnum Hercules  
 Cineremque jactans squallidum Alcmena gemit

## ALCMENA, PHILOCIETTES

Sursum ex Herculis morte cladem Alcmena dolet

**T**IMILI superi, satis tam parvus cinis  
 Hercules est huc ille decrevit graras  
 O quanta, Titum, in nihil moles abiit! 1760  
 Anilis, heu me, cepit Alciden sinus  
 Hic tumulus illi est ecce vox totam Hercules  
 Complevit urnam quam leve est pondus mihi  
 Cui totus aether pondus incubuit leve!  
 Ad Tartara olim regnaque, o morte, ultima 1765  
 Rediturus ibas quando ab inferna Styge  
 Remerbis iterum? non ut & spoliis trahas

body to neither one side nor the other, and then he begins, to exhort, admonish, as if, whilst burning as he was, his mind must be occupied about something—he then tries to inculcate a brave bearing on the part of all those in attendance, and you would scarcely credit that any one could go, being burnt in such a way, amidst such flames, without suffering more than Hercules appeared to be undergoing! All the lookers-on are fairly stupefied, and they think that the flames must surely have lost all their calorific virtue—but, then, behold the face of Hercules placid, and so much majesty is revealed in the countenance of that man, nor does he seem to be hurrying on the process of combustion, but when he bethought himself, that he had given ample proof of his courage in meeting death, he then drew towards himself the beams, that were

burning freely those indeed on which the flames had taken tightest hold and he turns them all towards the fire and then moves himself intrepidly—defiantly towards the spot where the flames were the most active—at length those flames surround his face but his thick beard soon caught fire and when the threatening flames were already reaching his face and were plying round his

what sad woman  
is she carrying  
surely Alcmena  
conveying along  
hers of the Great

Hercules!

### ALCMEANA—PHILOCEIETS

Alcmena grieves about her own downfall arising out of the death of Hercules

#### ALCMEANA

OH! ye gods above go in fear of thy own fate to come upon thee some day thou perceivest to what a small amount of ashes the great Hercules has been brought! (Holding up the article of clothing containing them) this is what that grant of a man has dwindled to! Ah! me! the clothes dangling about an old woman's body (thou seest) are ample enough to hold them! Here is a nice sort of tomb for him! (said jeeringly) Behold! the ashes of the once great Hercules scarcely fill this urn! What a light weight alas! it is for me to carry now! He too to whom the whole weight of the heavens was only a light burden! Oh! my son thou went formerly to Tartarus and the realms of Pluto when thou returnedst again in safety from the infernal Styx but thou wilt never again drag back with thee a dog Cerberus and never again will a Ihesens be under an obligation to thee for restoring him to the light of day—But when wilt thou return even alone (without the dog Cerberus) No! the world placed above thee will leave thy shade in repose and the watch dog of Tartarus will prevent thee from ever escaping therefrom! When wilt thou be able again to force the doors of Fenarus (entrance of Hell) Ah! to which entrance thy mother would fain be drawn but by what path are the realms of Mors to be approached? Thou that goest to inhabit those regions travellest by one irrepassable road never to be trodden again! Why should I therefore pass the day in useless complaints

Rursumque Ihefus debet lucem tibi  
 Sed quando solus mundus impositus tuas  
 Compescet umbras, teque Iartareus eras  
 1770  
 Inlubere poterit quando Tenareus fores  
 Pulsabis, quæ, quas mater ad succes igrar  
 Quæ mox aditur vadis ad Maus iter  
 Habiturus unum quid dicam questu tero  
 Quid misera duras vitæ quid lucem hanc tunc  
 1775  
 Quem parere iussus Herculem possum Jovi  
 Quis me parentem natus Alcmenam suram  
 Tantis vocabit o nimis felix, nimis,  
 Thebane conjux futuri iustrasti loca  
 Florente nato, teque venientem inferi  
 1780  
 Timere forsitan, quod præter tantum Herculis  
 Vel falsus adeiras quis petam terras tuas,  
 Invisa sævis regibus si quis tamen  
 Rex est relictus sevis heu miseræ mihi  
 Quicumque cæsos ingemunt nati patres,  
 1785  
 A me petent supplicia me cuncti obruent  
 Si quis minor Busius, aut si quis minor  
 Anteus urbes fervidæ terret plagæ,  
 Ego præda ducar si quis Ismarios greges  
 Thracis cruenti vindicat, erpent greges  
 1790  
 Mea membra diri forsitan pœnas petet  
 Irata Juno totus uictur dolor  
 Secua victo tandem ab Alcide vacat  
 Pellex supersum, supplicia de qua exigit  
 Ne parere possem, fecit hic natus mihi  
 1795  
 Uterum timendum quæ petam Alcmenæ loca  
 Quis me locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga  
 Defendet, ut quis mater in latebras igrar  
 Ubique per te nota si patiam petam,  
 Laiesque miserios, Aigos Eurystheus tenet  
 1800  
 Orbata Thebas regnum & Ismenum petam,  
 Thalamosque nostros, in quibus quondam Jovem  
 Dilecta vidi, pius nimis felix, nimis,  
 Si fulminantem & ipsa sensissem Jovem  
 Utinam meis visceribus Alcides foret  
 1805  
 Exfectus infans! nunc datum est miseræ, datum,  
 Videre natum hunde certantem Jovi  
 Et hoc daretur scire, quod fatum mihi  
 Eripere posset! quis memori vivet tui,  
 O nate, populus omne jam ingratum est genus  
 1810  
 Petam Cleonas, Arcadam an populos petam  
 Mentisque terram nobilem quæram tuas

Oh! my miserable life, why dost thou cling to me thus?  
 Why am I thus spared to view the light of heaven?  
 What Hercules shall I ever bring forth for Jupiter again?  
 What so great a son will ever call Alcmena "Mother"  
 again? Oh! too happy, my too happy Theban husband,

Amphitryon thou enterdest the regions of Tartarus whilst thy son was in the height and pride of glorious manhood! and perhaps the Gods below somewhat dreaded thy arrival amongst them inasmuch as thou appearedst as the supposed father of Hercules although not the real one what land shall I an old woman go in search of? I am an object of hatred to the cruel kings left behind, and whatever cruel king is left behind Woe is me! and whatever sons of such kings are bewailing the fate of their slain fathers will single me out as a target for punishment and revenge—one and all will rush forward eagerly to consummate my downfall—if there be an offshoot of Busiris or any descendant of Antæus be still holding in terror the cities that exist in that hot country—I shall be looked upon as their legitimate prey! Or if any be alive to revenge the destruction of the Ismarian cattle which belonged to that cruel Ithacan Diomedes and to let those savage horses feast upon my carcass—perhaps Juno in her anger may seek to vent her spleen upon me by some kind of punishment and thus all her long continued resentment may be expended upon me! At last she is left safe since Hercules has thus been conquered it is true I her rival hitherto am still spared but my son has caused my womb to be an especial object of alarm to me lest by any possibility I should be made a mother again! What refuge shall I an Alcmena seek? What place will protect me—what region—what country in whatever hiding place in this wide world? Everywhere I go I shall be recognized as thy mother on account of thy exploits! If I seek my own country the now sad home of my father Electryon Eurystheus is still in power at Argos! Being thus bereaved shall I seek the Theban kingdom washed by the waters of the Ismenus and the scene of my marriage amour where once a beloved one I first met with Jupiter! Oh! too happy for me if I had experienced the lightnings of Jupiter during that embrace as Semele once did I wish that the infant Alcides had been excised from my very womb! Now it has happened to my lot, it has not been brought about that I should live to behold a son vying with Jupiter in his pretensions to glory! But this has been given me to know that nothing can snatch me from my destiny! What people oh! my son will ever live to be mindful of thy services? The whole race of mankind is one mass of ingratitude! (Shall I seek Cleonæ? Or shall I fly for refuge to the people of Arcadia? I will at all events seek out some land rendered famous by thy meritorious deeds! Twas in one place the Hydra fell in another the Stryphalides met their end—here a cruel king was conquered—there



- Hæc dira seipens eecidit, hæc rlc̄ seia,  
 Hæc rex eruentus, hæc tua siactus manu,  
 Qui te sepulto possidet eælum lco 1815  
 Si grat̄a terr̄a est, populus Almenarum tuam  
 Defendat omnis Thraciarum gentes p̄ctam,  
 Hæbique populos? hæc quoque est mentis tuæ  
 Defens̄a tellus stabul̄a cum regno p̄ccent  
 Hæc p̄ra cimento iuge profu ito data est 1820  
 Ubi enim negata est? quod tibi infelix unus  
 Quæram sepulcrum? de tuis totus iogis  
 Contendit oibis reliquias magni Herculis  
 Quis i opulus, ut que templ̄a, quæ gentes colent?  
 Quis iam petet, quis possit Almenes onus?  
 Quæ tibi sepuleia, nate quis tumulus sit est? 1825  
 Hæc totus oibis sum̄a erit titulus tibi  
 Quid, anime, tepid̄as? Herculis emerces tenes  
 Complectere oss̄a reliquæ rutilium d̄abunt  
 Erunt satis p̄æsidīa terrebut tue 1830  
 Reges vel umbrae PHYL Debitos nato quidem  
 Compesce fletus, mater Alcidae incliti  
 Non est gemendus, nec grat̄a urgendus nece  
 Virtute quisquis abstulit frat̄is iter  
 Æterna virtus Herculem fletu vetat 1835  
 Fortes vetat mœere, degeneres iubet  
 ALCM Sedibo questus? vindicem unis parans  
 Teræ atque pelagi, quæque purpurens dies  
 Utrumque elat̄a spectat Oceanum iota  
 Quot miser̄a in uno condidi natos parens 1840  
 Regno eruebam, regna sed poteram due  
 Un̄a inter omnes terra quis matres gerit,  
 Votis perpeteri nil ego r̄ superis peti  
 Incolumen nato quid due Hereuleus mihi  
 Non poterat ridi? quis Deus quidquam mihi 1845  
 Negare poterat? vota in hæc fuerunt manu  
 Quidquid negat Jupiter, d̄uet Hereules  
 Quid tale genitrix ull̄a mortalis tulit  
 Dessevit aliquæ mater, & toto stetit  
 Succisa foetu, hisque septenos greges 1850  
 Deploravit una gregibus æquari meus  
 Quot ille poterat? matibus miseris adhuc  
 Exemplum ingens deerat Almene d̄ibo  
 Cessate matres, pertinet si quas dolo

that lion was subdued by thy hand, and which now possesses a place in the heavens, and thou, its conqueror art merely buried below! If the earth is grateful, every country and people will defend thy mother Alcmena. Shall I seek the people of Thrace and those who live on the borders of the Hebrus—that is a land, which has been protected by thy valuable labors—the notorious stables with the kingdom itself have fallen too, and here,

peace was secured when that sanguinary king was laid low! Was there ever any thing denied to me?—what burial place shall I only a miserable old woman seek out for thee. All the world will dispute for the possession of what was filched by me from the funeral pile (the ashes) what people or what temples or what nation will be the happy possessor of and be able to worship these relics of Hercules? Who is there that is already asking for them—who will beg for this small burden which Alcmena is now carrying about with her? What burial place oh! my son what tomb will be in keeping with thy deserts? Why oh! my anxious heart do I seem to tremble? I ought to remember that I am carrying the ashes of Hercules—to embrace even his incinerated bones these relics will inspire me with an earnest of ready support—they alone will be a sufficient safeguard!

PHIL. Restrain those tears which no doubt are fully called forth oh! thou mother of glorious Alcides—he must not be bewailed for too much too much must not be urged about his terrible form of death who by his valor simply has triumphed over destiny! Such immortal valor forbids that Hercules should be wept for in an ordinary manner—the brave are forbidden to be wept for it is only the chicken hearted ones that demand such pity and sympathy!

ALC. I will check my complaining spirit then but I a parent have lost that wenger of the earth and the sea and wherever the roseate light of day overlooks both Oceans East and West as it is ushered in from the bright chariot of Phœbus! How many sons alas do I as a parent seem to have buried away in that solitary Hercules! I had no kingdom of my own but I could always give away kingdoms I was that only mother amongst all the other mothers in the world who could do that. But I spared Heaven the addressing of my vows I sought nothing from the gods above my son was the stronghold of safety and what could the ardent love and valor of Hercules not accomplish? What deity could deny me anything my wishes were all in his power to grant! What Jupiter was inclined to deny that Hercules could give! What like this did my mortal mother ever enjoy as to privilege. A certain mother Niobe wept and stood aghast it being deprived of an entire family and all at once had to weep for the death of fourteen children! (Apollo killed the males Diana the females) But how many I should like to know could represent as a sum total the equivalent for my own!

Adhuc jubet lugere, quis luctus gravis 1855  
 In fura verit cedite his cunctæ malis  
 Agedum, senile pectus, o miseræ manus,  
 Pulsate & una funeri tanto fat est  
 Grandæva auns defecta, quod totus brevi  
 Jam quæret orbis? expedi in planctus tramen 1860  
 Defessa quamquam brachia invidiam ut Deis  
 Lugendo facias, advoca in planctum genus

## ALCMENA

Tristis Alcmena nentiam canit

**F**LETE Alcmenen, magnique Jovis  
 Plangite natum, cui concept'o  
 Lux una perit, noctesque dnas 1865  
 Contulit Eos ipsa quiddam  
 Plus luce perit totæ pariter  
 Plangite gentes, quorum sævos  
 Ille tyrannos iussit Stygiis  
 Penetrare domos, populisque madens 1870  
 Ponere ferrum fletum meritis  
 Reddite tantis totus, totus  
 Perfonet orbis flet Alciden  
 Cærule Cete, magno tellus  
 Clara Tonante centum popul 1875  
 Brachia pulsant  
 Nunc Curetes, nunc Corybantes,  
 Arma Idæa quassate manu  
 Armis illum lugere decet  
 Nuue nunc funus plangite verum 1880  
 Jacet Alcides non minor ipso,  
 Creta, Tonante  
 Flete Heiculeos, Arcades, obitus,  
 Nondum Phœbo nascente genus  
 Juga Partheni Nemeæque sonent, 1885

As yet, lamenting mothers have been without any exemplary model whereby to regulate the orthodox standard of grief! I will furnish them now, with one, in the shape of myself, an Alcmena! Cease, oh! ye bewailing mothers, therefore, if any deeply-rooted cause for grief constrains you still to persevere with your weeping, even such as those, whose grief might transform them into stones (alluding to Niobe), yield, one and all of you, in respect of magnitude to this calamity of mine! Come, oh! this senile bosom of mine, and oh! these miserable hands of mine, strike and belabor in orthodox fashion, and do not let any woman, although she may be somewhat stricken

in years, be backward in her manifestations of adequate grieving for so great a misfortune which all the world will seek to do shortly—let me get ready however for my bewailing observances although my arms are pretty well wearied out by age so that I may excite the very jealousy of the Gods, in the way I can weep and let me summon all sympathizers for the fate of Hercules to aid in this mournful task!

### ALCMENA

Alcmena in her grief chants a funeral dirge

**L**AMENT for Alcmena in her grief weep for the son of the mighty Jupiter for whom an entire day was missing at his conception and Aurora had to pass three consecutive nights in succession—now something more than mere light has passed away from us and all ye nations weep alike for him who consigned cruel tyrants to enter their first Stygian resting place and cast aside the sword wreaking with blood that threatened the people tender thy weeping for such great benefits—let every world resound again with mournful cries—let that Crete watered by the blue sea and favored with such a blue sky bewail Alcides that land so renowned as having been the nursery of the mighty Jupiter—let a hundred peoples beat their arms at once and now let the Curetes then the Corybantes testify their grief as worthy priests and jingle the instruments they use on Mount Ida (cymbals horns drums and their boxwood flutes)—it is only the right thing on an occasion like this to accompany their lamentations! For now and now if ever is the time to strike up a funereal dirge! Oh! Crete Alcides is now departed not less great than Jupiter himself Bewail oh! ye Arcadians bewail the death of Hercules a race that existed before Phœbus himself was as yet born—let the mountain sides of Parthenium and Nemea resound with cries and let the peoples about Mœnala strike their bodies with hard blows let them vociferously yet plaintively call back Alcides the Erymanthian wild boar was lured low on the borders of the country—here it was that the Sthymphalides were summoned from their lofty abodes in the skies by the arrows of Hercules those birds that with their outspread wings completely obscured the light of day! Weep oh! ye people of Argos weep oh! ye denizens of Cleonæ 'twas here that the right hand of my son destroyed the lion which was the terror of thy cities Oh! ye Sithonian matrons deal yourselves



becoming blows and let the frigid Hebrus cause its lamentations to be heard—weep for Alcides and thank fully that no infant not as yet born will be destined to supply the stables of another Diomedes nor the horses of that cruel king to feed upon their entrails—weep that land, which was freed from such a gigantic monster as Antæus and let that country weep that was snatched from the clutches of a Geryon—all ye nations that have been rendered miserable grieve in concert with me and let each side of the sea East and West hear each thy moans and oh! ye deities the celestial denizens summoned from every part of the heavens weep for the misfortunes of Hercules! Oh! ye gods above my Alcides bore the heavens which ye govern on his shoulders and propped up the falling firmament when Atlas who carried the star-bearing Olympus (that is on account of its height nearly reaching the stars) had to pause and take his breath while he relieved himself of his burden. Where are thy celestial citadels now Oh! Jupiter where is that promised palace in the heavens? Now that Alcides has vanished from this earthly scene like any other mortal and forasmuch as he is practically buried how often has he saved thee the trouble of employing thy underbolts and thy lightnings? How many times have thy lightnings been scattered. At the least hurl thy lightning at me and think that I am another Semele! Dost thou not oh! my son now inhabit the Elysian habitations?—hast thou not reached that shore to which nature calls all the people from this earth? Or has the sombre Styx closed its doors against thee since thou triumphantly carried off Cerberus? Or are the Fates loth to admit thee and are showing some hesitation as thou approachest the threshold of Pluto? What a stir oh! my son thou wilt make amongst the shades! How thou wilt frighten those Manes! And has Charon fled in dismay giving up his post as pilot? And the Centaurs getting into an excited state are they not kicking away furiously at the Manes with their hoofs of Thessalian memory? Or has the Hydra with its hundred appended draconian heads sunk hidingly under the water thoroughly scared at thy approach? Oh! my son they fear thee and marvel at the labors thou hast achieved! I am mistaken—yes I am mistaken the foolish doting parent that I am neither the Manes nor the shades (shades here must allude to the monsters) have reason to fear thee now! that terrible skin which thou tookest from the Argolic (Nemæan) Lion no longer adorns thy robust shoulders and its ferocious fangs no longer encrown thy noble temples. The quiver has been given up as a

Vadis mecum, nate, per umbras  
Ad quas semper mansurus eris

## ALCMENA, HERCULES

Solatui lugentem matrem Hercules in Deorum collegium  
translatus, *machina autem demissus Hæc ex editiore  
loco supra episcinium inducitur*

Q

- HERC QUID me tenentem regna fidei poli, 1940  
Cœloque tandem reddiditum, plangitū jubes  
Sentire satum? parce nam virtus mihi  
In astia, & ipsos fecit ad superos irei  
ALCM Unde sonus trepidas aures ferit?  
Unde mors inlubet lacrimas fragor?  
1945  
Agnosco, agnosco, victum est Chæros  
A Styge, nate, redis iterum mihi  
Fractaque non semel est Mors horrida  
Vicisti iunius Noctis loca,  
Puppis & inferne vada tristia  
1950  
Pervius est Acheron iam languidus,  
Et remeare licet soli tibi,  
Nec te Fata tenent post funera  
An tibi præclusit Pluton iter,  
Et prævius regni metuit sibi?  
1955  
Certo ego te vidi flagrantibus  
Impositum filvis, cum pluvius  
In cœlum fureiet flammæ metus  
Aristi certe, verum ultima  
Non tenere tuas umbras loca  
1960  
Quid timere tui manus, precor?  
Umbra quoque est Diti nimis horrida  
HERC Non me gementis stagna Cocyti tenent,  
Non puppis umbras furva transivit meas  
1965  
Jam parce, mater, questibus Manes semel  
Umbraeque vidi quidquid in nobis tui  
Mortale fuerat, ignis evictus tulit  
Paterna cœlo pars data est, flammis tua  
Pionde plangitū pone, quos nato pariet  
Genitrix metui luctus in turpes erit  
1970  
Virtus in astia tendit, in mortem timor  
Præsens ab astis, mater Alcides cano,

present to Philoctetes, and now a less mighty hand than  
thine will discharge the arrows therefrom! Thou goest  
thither without offensive weapons, oh! my son, towards  
those shades, amongst which, alas! thou must dwell for  
ever!

## ALCMENA—HERCULES

Hercules having been raised to the companionship of the gods consoles his grieving mother but being lowered from the habitations above by the same aerial contrivance as that by which he was translated to the heavens is introduced into this scene

## HERCULES

**W**HY dost thou force thyself to bewail my fate when thou perceivest that I am now in possession of an abode in the starry heavens and at last received into the celestial regions—be sparing therefore in thy lamentations for my valor has wrought its way to the stars and the gods above!

**ALC** Whence this sound that has just now struck my ears? Whence the crash which from its very suddenness has arrested my tears? The infernal regions and Mars are overcome! Chaos is conquered! Oh! my son thou art returning to me from the Styx and Mars has been vanquished for the second time! But hast thou really overcome the obscure realms of Nox and those dreadful streams ferried over by that craft of Charon's? Is Acheron heretofore a swiftly flowing river only skimming along languidly now and has it thus allowed thee only to reappear on this earth? Or is it that the Fates cannot control thee even when thou art dead? Or has Pluto barred up against thee the approaches to his kingdom? And anxious as to the safety of that kingdom that he has been equally so about himself? I certainly saw thee placed on those burning contributions of the forest which composed thy funeral pile! When the terrible flames raised themselves high up towards the heavens thou wert burning most assuredly but then the last goal Tartarus that has to be reached by all mortals alike as it would appear has not been arrived at by thy Manes! (spirit) I pray thee tell me why these Manes have gone in such fear of thy Umbra? Is it that thy Umbra is so terrifying for even Pluto to behold?

**HERC** The stagnant waters of the Cocytus have not returned me nor has that unrelenting bark flying its way towards eternal darkness had the task of conveying my mortal remains across its streams! Now be sparing mother of thy lamentations I have seen the Shades and the Manes once only and whatever there was in me of a mortal nature the fire has overcome and elimin



Pœnas cūentus jam tibi Euryſtheus dabit  
 Cuiu ſuperbum vecta transcendes caput  
 Me jam decet ſubire cœleſtem plagam 1975  
 Inferna vici iuſus Alcides loca  
 ALCM M̄ine p̄uump̄ei cœſſit, ex oculis abiit,  
 In aſtra fertur fallor, an vultus putat  
 Vidiffe natum? miſera mens incredula eſt  
 Es numen, & te mundus æternus tenet 1980  
 Credo triumphis regna Thebarum petam,  
 Novumque templis additum numen crnam

## CHORUS

Heracles ἀποθέσει ἄσπυατ Chorus, novumque numen  
 adoiat

**N**UNQUAM Stygias fertur ad umbras  
 Inclita virtus vivite fortes,  
 Vos Lethæos sæva per amnes 1985  
 Nec fata trahent ſed cum ſummas  
 Eviget horas conſumta dies,  
 Ite ad ſuperos gloria pandet  
 Sed tu, domitor magne ferarum,  
 Orbisque ſimul pacator, ades 1990  
 Nunc quoque noſtrias reſpice terras  
 Et ſi qua novo bellua vultu  
 Quatiet populos teriore gravi,  
 Tu fulminibus frange trifurcis  
 Fortius ipſo genitore tuo 1995  
 Fulmina mittes

ated but the paternal portion of me, that given to me by Heaven, remains! The flames have claimed, as their own, what I received from thee! [The mortal portion] Henceforward lay aſide thy weeping, which a mother only ſpares for a helpless mortal ſon! Let grief therefore, be reſerved for the baſer-born of mankind! Valor bends its courſe, upwards, to the ſtars! Cowardice ſhrinks downwards, with its eyes on Mors being now before thee, mother, and coming from the ſtars (direct) I enunciate to thee, this prediction! The time will arrive, when that cruel Euryſtheus will ſuffer his puniſhment and at thy hands, thou ſhalt paſs over his proud head in thy triumphal chariot! (He is afterwards ſlain by Hyllus) It is now proper and right for me to go back to the heavenly regions again I, Alcides, thou now perceivest, have again triumphed over the infernal realms!

ALC Wait a little time! Oh! he escapes from me—he disappears from my vision—he is borne towards the stars! Am I under some illusion of the senses? Or does my vision deceive me only in supposing that I have just seen my son! My wretched mind is really not quite made up on the point! Thou art a veritable Deity now my son and I will seek the Theban kingdom and will there sing to the praises of the new Divinity which has been given to their temples and to whom they may now render their homage!

### CHORUS

The chorus breathes forth its thanks for the Apotheosis of Hercules, and is ready to worship the newly acquired Deity

**R**ENOWNED valor is never brought so low as to have to return to the sombre shades! live oh! ye brave ones of the earth! Neither the cruel Fates will drag you through the streams of the Lethe but when the last day of your lives has passed away and your last hours have arrived (are demanded from you) Glory will open up the way to the gods above! But thou Hercules camest as the great conqueror of the wild beasts and at the same time to be the pacificator of the world! Even now thou wilt deign to look upon the earth and if any huge monster with a new form should agitate the people with grievous terrors thou wilt strike it down with thy three forked lightnings and thou wilt send thy lightnings forth with a stronger hand too than even thy father Jupiter ever did!



OCTAVIA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

OCTAVIA  
 NUTRIX OCTAVIÆ  
 CHORUS ROMANORUM  
 SENECA  
 PRÆFECTUS

POPPÆA  
 AGRIPPINA  
 NERO  
 NUNTIUS

## ARGUMENTUM

CLAUDIUS DRUSUS CÆSAR MESSALINÆ, quæ illi Britannicum & Octaviam pepererat, quod Silio nupsisset, mox iussæ, Agrippinam filiam fratris sui Germanici, viduam Cn Dom Ænobarbi Neronis, superinduxit, cujus filio Neroni Octaviam suam in matrimonium dedit Claudio & Britannico veneno sublati, Nero Imp Octaviam, quam oderat, repudiat, Poppæam Sabinam ducit cujus divortii causa commoti populi tumultum multa cæde reprimi, & Octaviam in Pandatiam ablegatam interfici jubet

## ACTUS PRIMUS

## OCTAVIA

Vitæ peitæfa miseras suas deslet Octavia

JAM vîga cœlo fideia fulgens  
 Ausciosa fugit surgit Titan  
 Radiante coma, mundoque diem  
 Reddit clarum  
 Age, tot tantis onerata malis, 5  
 Repete usuetos jam tibi questus,  
 Atque æquivoce vince Alcyonas,  
 Vince & volucres Pandionias  
 Gravior namque his fortuna tua est  
 Semper genitorum deslenda mihi, 10  
 Prima meorum curarum malorum,  
 Tristes questus  
 Nitæ exaudi si quis temeret  
 Sensus in umbis utinam ante meum  
 Grandævum sua meum rupisset 15  
 Stragem Clothio, turbarum moriens  
 Vulnera vidi,  
 Oriorque scædo sperare curore!  
 O lux semper funestra mihi!  
 Tempore ab illo lux est tenebris 20  
 Invisis magis  
 Tulimus favæ iussu novercæ,  
 Hostilem amicum, vultusque tuces

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

OCTAVIA  
 OCTAVIA'S NURSE  
 CHORUS OF ROMANS  
 SENECA  
 PREFECT

POPPÆA  
 AGRIPPINA  
 NERO  
 MESSENGER

## ARGUMENT

CLAUDIUS DRUSUS CÆSAR (Messalina because she had married Silus, being condemned to die—she had borne him (Cæsar) Britannicus and Octavia) took to himself for a fourth wife (he had divorced Urgulanilla and Ælia Pretina before he married Messalina) Agrippina the daughter of his brother Germanicus and the widow of Cn. Domitius Ænobarbus Nero to whose son he gave his daughter Octavia in marriage. Claudius and Britannicus being poisoned Nero then Emperor divorces Octavia whom he had always hated and marries Poppæa Sabina in consequence of which divorce he had to put down the riots amongst the populace amidst great slaughter and he orders Octavia to be transported to Pandurium and there to be slain.

## ACT I

## OCTAVIA

Octavia weary of her existence bewails her misery

**A**UFORA, that was shining brilliantly in the heavens is now forsaking the wandering starry group and Titan is rising from his Eastern couch with his radiating flakes of fire and is giving forth to the world another bright day. Let me pursue the recital of my woes burdened as I am with so many and such great misfortunes and let me rehearse to thee my oft-repeated plaints and let me surpass the Alcyons (Ceyx and Alcyon) which give out their dismal notes as they hover over their aquatic abodes (during the nidifying season) and let me exceed too the Pandionian birds (Progne and Philomela) with my dolorous strains! for my troubles are greater than ever theirs were—it is always a mother and mother that is the prominent theme in my lamentations the first cause of my misfortunes hear then the sad plaints of a daughter—if any sense or feeling is to be looked for in those numbered with the shades I wish that Clotho had

Illa illa meis tristis Erinny  
 Thalamis Stygios prætulit ignes? 25  
 Teque extinxit, miserande præter,  
 Modo cui totus paruit orbis  
 Ultra Oceanum, cuique Britann  
 Feiga dedere,  
 Ducibus nostris ante ignoti, 30  
 Jurisque sui  
 Conjugis (heu me!) præter infidus  
 Oppresse iuces, servitque domus  
 Cum prole tua capta tyranno!

## NURRIX OCTAVIÆ

Propter alumnae suæ Octaviæ calamitatem sublimis & alicui  
 vitæ conditionem execratur

**F**ULGORI primo captus, & fragili bono 35  
 Fallacis aulæ quisquis titonitus stupet,  
 Subito labantis ecce Fortunæ impetu  
 Modo præpotentem cernit eveisim domum  
 Stirpemque Claudi, cuius impetio fuit  
 Subjectus orbis, paruit liberi dui 40  
 Oceanus, & recepit invitus rates  
 En qui Britannis primus imposuit jugum,  
 Ignota e ante classibus texit freta,  
 Interque gentes barbaris tutus fuit,  
 Et sæva maria, conjugis sceleie occidit, 45  
 Mox illa nati cuius extinctus præter  
 Frater venenis mœiet infelix foroi,  
 Eademque conjux nec graves luctus valet  
 Iia coacta tegere crudelis viri  
 Secreta refugit semper, atque odio pari 50  
 Ardens mariti, mutua flagrat face  
 Animum dolentis nostræ solatui fides  
 Pietasque frustra mutat immotis dolo  
 Consilia nostra nec regi mentis potest

broken the threads of my life, with her venerable fingers, before, ever plunged in the abyss of grief, I beheld the wounds on thy body (Messalina's) and thy face besmeared with the unsightly blood! Oh! this access of the light of day, it is always distressing to my mind (from the repulsive remiscences) Light is now more odious to me, than ever Stygian darkness could be, ever since that sorrowful time—I have had to submit to the imperious tyranny of a step-mother, her hostile spirit, and her savage glances! It is she, she that, like cruel Erinny, has un-

ported her Stygian torches and disturbed the harmony of the marriage homestead! And she has destroyed thee oh! my father a thousand times to be pitied whom till now the whole world beyond the very ocean' owed subjection—at whose appearance on their shores the affrighted Britons fled in dismay having never before owed allegiance to any foreign conqueror! Ah me! oh! my father thou art laid low fallen by the wicked snares of a wife (destroyed by one of the fungi Boletus a poisonous mushroom) and thy palace and thy offspring are under the cruel rule of a tyrant

### OCTAVIA S NURSE

On account of the sad misfortunes befalling her nurse child Octavia the nurse execrates the drawbacks which beset the proud surroundings of life in a Palace

ANY one that is captivated at first sight by the outside splendor and fleeting advantages of the treacherous palace can now behold with his own eyes wonder and realize what remains of a once most powerful empire overthrown on a sudden by the insidious advances of adverse fate and see what has befallen the offspring of Claudius to whose imperial sway the whole world was once subject and by whom that Ocean hitherto free and un navigated over was brought under control and was constrained to afford in unopposed passage for our Roman fleets! Think that it was he who first placed the Britons under any foreign yoke and covered the very seas before unknown to the Romans with his fleets and amongst even such barbarous nations and such tempestuous seas he was at all events in a state of personal safety! But alas! he fell at last by the wickedness of a wife—presently she will share the same lot at the hands of a son (Nero) and a brother of whom is now lying dead from the effects of poison (Britannicus was not a brother by the ties of blood Nero became a brother by adoption only) That miserable sister (by marriage only) and likewise wife is in a deep grief nor does her restrained anger suffice to conceal her terrible woe—she always avoids being alone with her cruel husband eschewing privacy and her angry sentiments are quite on a par with the aversion which the husband entertains towards her! They burn with mutual hatred! The confidence which she reposes in me is in some sort a consolation to her grieving heart but devoted affection is quite useless in as much as her uncontrollable grief thwarts all my well in



Generosus ardor sed male vires cepit 55  
 Heu, quam nefandum prospicit noster timor,  
 Scelus quod utinam numen avertat Deum!

## OCTAVIA, NURSE

Iugentem OCTAVIAM nutrix consolatur & a vindictâ, quam cogitat, dehortatur

O  
 OCTAVIA nullis equanda mali  
 Fortuna! licet repetam luctus,  
 Electa, tuos tibi morrenti 60  
 Cœsum licent flere parentem  
 Scelus ulcisci vindicæ fratrem,  
 Iura quem pietas hosti rapuit  
 Itevitque fides me crudeli  
 Sorte parentes raptos prohibet 65  
 Lugeat timor, fratrisque necem  
 Deslere vetat, in quo fuerat  
 Spes una mihi,  
 Totque malorum breve solamen  
 Nunc in luctus scivata meos 70  
 Magni resto hominis umbra  
 NUTR Vox (heh) nostras perculit aures  
 Tristis alumnae  
 Cessas thalamus infenæ gradus,  
 Tuda senectus? OCT Exeipe nostras 75  
 Lacrimas, nutrix testis nostri  
 Fida doloris NUTR Quis te tantis  
 Solvet curis, miseranda, dies?  
 OCT Qui me Stygis mittet ad umbras  
 NUTR Omina, quæso, sunt ista procul 80  
 OCT Non vota meos tur nunc casus,  
 Sed fata regunt NUTR Dabit assistere  
 Meliora Deus tempora mitis  
 Tu modo blando vince obsequio

mentioned advice, nor can her resolute strong-mindedness, be in any way brought under by my efforts, but she even seems to have acquired increased determination, arising out of the very misfortunes she has undergone! Alas! what wicked crime do my alarms lead me on to foreshadow, would that the kind intervention of the Gods may avert such a climax!

## OCTAVIA—NURSE

The Nurse consoles the grieving Octavia, and dissuades her from prosecuting any revenge, which she might be contemplating

## OCTAVIA

O H! my cruel destiny to be equalled by none in the severity of my misfortunes it may be Electra that I shall rehearse thy griefs in my own personal sufferings—it was thy fate to have to bewail the loss of a murdered parent but in thy case there was a brother in view to revenge at some future time by that terrible crime a brother whom thy affection snatched away from the sword of the enemy and to whom thy fidelity gave its sheltering protection but my fear for the consequences hinders me from even outwardly bewailing the loss of my parents who were snatched away from me by the cruel hand of fate it forbids me too to bemoan the death of a brother in whom my one my only hope was centred! There was a brief interval of consolation afforded me amidst such great misfortunes (while the brother Britannicus lived) but now forsooth I am handed over alone with no brother to look forward to to my own bitter grief and thus I remain only now as the shadow of a once great name!

Alas! a sorrowing voice has struck my ears! and should I although affected with the tardiness of old age hesitate to hasten with quickened steps to the bed chamber of Octavia?

OCT Trace these tears to their proper source Nurse thou art the one faithful witness of my grief

NUR What day will ever arrive oh thou one to be pitied which will rid thee of thy troubles?

OCT What day (dost thou mean) will arrive? (Is it the day on which I shall be packed off to the Stygian Shades?)

NUR I beseech the Gods may such an unpropitious day as that then be a long way off!

OCT Unfortunately thy wishes Nurse have no influence over such troubles as mine but the Fates have!

NUR Surely a merciful deity will vouchsafe better times for the one afflicted as thou art but thou hast calmed thyself down somewhat just try and prevail on thy husband's susceptibilities if he has any and assume a bland obsequious demeanour towards him

Placata viuum OCI Vincam fævos	85
Ante leones, tigresque tuces,	
Fæta quam sævi cordi tyranni	
Odit genitos fanguine claro,	
Spernit superos hominesque simul,	
Nec fortunam capit ipse furum,	90
Quam dedit illi per scelus ngens	
Infanda parens licet ingratum	
Diræ pudeat muneie matris,	
Hoc imperium cepisse, licet	
Tantum munus morte rependat	95
Feret hunc titulum post fata tamen	
Femina longo semper in ævo	
NUTR Animi retine verba furentis	
Temere emissam comprime vocem	
OCT Toleranda quamvis patiar, haud unquam queant,	100
Nisi morte tristi, nostra finire mala	
Genitrice cæsa, per scelus iapto patre,	
Orbata fiatre, miseris, luctu obruta,	
Mœroie pieffa, conjugii inuisa, ac meæ	
Subiecta famulæ, luce non giata fruor,	105
Trepidante semper coide, non mortis metu,	
Sed sceleris absit crimen a fatiis meis	
Mori iuvabit pœna nam gravior nece est,	
Videre tumidos & truces miseræ mihi	
Vultus tyranni, jungere atque hosti oscula,	
Timere nutus, cuius obsequium meus	
Haud ferre posset, fata post fratris, dolor,	
Scelere interemti, cuius imperium tenet	
Et morte gaudet auctor infandæ necis	
Quam sæpe tristis umbra germani meis	115
Offertur oculis, membra cum solvit quies,	
Et fessa fletu lumina oppressit sopor!	
Modo facibus atris armat infirmas manus,	
Oculosque, & ora fratris infestus petit	
Modo trepidus idem refugit in thalamos meos	120
Persequitur hostis, atque inhærenti mihi	
Violentus enfem per latus nostrum rapit	
Tunc tremor & ingens excutit fomnos pavor,	

OCT I shall have to overcome, first the savage lion of the plains, and the fierce tiger of the jungle, before I can subjugate the adamant heart of the tyrant Nero—The fact is, he has an instinctive hatred to start with, of any one descended from an illustrious race—he despises alike, the ignoble herd of mankind and the Gods above as well, nor has he received anything at the hands of fortune, but what a cruel parent has heaped upon him, as the proceeds of aggravated crime, although he is ungrateful enough to be ashamed of ever having received anything

from that cruel mother he has nevertheless taken upon himself the dominion over this empire and although in return for such a great gift he hands her over to be assassinated! But a woman will long hold the credit for her share in the transaction even after her death and it will continue to last for many a long year in the minds of the people

NUR Restrain the expressions of thy angered mind weigh with care the words thou suffrest to escape thy lips

OCT Although I may patiently suffer these things and appear to tolerate them my misfortunes can never be brought to an end but by the sad alternative means of Death! What with a murdered mother—a father snatched from me by a wicked crime—robbed of a brother—overwhelmed with all kinds of misery and grief—hateful in the eyes of a husband and exposed to the insolent authority of a subject it cannot be supposed that I can enjoy my life vastly! My heart is perpetually in a kind of tremble, not from the fear of death but from the possibility of some crime being committed! May I however never ~~have~~ had to perpetrate one! It would please me to die <sup>or</sup> the punishment of death itself could not be more dreadful to bear especially by me in my miserable state than having to encounter the angry and murderous looks of that tyrant (Nero) and then to have to exchange kisses with a downright enemy which I know him to be so as to dread his very nod! Whose caresses my inward grief could not permit me to entertain and after that fate of my brother's who fell a victim to his crimes and whose very empire he has usurped and who glories in having been the author of that impious slaughter! How often is the tristful ghost of my brother brought before my mental vision when a state of bodily repose relaxes my tired frame and sleep invades the lids so wearied with weeping—Sometimes the ghost arms its feeble hands with funeral torches and aims its blows at the eyes and face of his brother (Nero was a brother by adoption only) who in a state of alarm takes refuge in my couch—the enemy still pursuing him and making a rush at him as he is clinging to me passes his sword through my side! Then the tremors come over me and an intense dread drives away further sleep and my grief is renewed and the alarms as to my own miserable fate return to me in

(Poppæa)  
our palatial  
caprices

SACROS penates iura Naturæ furens  
 Fasque omne rupit, miscuit conjux viro  
 Venena sæva, cecidit atque eadem sui 165  
 Mox sceleie nati tu quoque extinctus jaces  
 Desfende nobis semper, infelix puer,  
 Modo fidus oibis, columen Augustæ domus,  
 Britannice, (heu me) nunc levis tantum cinis,  
 Et tristis umbræ, sæva cui lacrimas dedit 170  
 Etiam noverca, cum iogis artus tuos  
 Dedit cremandos, membræque & vultus Deo  
 Similes volanti, flamma fervens abstulit  
 OCT Exstinguat & me, ne manu nostra cadat  
 NUTR Natura vires non dedit tantas tibi 175  
 OCT Dolor, ira, mœroi, miseræ, luctus dabunt  
 NUTR Vince obsequendo potius immitem virum  
 OCT Ut fratrem ademptum sceleie restituit mihi  
 NUTR Incolumis ut sis ipsæ, labentem ut domum  
 Genitoris olim sobole restituras tua 180  
 OCT Exspectat aliam Principis sobolem domus  
 Me diu miseri fata germani trahunt  
 NUTR Confirmet animum civium tantus favor  
 OCT Solvitur iste nostra, non relevat, mala  
 NUTR Vis magna populi est OCT Principis major tamen 185  
 NUTR Respiciet ipse conjugem OCT Pellex vetat  
 NUTR Invisa cunctis nempe OCT Sed cara est viro  
 NUTR Nondum uxor est OCT Jam fiet, & genitrix simul

with all her ill-boding, advances into the palace to take her vacant place! She has defiled the sanctity of our household gods with her Stygian torches, in her fury, she has broken down the institutions of Nature herself, and set every human law at defiance—a cruel wife has prepared the poisoned bowl for a husband, and she, herself, has perished afterwards by the hands of a son—and thou also, Britannicus, hast been deprived of thy life, to be bewailed by us for ever! Oh! unhappy boy, till lately the great star of the Universe, the prop and mainstay of the Imperial Augustan Dynasty (the Cæsars) Oh! Britannicus! woe is me! thou art now only a collection of flimsy ashes, and a tristful shade! For whom, be it said, even thy cruel step mother shed a few tears, when she gave up thy body to be consumed on the funeral pile, resembling as thou didst, the winged God himself, (Cupid) in thy shapely form and comely face—the greedy flames, however, took all that away! Octavia!

OCT And let them extinguish me in like manner, lest the tyrant fall by my hand

NUR Nature has not endowed thee, with such strength, as to enable thee to carry out such a threat

OCT Long continued grief, anger heaviness of heart misery of soul lamentations would supply me with the necessary strength I should think

NUR No! rather subdue that fierce man, by wheedlings and caresses

OCT That I may induce him to restore to me a brother of whom he has deprived me by a cruel crime! Dost thou mean that?

NUR No not that but that thou thyself might be in a state of security that thou some day might build up the shattered dynasty of which thy father was the dignified head with thy own offspring!

OCT The palace of the Emperor is expecting another arrival in the shape of offspring the cruel fate of my miserable brother will soon drag me towards a similar end

NUR <sup>So favorable is the feeling of the citizens towards thee,</sup> that this fact goes far to conform my hopes

OCT Yes! it is a good thing to have one's misfortunes pitied but that does not remove nor even lessen the incubus resulting therefrom—(the weight of troubles)

NUR The power of the populace is great

OCT That however of an Emperor is greater

NUR But he surely will have some regard for a wife

OCT No! a concubine will stand in the way of that

NUR But it is granted that she is odious in the sight of all the people

OCT But she is held dear by Nero

NUR She is not a wife as yet remember!

OCT But she will soon become one and a mother as well!

NUR Juvenilis ardori impetu primo fuit, Languescit idem facile, nec durat diu	190
In Venere tempore, ceu levis flammæ vapores Amor perennis conjugis castæ moriet Violæ primæ quæ toros ausa est tuos, Animumque domini simulâ possedit diu, Jam metuet eadem, nempe præteritam sibi Subjectæ & humilis atque monumenta exstruit, Quibus timorem fassa testatur suum Et hinc levis fulgurque destituet Deus Volucæ Cupido sit licet forma eminens, Opibus superba, gaudium capiet breve	195
Passa est similes ipsa dolores Regina Deum cum se formas Veitit in omnes dominus cœli, Divamque præter Et modo pennas sumsit olivæ,	200
Modo Sidonii cornua turri, Amenus idem Fluxit in imbri fulgent cœlo Sidera Ledæ patio refidet Bacchus Olympo Deus Alcides Possidet Heben, nec Junonis Jam timet uas, cuius gener est, Qui fuit hostis vicit sapiens Tamen obsequium conjugis altæ, Pressusque dolor sola Torquentem Tenet æthereo securâ toto Maxima Juno, nec mortali Captus forma deserit altam Juppiter aulam tu quoque terris Altera Juno, foros Augusti,	205
Conjunctæ, graves viuce dolores OCT Jungentur ante sæva sideribus fieta, Et ignis undæ, Tantalos tristi polus, Lux alma tenebris oscidæ nocti dies Quam cum scelesti conjugis mente impræ Mens nostræ, semper fratris extincti memor Utinam nefandi Principis diuum caput Obrueret flammis Cœlitum rector præter, Qui sæpe terras fulmine infesto quatit,	210
	225

NUR Juvenile ardour, thou must remember, burns only as long as the early impressions operate, which called it forth, nor does it last long, even, with these unlawful amours, it passes off like some flickering flame—on the other hand, the love of a chaste wife is an enduring possession—she is, as thou art aware, only the first who has ventured to violate the sanctity of thy marriage-bed, but this rival of thine, although a subject, has possessed the

affections of thy husband for long time it is an old  
 love affair—thou the same woman is not evidently more  
 calm we and more abused in her manner as if he  
 feared that some one else might be preferred to herself  
 (let it be like manner whether may be preferred to herself  
 as she herself was to Octavia and she shows this by  
 various indications by which sufficiently once in it  
 she openly portrays her fears! And the winned God  
 (Cupid) may leave her in the lurch let her let it be  
 never so transcendent or however proud she may be  
 of her wealth of physical attractions nor all the sort of things  
 known to a very limited class of human enjoyment  
 The Queen of the Gods herself has at some under  
 gone grief similar to thy own when Jupiter the lord of  
 the heaven and father of the Gods chained himself  
 into all kind of hope and then at one time he  
 assumed the plumage of a swan to gain the better of  
 Leda at another time he donned the horns of the  
 Sidonian bull (when he carried off Europa) then again  
 the same Jupiter lay fallen upon another as a golden  
 shower when he introduced himself to Danae The  
 constellations of Leda are now known in the heavens  
 Dicitur etiam in Italia in his father's Olympian king-  
 dom Alceides proce ex Hebe et a wife now that he  
 can make a god no longer Alceides any longer fear  
 the anger of Juno whose acknowledged son-in-law he is  
 now having married Hebe but who was formerly con-  
 sidered in the light of an enemy! However the wife  
 submissiveness of an exalted wife like Juno with her  
 disabled grief has completely overcome the temper  
 of Jupiter and the mighty Juno reigns supreme in the  
 ethereal marriage couch of the Thundering Jove! Nor  
 does Jupiter now desert the palace on his captivated  
 by mortal beauties and thou Octavia art another Juno  
 although a terrestrial one thou art the sister and wife  
 of an Augustus (The emperors at that time assumed  
 the title of Augustus) Conquer therefore thy troubles  
 as Juno did

OCT 1 Let the stormy seas seek cordial companionship  
 with the stars and let the mingled with water let the very  
 heavens descend and take the place of grim Tartarus  
 let balmy light amicably join hands with hideous dark-  
 ness and bright clear day ally itself with the dewy night  
 before my mental tenderness could harmonize with the  
 impious disposition of that wicked husband of mine I  
 am ever mindful of my murdered brother I wish that  
 the ruler of the heavenly gods would make ready to cut  
 short with his lightnings the terrible life of that cruel



Mentefque noftias ignibus tenet fctis, 230  
 Novifque monftis<sup>1</sup> vidimus cœlo jubai  
 Ardens, cometam pandere infeftam facem,  
 Qua plauftra tardus noctis æterna vice  
 Regit Bootes, frigido Arctoo rigens  
 En ipfe duo fpiritu fœvi ducis 235  
 Polluiti ætheri, gentibus clades novas  
 Minantur aftia, quas regit dux impius  
 Non tam ferum Typhona neglecto Jove  
 Inata tellus edidit quondam patiens 240  
 Hæc gravior illo peftis luc hoftis Deûm  
 Hominumque, templis expulit fuperos fuos,  
 Civesque patria, fpiritum patrii abftulit,  
 Haufit ciuorem matris, & lucem videt<sup>2</sup>  
 Fruituique vitæ, noviamque animam trahit<sup>3</sup>  
 Prô, fumme genitor, tela cur fuftra jactis 245  
 Inuictæ toties temere regali manu<sup>4</sup>  
 In tam nocentem dextera cui ceffat tua<sup>5</sup>  
 Utinam fuorum facinorum pœnas hat  
 Nero, ipfe Divo Domitio genitus patrie,  
 Oibis tyranus, quem premit turpi jugo, 250  
 Morumque vitus nomen Auguftum inquinat  
 NVIR Indignus ille (fctior) eft thalamis tuis,  
 Sed cede fati utque fortunæ tuæ,  
 Alumna, quæfo, neve violenti move  
 Irram mariti foifitan vindex Deus  
 Exiftere aliquis, lætus & venet dies  
 OCT Gravi Deorum noftia jam pridem domus  
 Uigetur ut pumæ quæ preffit Venus,  
 Fuore miferæ dia genitricis mee  
 Quæ nupta demens nupfit inceftæ face, 260  
 Oblita noftri, conjugis, legum immemori  
 Illo foluta cruce, fuccinctæ anguibus,  
 Ultrix Erinnyis venit ad Stygios toros,  
 Raptasque thalamis fanguine extinxit faces  
 Incendit ira Principis pectus truci 265  
 Cædem in nefandam cecidit infelix patiens

emperor—that deity, who fo often shakes the earth with his frightful thunderbolts and terrifies our very fouls with his awful igneous difplays and novel wonders (fresh prodigies) But I have witnessed of late a blazing phenomenal fplendor in the heavens, a comet that has expofed to my view its ominous fiery torch, (tail) juft where flow-moving Bootes, ftiff as it were with the Arctic cold, drives his wagon at each turn of the night continually, behold, the very atmosphere feems polluted with the horrible breath of that cruel ruler The angry ftars actually feem to be threatening the people with fome fresh difafters, whom that impious potentate holds in domi-

nation Not so bad was it even when the indignant earth formerly became a parent and brought forth a ferocious Lyphæus when Jupiter was not so much looked up to as he is now—this present monster is worse than any Lyphæus ever was for he is in addition the vowed enemy of the gods and of mankind alike for he has expelled all the deities from their temples—he has driven away the citizens from their native land and robbed my brother of his life—he has drawn the life blood of his own mother—and is he not still allowed to behold the light of heaven? and moreover does he not seem to enjoy his vile existence and drag on his noxious life? Alas! Oh! thou supreme father of all why dost thou invincible as thou art hurl thy lightning oftentimes so harmlessly from thy regal hand? Why does thy hand hesitate to hurl them with efficacy upon one so guilty as is Nero—I wish that Nero could be made to pay the just penalty of his crimes—he (an adopted son of Dion Domitius his adopting father) is the very tyrant of the universe which he takes care to oppress with an ignominious yoke! he fairly contaminates and compromises the very name of Augustus with his vicious tendencies and confirmed immoralities!

EUR He is altogether unworthy I am free to confess of being married to a woman like thee but is it not better dost thou not think to bow to the Fates (the inevitable) and to go on hoping for some favorable change on the part of fortune (chapter of events) My nurse child I beseech thee to ponder over all this and take it to heart and never excite the anger of thy violent husband perhaps some avenging deity may crop up (exist) who will come to thy aid, and may that auspicious day arrive!

OCT Already our dynasty is under the ban of oppression through the severe anger of the Gods—first when cruel Venus stepped in and impregnated my wretched mother with those lustful desires who ignoring us her children (in a state of sexual madness nymphomania) and though already married contracted with Silius (a sham marriage) the husband she had already in the slightest degree as to proceeding With her hideous locks hanging loosely duly surrounded with their serpents that avenging Erinys was present at this veritably Stygian marriage ceremony and only extinguished the nuptial torches to be seized upon for the purpose of future blood shedding! For it inflamed

(Heu) nostra ferro meque perpetuo obiit  
 Εἰς ἄνδρα luctu conjugem traxit suum,  
 Natumque ad umbras, prodidit lapsam domum  
 ΝΥΤΗ Renovare luctus parce cum fletu pio, 270  
 Manes parentis neve sollicita tuæ,  
 Graves finis quæ sui pœnas dedit

## CHORUS

Poppææ nuptias detestatur Chorus Octaviæ favens degenetum,  
 lentum nimis & seivilem Romanorum arguit patientiam  
 & in sceleta Neionis invehitur

QUÆ fama modo venit ad aures,  
 Utinam falso creditur, perdat  
 Frustra toties jactatur fidem! 275  
 Nec nova nostri conjux thalamos  
 Principis intret tenerque suos  
 Nupta penates Claudia proles  
 Edat partu pignora pacis,  
 Qua tranquillus gaudet orbis, 280  
 Servetque decus Roma æternum  
 Fratris thalamos fortita tenet  
 Maxima Juno sorori Augusti  
 Sociata toris, cui a patris  
 Pellitur aula? sancta quid illi  
 Prodest pietas, Divusque pater?  
 Quid virginitas, castusque pudor?  
 Nos quoque nostri sumus immemores  
 Post fata ducis, cuius prodimus  
 Stirpem sævo surdente metu 290  
 Vera priorum virtus quondam  
 Romana fuit, verumque genus  
 Mattis in illis sanguisque visis  
 Illi reges hac expulerunt  
 Urbe superbos, ultique tuos 295  
 Sunt bene manes, virgo, dentur  
 Cæsa parentis, ne servitium  
 Paterere grave, aut improba ferret  
 Præmia victis, dira libido

the outraged breast of the Emperor, with such murderous wrath, as to culminate in the cruel slaughter of my mother, and thus my unfortunate parent fell a victim to the sword, and her death has overwhelmed me with never-ending grief! As the consequence of all this, she has dragged in her train, her husband and her son, to the shades below! And has handed over our dynasty to its downfall!

NEB Do refrain from a renewal of thy grief and of those tears which I know thou only sheddest out of affection for the Muses of thy parent who has undergone a heavy punishment for her mad conduct!

### CHORUS

The Chorus being in favor of OCTAVIA looks with detestation upon the marriage of LOPPERA and condemns

WHAT report is this that has just reached our ears— we wish that if such a story be wrongfully believed although it may have been so industriously canvassed abroad and in such a purposeless manner that it may not meet with any future credence—let not a fresh wife usurp the marriage bed of our empress! let the wife sprung from the loins of Claudius still reign supremely over her own household gods! And may she ~~bring~~ happy child birth bring forth those guarantees of peace which the tranquil universe will hail with joy and let home preserve its everlasting glory (among nations) The mighty Juno has drawn a prize in the lottery of fortune and now shares the couch of her husband and brother in absolute security and why should not the sister of Augustus (that now is having reconciled her matrimonial feud do the same thing! Why is she to be driven away from her paternal palace If that is the case what does her devoted piety (moral observances) profit her? What good has the having possessed Divus for a father done for her? What good has her virginity done her? And what earthly use has her chaste modesty been to her? But we are all forgetful of what we once were since the death of our emperor whose race we are inclined to ignore in a manner owing to our fear of that Tyrant Nero! Once upon a time there did exist the Roman type of bravery amongst our ancestors and the genuine progeny of Mars and the true racial blood flowed in the veins of the men of bye gone days! They drove out without the smallest hesitation haughty insufferable kings from their cities! And they nobly avenged thy manes oh! Virgin thou! (VIRGINIA) who wast slain by the hands of a parent lest thou shouldst undergo an odious slavery or that cruel lust should carry off victoriously its wicked prize! Sad war too followed on after

Te quoque bellum triste secutura est Mactata tua miseranda manu Nata Lucretii stuprum sevi Passa tyranni dedit infandi Sceleris poenis cum Iurpurno Iulia conjux quæ per cæsi Membra parentis saevos egit Impia cuius, hæc quoque seu Violenta rogos nata negavit Hoc quoque nostra videre nefas Secula, magnum cum Tyrhenum Rite ferali Princeps eripiam Iraude parentem misit in aquor Properant phæidos linquere portus Jussi nata, Resonant remis pulsata sicca Feitur in altum provecra ratis Quæ resoluta robore habens Pressa delinset, sorbetque mare Tollitur ingens Clamor ad astra cum semineo Mixtus plinctu mors ante oculos Dura vagatur querit lecti Sibi quisque fugam Alii licetæ puppis tribulis Hærent nudi fluctusque secant Repetunt alii litora nantes Multos mergunt fatis profundo Scindit vestes Augusta suis, Laceratque comis iugat & mœstis Fletibus ora Postquam spes est nulla salutis, Ardens ira, jam victa malis, Hæc, exclamat, mihi pro tanto Muneris reddis præmii nate? Hac sum, fateor, digna crimina Quæ te genui, quæ tui lucem Atque imperium nomenque dedi Cæsaris amens exere vultus Acheronte tuos, poenisque meis Pascere, conjux ego causa tuæ, Miserande, necis, natoque tuo Funeris auctori En, ut merui, feti ad manes Inhumata tuos, Obruta sævis æquoris undis Ferunt fluctus ora loquentis Ruit in pelagus, ruisumque salo Pressa resurgit pellit palmis Cogente metu fata, & cedit Fessa labori mansit tacitis In pectoribus spietra tristi	300  305  310  315  320     330  335  340  345  350
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thee oh! thou daughter of Lucretius so much to be pitied who was sacrificed by thine own hand after having been ravished by a cruel tyrant (Sextus Tarquinius) At the hands of our outraged ancestors Julia the wife of Tarquinius was punished for her cruel crimes—she who wickedly drove her cruel chariot over the body of her murdered father and who although a daughter denied the accustomed funeral pile to the mutilated remains of the old man! Our own time even has witnessed an abominable crime, when the emperor treacherously seizing upon the person of his parent had her conveyed in a Stygian Craft (that is one meant for the purpose of destruction) across the Tyrrhenian Sea the sailors receiving their orders hastened to leave their tranquil harbours and the waves soon resounded with the plash of their oars and the craft shoving off was quickly borne upon the sea and which from the force of the waves soon springs a tremendous leak letting in the sea the hull giving way on account of the looseness of its timbers and it shuts a heavy seal A great shout thereupon is raised towards the sky mixed with female cries and cruel death a variety shapes is now wandering before their eyes each seeks to escape from a watery grave some in of nudity clung to the planks of the shattered craft and with their aid ply the waves successfully—others reach the shore by swimming—many are immersed and hurry to their fate into a deep sea! Augusta (Agrippina) rends her garments tears her hair and deluges her face with her sad tears—after a little There is no prospect of safety and burning with inward rage and although furly overpowered by the disaster she exclaims Oh! my son is this the reward for the benefits I have lavished on thee? I am indeed worthy of having been caused to embark in such a craft, who have brought thee into the world and who have given thee thy very life and in my motherly weakness have handed over to thee the proud name and empire of the Cæsars! Oh! my husband show thy face from out of the Acheron and *ferst thy eyes on the punishment I am now undergoing*—I oh! thou to be pitied one was the cause of thy death and the instigator of the death of thy son (Britannicus) also! Behold! as I have richly deserved let me unburied be borne off to join thy manes—let me be overwhelmed by the cruel waves of the sea (at this moment the waves strike her she plunges into the sea surface and impelled by her hands but being soon tired out gives up the struggle—But a great deal of loyalty lurked in the silent hearts

Jam morte fides multi domine Terre auxilium pelago fractis Viribus audent brachia quænavis Icena trahentem, voce hortantur	355
Mambusque levant quid tibi fieri Fugisse minus profuit undis Fero es vati monitura tui Cujus facinus vix posteritas, Tarde semper credula, credet	360
Furit, ceptam pelagoque dolet Vivere matrem Impius ingenis geminatque nefas Ruit in misera fatri parentis Patiturque moram sceleris nullam	365
Missus peragit iussa satellites, Referat domum peccata sero Cædis moriens illa ministerium Rogat infelix, utero dirum Condat ut entem	370
Ille est, hic est fodiendus, ut Fero, monstrum qui tale tulit Post hæc vocem cum supremo Mixtam genuit Animum tandem per fera tristem Vulnera reddidit	375

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

## SENECA

Philosophus sæculi sui vitia detestatus, præter ævi simplici-  
tatem laudat utque omnia in dies in deteriora  
inerunt commemorat

<b>Q</b> UID me, potens I fortuna fallaci mihi Blandita vultu, sorte contentum mea Arte extulisti, gravius ut iuerem edita Receptus aice, totque prospicereim metus Melius latebam procul ab invidiæ malis Remotus inter Corsici rupes maris Ubi liberi amicus, & sui iuris, mihi Semper vacabat, studia recolenti mea	380
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of the sturdy Roman sailors, this awful death being looked upon by them, at last, with excessive disgust! Many of the crew venture to render aid to their former empress, when they see that her strength is breaking

down and although they assist her with their hands as she is feebly struggling with her own arms and encourage her with kind words of sympathy they remark What does it avail thee thus to have escaped the waves thou art doomed to die by the sword of thy son to which crime distant posterity although credulous as a rule will scarcely lend their belief —He rages (Nero) and is angry that his mother has been rescued from the waves and is still alive he then perpetrates a monstrous double crime! He madly rushes to effect the murder of his mother and suffers no delay in the fulfilment of the crime one of his followers is told off and carries out his orders to the full this fellow lays open with his sword the breast of Agrippina and whilst she is dying this unhappy mother with her last breath asks the perpetrator of her murder to bury the cruel weapon into her very womb This is the place she says this is the spot that must be pierced with thy sword the place which gave birth to that monster of a son! After these words intermingled with much groaning she surrendered her sad life finally brought about by those cruel wounds!

## ACT II

### SENeca

THE philosopher despises the vices of his times praises the simplicity of his former life and gives it as his opinion that all things are tending in a direction for the worse

WHY oh powerful fortune who hast been so alluring to me with deceptive outside show hast thou summoned me from my former position with which I was supremely contented? Is it that from my being raised so high I should fall all the more heavily or that I might have a fuller prospect from my elevated post of the many dangers I might see around me? I was much better off when I was hidden away at a distance remote from the perils of envy amongst the rocky coasts of the Corsican sea where my inclinations were unfettered and where I felt that I was my own master and where an ample margin was afforded me for the following up of my favorite pursuits Oh! how it used to delight me to look at the glorious sun than which our first parent nature the artificer of that immense work has produced



O quam juvabat (quo nihil magis precor Natura genuit, operis immensi arte.)	385
Cœlum intueri, Solis & cursu fieros Mundique motus Solis altera vias Orbemque Phœbes astræ quem cingunt varia Lateque fulgens ætheris magni decus!	390
Qui si senescit tantus in ærcum chaos Casurus iterum, nunc adest mundo dies Supremus ille qui premat genus impium Cœli iunior, rursus ut stirpem novam Geneiet renascens melior ut quondam tulit	395
Juvenis, tenente regna Saturno poli Tunc illa virgo numinis magni Deæ, Iustitia, cœlo missa cum sancta fide Ferras regebat mitis humanum genus Non bella norat non tube fremitus truces	400
Non arma gentes, cingere assuerant furas Munis nec urbes pervium cunctis iter Communis usus omnium rerum fuit Et ipsa tellus læta secundos sinus, Pandebrat ultro tum pius felix parens	405
Et tuta alumnis alia sed soboles minus Conspecta mitis tertium sollers genus Novas ad artes exstitit, sanctum trimen Mox inquietum, quod sequi cursu seras Anderet acres, fluctibus tectos graves Extrahere pisces rete, vel calamo levi Decipere volucres premere subiectos iugo Taurus feroces, vulnere immuncm prius Sulcare terram læta que fruges furas Interius alte condidit sero sinu	415
Sed in parentis viscera intravit sine Deterior ætis, eruit ferrum grave, Aurumque, favas mox & intravit manus, Partita fines regna constituit, novas Exstravit urbes, tecta defendit suis	420
Aliena telis, ut petit prædæ imminens	

nothing grander, and the awe-inspiring courses traced out by that solar luminary, to contemplate the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and the alternate tracks of the sun (indicating day and night) and the planet Phœbe, that orb which the wandering stars surround, and far and wide, the resplendent ornament of the firmament. Now, verily the world has arrived at its last day, which, if not so, and it lives to be older, so much so as again to lapse into the condition of indescribable chaos, when the crash of the fallen heavens will overwhelm impious mankind, so that it may for the second time, create a new race, and the one, that is to be born again, to be an improve

ment upon the present one—as it was indeed at its earlier periods, when Saturn held the dominion of the skies (the golden age) Then it was the Virgin Justitia (Astræa) that goddess of sue . . . . . amongst the deities commiss . . . . . sacred trust ruled the earth . . . . . had never known what wars were nor had they ever heard the battle inspiring blasts of the shrill war trumpet! and the people of those days were unacquainted with the weapons used in battle—they did not surround their cities with walls—the land was one grand highway open to all, and the enjoyment of all things was within the reach of and common to every one—and the smiling earth freely disclosed its fruitful bosom and this Parent was happy in having the prote . . . . . —Another age (the silver . . . . . of mankind was considered . . . . . rizen age) produced a skilled progeny—one that upped itself to . . . . . But yet was quite observant of the sacredness

the yoke—to plough the earth before . . . . . of the ploughshare which however when thus torn up was found to hide away its productiveness much deeper down in the bosom of its sacred interior (sacred because it had never been intruded upon) But this discontented age penetrated into the very bowels of its parent and out of it soon showing themselves came the dreadful sword (iron) and gold (that incentive to crime) and very soon mankind carried weapons of destruction, in their cruel hands! They parcelled out kingdoms and defined the limits of territorial holdings, and built new cities—some times they defended the homesteads of others used those weapons threateningly with plunder only for their object! Astræa the bright ornament of the starry firmament finding herself no longer held in respect or veneration fled the earth and avoided their savage ways and looked with abhorrence at the hands of mankind stained with the blood, which flowed from their savage slaughters—and the thirst for gold likewise—and then came into view the greatest evil of all and spread throughout the world—Luxury that in . . . . . curse of mankind the long continued indulgence in . . . . . from the lines . . . . . over mankind

Neglecta terras fugit & mores sero  
 Hominum cruenta cede polluitis manu  
 Asti et virgo, fiderum mentium deus  
 Cupido belli crevit atque turis fove 475  
 Totum per orbem maximum exitum est molim  
 Luxuria, pestis blanda cui vire dedit  
 Roburque longum tempus atque erior gravis  
 Collecta vitæ per tot ætates diu  
 In nos redundant seculo premuntur gravi 490  
 Quo scelera regunt levit impietas sineus,  
 Tempus libido Venere dominatur potens  
 Luxuria victis orbis immensus opes  
 Jam pridem avuis manibus ut perdit rapit  
 Sed ecce gressu scitur attento Nero 495  
 Trucique vultu quid sciat mente homco

NERO PRÆCILIUS, SENECA

Incassum monet suum Neionem philosophus, qui tyrannicus  
 institutis pertinaciter insistit proximumque diem  
 nuptiis cum Poppea destinat 5

**P** NERO PRÆCIPUE imperata mitte qui Plauti mihi  
 Sullæque cæsi referat abscissum caput  
 PRÆCIPUE Jussa haud morabor castra consistam petam  
 SEN Nihil in propinquos temere consistam deest  
 NERO Justo esse facile est, cui vixit pænis metu  
 SEN Magnum timoris remedium clementia est  
 NERO Exstingue hostem, maxima est virtus ducis  
 SEN Seivæ civis major est patrie patri  
 NERO Præcipue mitem convent pueris senem  
 SEN Regenda magis est seivida adolescentia  
 NERO Ætate in hæc satis esse consilii reor  
 SEN Ut facta superi comprobent sumper tur  
 NERO Stulte verebor, ipse cum faciam Deos

aggregate vices accumulating throughout so many ages,  
 have been very abundantly shown amongst us for a long  
 time now—we are oppressed by very distressing times—  
 an age, in which crime seems to rule paramount, and  
 rampant wickedness seems to take cruelty as its guide  
 whilst irrepressible debauchery is presided over by that  
 salacious Goddess, Venus! Luxury, that successful con-  
 queror, some while since, has grasped, with its greedy  
 hands, the immense resources of the world (riches) so that  
 they may be only squanderingly got rid of! But, behold  
 Nero is approaching with a step suggestive of something  
 out of the usual way, by his truculent look—I quite shudder  
 in my very soul, as to what is uppermost in his mind

## NERO—PREFECTI—SENĒCA

The philosopher warns his patron Nero to no purpose who pertinaciously on carrying out his tyrannical plans and appoints next day for his marriage with Poppea

NERO

CARRY my orders out exactly despatch some one who will bring me as soon as they have been cut off the heads of Plantius and Sulla

PREF I will not delay the execution of thy commands I will forthwith repair to the camp

SEN It is wiser for thee to determine nothing rashly especially towards friends and those allied to thy cause

NERO It is easy to preach that doctrine to a man who is credited with justice and does not suspect hers about whom in short his mind is free from apprehension

SEN Clemency is the most powerful remedy in counteracting any danger arising from others

NERO To stamp out an enemy is the highest triumph an Emperor could wish for

SEN To look to the welfare of the citizens constitutes his greatest virtue in the father of a country

NEPO It is quite in keeping that an old man should be mild when he is laying down precepts for youngsters

SEN The ardor of the adult youth on the other hand requires more governing than that of mere boyhood

NEPO I think that at my age my own will is all that necessary

SEN So long as the Gods above may always approve of thy acts

NERO It would be in a very silly superstitious way that I should fear the Gods when I am about to do anything!

SEN Hoc plus verec, quod licet tantum tibi 450  
 NERO Fortuna nostra cuncta permittit mihi  
 SEN Cede obsequenti pareus levis est Dea  
 NERO Inertis est, nescire quid liceat sibi  
 SEN Id facere, laus est, quod decet, non, quod licet  
 NERO Calcat jacentem vulgus sine Invisum opprimet 455  
 NERO Ferum tuetur Principem sine Melius fides  
 NERO Decet timere Cæsarem SEN At plus diligi  
 NERO Metuant necesse est SEN Quidquid exprimitur, grave est  
 NERO Jussisque nostris paucant sine Justa impera  
 NERO Statuam ipse SEN Quæ consensus efficiat iata 460  
 NERO Despectus ensis faciet SEN Hoc absit nefas  
 NERO An patiar ultra, sanguinem nostrum peti  
 Invictus, & contemptus ut subito opprimar?  
 Exilia non siegere summos procul  
 Plautum atque Sullam, pertinax quorum furor 465  
 Armat ministros scelestis in cædem meam  
 Absentium cum maneat etiam ingens favor  
 In ube nostra, qui sovet spes exsulum,  
 Tollantur hostes ense suspecti mihi  
 Invisa conjux pereat, & cautum sibi 470  
 Fratrem sequatur quidquid excelsum est, cadat  
 SEN Pulchrum emineat est inter illustres viros,  
 Consulere patriæ, paucere afflictis, fera

SEN Fear all the more, as to what would be considered right for thee to do

NERO My good fortune (position) permits all things I may wish to do

SEN Be careful, as to the confidence, thou reposest in that fickle deity, Fortune, she is a very frivolous Goddess!

NERO He must be a dullard indeed, who does not know, what to permit himself to do

SEN It is a praiseworthy thing to do what is right, but the reverse, when it is not so

NERO The common herd of mankind are inclined to spurn a man who is kind, gentle, and of whom they can take advantage

SEN They will seek to punish, though, one that is an object of hatred to them

NERO The sword is the protection of an Emperor

SEN But it is a safer kind of protection that he should be beloved

NERO It is proper that they should fear a Cæsar

SEN But it is better that a Cæsar should be loved

NERO But it is also indispensable that they should fear

SEN Whatever is extorted from a man is sometimes an irksome gain to him who obtains a thing by such means

NERO But they must obey my commands

SEN That is all the greater reason that thy commands should be tempered with justice

NERO I shall myself always determine (what is and what is not to be done)

SEN But which it is to be presumed will obtain a favorable reception from thy subjects

NERO ~~some~~ The drawn sword the employment of which ~~some~~ act to despise will do all that

SEN I pray thee may such wickedness be absent from everything thou mayest ever do

NERO Shall I suffer anything more than that as an unrevenged emperor? that my very blood should be regarded with contempt and that I should be fallen upon unawares Simple exile I perceive has not subdued the turbulent natures of Plautus and Sulla though they have been removed to a long distance off—they whose persistent madness is now arming the willing instruments of crime (assassins) with the view to my destruction! Considering also that a large amount of sympathy towards the conspirators whom I have exiled still prevails amongst the people in this city and who no doubt would further the aspirations of those exiles by every means in their power—my enemies therefore and those I suspect to be such must be removed by the sword—that odious wife of mine must perish—she must follow that darling brother of hers, in short whatever else is of lofty rank (and derives prestige from it) must fall!

SEN Oh! it is an admirable thing to shine conspicuously amongst the illustrious men of the land to consult the welfare of one's country, to spare those that are afflicted

Cæde abstinere, tempus atque iræ dare Oïbi quietem, seculo pacem suo	475
Hæc summa virtus petitur hæc cælum via Sic ille patriæ pîmus Augustus parens Complexus æstra est, colitur & templis Deus Illum trîmen Fortuna præcipit diu	480
Terra mûique pæi graves belli vices, Hostes puenentes donec oppressit sui Tibi numen incuentæ summittit suum, Et dedit habentis imperi frætri manu, Nutuque, tertias, maria, subiecit tuo Invidia tuis victæ consensu pio	485
Cessit senatus equitis accensus favori Plebisque votis, utque iudicium Patrum est Tu pacis iusticiæ, generis humani arbiter Electus, orbem tu sacra specie regis Patriæ parens quod nomen, ut seives, petit, Suosque cives Romæ commendat tibi	490
NERO Munus Deorum est, ipsa quod servit mihi Roma, & Senatus, quodque ab invitis preces, Humilesque voces exprimit nostri metus Servare cives Principe & patriæ graves	495
Claro tumentes genere, quæ dementia est, Cum liceat una voce suspectos sibi Mori jubere? Brutus in cædem ducis, A quo salutem tulerat, amavit manus	500
Inviectus acie, gentium domitor, Jovi Æquatus altis sæpe pæi honorum gradus, Cæsar nefando civium sceleste occidit Quantum civis Roma tunc vidit sui, Lacerata toties! ille, qui meruit pia Virtute cælum, Divus Augustus, viros	505
Quot interemit nobiles, juvenes, senes, Sparsos pæi orbem, cum suos mortis metu	

to abstain from cruel slaughter, to control one's anger (to give time for it to cool down), to secure tranquillity for the world, peace to the age in which we live—this is the highest form of virtue, and by such a road is heaven only to be arrived at. It was in such a way, that the first Augustus (Octavius), the great parent of his country, was enabled to reach the stars, and he is worshipped now as a very god in the temples. Fortune, however, tossed him about both by sea and land, through many trying vicissitudes of war, as long as ever he contended against the enemies of his father, (Julius Cæsar, who adopted Octavius). But the goddess, Fortune, without any shedding of blood, has showered her favors upon thee, has given thee government of a mighty empire, that thou mightst rule it without any difficulty, and has

subjected the Earth and the Sea to thy very nod! Contemtable envy has stepped aside abased and overpowered by the devoted acclamations which have been poured forth—the enthusiastic support of the Senate and the equestrian order has been accorded thee and it is by the unanimous vote of the people ratified by the decrees of the senators that thou hast been chosen as the fountainhead of peace and the chief ruler of the human race, thou as a parent to thy country governest the world in thy quasi-divine person—Rome expects thee to cherish this honoured reputation and thus freely hands over her citizens to thy safe keeping.

NEPO It is a gift of the Gods no doubt that Rome and the Senate should be subservient to my authority forasmuch as it is only the fear they entertain of me which draws from their reluctant lips those cringing supplications and the low-toned fawning voices which mask all this affected humility. But that the factious citizens conspirators against their country and my person as Emperor, puffed up with pride about their illustrious descent should pretend to serve me willingly! What downright madness it would be to entertain such a notion! But at the same time it is competent for me as Emperor with one word to condemn any one that I might suspect of criminal design to immediate death! Brutus aimed his hands for the slaughter of his generalissimo (Julius Caesar) from whom he had received every marked friendship and support. And that great Caesar who had never been vanquished in battle the conqueror of so many nations ostentatiously was regarded as the equal of Jupiter himself judging from the elevated pinnacle to which his honors had raised him in the eyes of the people (Jupiter ruled all things in heaven Caesar all things on earth) fell by the crimes of the citizens! How much blood did Rome torn by the intestine factions of its citizens see shed by such internecine slaughter! Divus Augustus who won his way to Heaven by those praiseworthy deeds of valor of his how many nobles young men and old men had he slain scattered as they were over the world when they deserted their very homesteads with the fear of death staring them in the face and fled from the sword of the triumvir shuddering as they cast their eyes at the proscription tables which registered the names of those that were doomed to death! and the grieving senators saw the heads of the slain exposed for inspection in their very Rostra (a place in the Senate) nor was it allowable for any one to weep for the loss of those who had belonged to them



Fugerent penites, & trium ferrum ducum, Tabula notante deditos tristi neci?	
Exposita nostris capita cesorum paties	510
Videre moesti fleite nec licuit suos, Non gemere, dira tabe polluto foro, Stillante sanie per putres vultus gravi Nec finis heic cruoris aut credis stetit	
Pavere volucres & ferae saevas diu	515
Tristes Philippi hausit & Siculum mare Classes, virosque saepe cedentes suos Concussus orbis viribus Magnus ducum Superatus acie, puppibus Nilum petit	
Fugae paratis, ipse periturus brevi	520
Hausit cruorem incesta Romani ducis Ægyptus iterum, nunc leves umbras tegit Illic sepultum est impie gestum diu Civile bellum condidit tandem suos	
Jam fessus enses victori, hebetatos feris	525
Vulneribus, & continuit imperium metu Animis, fideque militis tutus fuit Pietate nati factus evimia Deus, Post fata consecratus, & templis datus	
Nos quoque manebunt astra, si sero prior Ense occuparo, quidquid infestum est mihi,	530
Dignaque nostrum sobole fundaro domum SEN Implebit aulam stupe cœlesti tuam Generata Divo, Cludiae gentis decus, Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros	535
NERO Incesta genitrix detrahit generi fidem, Animusque nunquam conjugis junctus mihi SEN Tenebris in annis haud satis clara est fides, Pudore victus cum tegit flammam amor	
NERO Hoc equidem & ipse credidi frustra diu Manifesta quumvis pectore insociabili, Vultuque signa prodeient odium mei	540
Tandem quod audens statuit ulcisci dolor Dignamque thalamis conjugem invenit meis Genere atque forma, victa cui cedat Venus, Jovisque conjux, & feror armis Dea	545

not to sigh even, when the forum became positively infectious, through that dreadful slaughter, the sanious filthy discharges still dripping from their decomposing faces, nor did this blood-and-slaughter business stop here, by any means—the cruel birds of prey, and wild animals feasted for many a day on the mortal remains which lay exposed (unburied) on the plains of Philippi, and the Sicilian sea drew then ships into its watery gulf, and the crews, which had been woisted in this fratricidal fray, by men of their own blood, and the bulk of the people, were fairly shattered by the warlike persistency of the

combatants! But Antony being worsted in a battle was obliged to make for the Nile in the ships already prepared for flight—he himself being doomed to perish shortly after—and thus incestuous Egypt (on account of the marriage of Cleopatra with her brother Ptolemy) again unbled the blood of a Roman general and now it covers up his insignificant remains! Then indeed was the civil war which lasted so long brought to an end and then at last the tired conqueror sheathed his trident sword absolutely rendered blunt by the many terrible blows it had inflicted and he continued to rule but it was through the fear he had inspired! He was safe then with his armament and the fidelity of his soldiers—Here then was that Deity who was made great by the devoted services of a son (Liberius) canonized after death and handed down for adoration in the temples. And in a similar manner the stars will hold good for my reception if I am prompt with the stern sword and employ it against everything that is hostile to my interest and I myself shall have laid the foundation stone of a future dynasty for some offspring equally worthy!

SPS That glorious ornament of the race of Claudius will ~~not~~ live to fill the palace with the celestial stock descended from a Divus (by Octavia is here meant) after the example set by Juno having the nuptial bed of her brother (having buried past differences)

NEO An incestuous mother in law Me saluta is rather apt to shake confidence out of a son in law and what is more the disposition of this wife of mine has never harmonized with my own

SPS During the tender years of a young woman's life her confiding love is not sufficiently shown she is then so much under the dominion of bashfulness that she conceals from observation the amorous fires which lurk beneath that shyness

NEO Indeed! I have clung to that notion in vain for a long time too! and altogether it is self evident to me from her unsober tone and manner the symptoms of absolute hatred towards me are obvious enough in her very look—so much so that my burning indignation has determined me to take my revenge and with that end I have found a wife worthy of my marriage bed both as regards her birth and her unequalled beauty a woman to whom Venus herself would yield the palm or even the wife of Jupiter or that other goddess so fierce in battle (Minerva)

- SEN Probitas, fidesque conjugis, mores, pudor,  
 Placeant marito sola perpetuo manent  
 Subjecta nulli, mentis atque animi bona  
 Florem decoris singuli carpunt dies 550
- NERO Omnes in unam contulit laudes Deus,  
 Talemque nasci sat̄ voluerunt mihi  
 SEN Recedat a te, temere ne credas, amor  
 NERO Quem submovere fulminis dominus nequit,  
 Cœli tyannum, sæva qui penetat fœta, 555  
 Ditisq̄ regnã, detrahit Superos polo  
 SEN Voluciem esse Amorem fingit immitem Deum  
 Mortalis erioi, armat & telis manus,  
 Arcusque sacros miscuit sæva face,  
 Genitumque credit Venere, Vulcano s̄tum 560  
 Vis magna mentis, blandus atque animi calor  
 Amor est, juvenã gignitui, luxu, otio  
 Nutritui inter læta Fortunæ bona  
 Quem si fovere atque alere desistas, credit,  
 Brevisque vires perdit extinctus suas 565
- NERO Hanc esse vitæ maximam causam reoi,  
 Per quam voluptas oritui interitu caret,  
 Cum prociætu semper humanum genus  
 Amore ḡrato, qui truces mulcet fœas  
 Hic mihi jugules præferat tædas Deus,  
 Jugetque nostris igne Poppæam tois
- SEN Vix sustinere posset hos thalamos dolor  
 Videie populi sanctã nec pietas sinat!
- NERO Prohibebor unus fricere, quod cunctis licet
- SEN Majori populus semper a summo exigit 575
- NERO Libet experiri, viribus fractus meis  
 An cedat animis temere conceptus favor  
 SLN Obsequere potius civibus placidus tuis

SEN Probity, faithfulness in a wife, strict morality, and modest reserve should be, what ought to please a husband—those lasting advantages of mind, and heart, second to none in importance, are those and those only which continue permanent, and as long as life lasts, but thou oughtest to know that each day steals away a portion of the beauty of every flower

NERO A kind deity has moulded all these gifts in one individual, Poppæa, thou perceivest that the kind Fates have actually willed that such a one (impeisonating all these qualifications) should have been born expressly for me

SEN Let all thoughts of love be banished from the mind at once, lest in some rash foolish moment, thou mightest believe all this sort of thing to be a downright reality!

NERO Dost thou mean that little deity whom the God of Lightning and the grand ruler of the heavens, is unable to drive away from himself who penetrates the recesses of the angry sea the kingdom of Pluto and draws down from their celestial abodes the very Gods above?

SEN It is a mistake we mortals commit when we picture the winged god Cupid as a cruel deity we arm his hands with arrows and add to them the fatal bow and the cruel torch and delude ourselves that he was born from Venus and sprung from the loins of Vulcan—the fact is Love is a potent force springing from the imagination and an insinuating passion which rises up in the human breast it begins to show itself in youth and is kept alive by luxurious surroundings want of occupation amid the alluring advantages held out by fortune the which if thou feelest to cherish and pamper soon languishes and being thus deprived of what preserves its existence loses its influence in a short time!

NERO I am of opinion that this passion is the principal subject in life by whose influence pleasure accrues to votaries for as much too as the human race will always continue to be reproduced by this agreeable means (Love) it is that likewise which has the power of mollifying the fierceness of the wild beasts At all events this little deity shall lead the way with his marriage torches and shall yoke Poppæa to my nuptial couch with his seductive fires!

SEN The indignation of the populace will scarcely tolerate being the witnesses of this marriage nor will the solemn ordinances of piety sanction it

NERO Shall I be the only one to be prevented from divorcing a wife a privilege which is allowed to every one

SEN The people exact higher and nobler observances from him who is the acknowledged head over all men

NERO It will please me to try and moreover whether that foolish partiality for Octavia which has crept into the noddles of the Romans shall not give way when it is beaten out of them by my weight and authority

SEN Rather comply placidly with the wishes of the citizens

NERO Male imperatur, cum regit vulgus duces  
 SEN Nil impetrare cum valet, iuste dolet 580  
 NERO Expressere jus est, ferre quod nequeunt preces  
 SEN Negare durum est NERO Principem cogi nefas  
 SEN Remittat ipse NERO Fama sed victum feret  
 SEN Levis atque vana NERO Si licet, multos notat  
 SEN Excelsa metuit NERO Non minus carpit tamen 585  
 SEN Facile opprimetur merita te Divi patris,  
 Ætasque frangat conjugis, probitas, pudor  
 NERO Desiste tandem, jam gravis nimium mihi,  
 Instare, liceat facere, quod Seneca improbat  
 Et ipse populi votam jam pridem moroi, 590  
 Cum portet utero pignus, & partem mei  
 Quin destinamus proximam thalamis diem?

## ACTUS TERTIUS

565

## AGRIPPINA

Ab inferis prodit Agrippina, diæ auspex fides exitiæ,  
 nuptus Poppææ & Neronis, cujus mortere præd.

**T**ELLURE iupta Tartaro gressum extuli,  
 Stygiam cipienti præferens dextra facem  
 Thalamis scelestis nubat his summis meo

595

NERO It must be, indeed, a sorry departure from the methods of governing, when the vulgar herd dictate terms to an emperor

SEN That man only has a right to complain, who can obtain nothing whatever, that he seeks, to be granted him

NERO It is quite right then, to enforce a thing to be granted, which solicitations fail to obtain?

SEN It is hard to have to deny anything to a suppliant

NERO But it is a crime, I should think, to attempt, even to coerce an emperor

SEN But that emperor should relax his desires some times

NERO But then the report would get about—Oh! we have brought the emperor to his senses thou seest! (that the emperor was beaten)

SEN Such a report as that would be silly and exercise no effect on any one

NERO But it might be that such a notion would strike the minds of many

SEN As a rule, the public approach matters above their own level with some degree of diffidence

NERO *They might not censure the less however*

cupa  
tune the<sup>n</sup> it that could easily be put down Will not the soon languish if thy wife her probity her modesty have serves its exist breaking through thy objections to say ne great benefits which thou hast received  
ds of her father Divus?

NERO  
will bje  
Do cease for the last time urging thy objections—it is really too much for me to listen to it is in my power to do what Seneca condemns and I myself am only biding my time for the acquiescence of the people when Poppæa shall carry in her uterus some pledge of my affection and a representative part of my ownself Therefore I fix the earliest day for my marriage namely to morrow!

## ACT III

### AGRIPPINA

1.

(Shade of Agrippina speaks)

THE Earth being opened I have found my way out of Tartarus bringing in my unrelenting hand the Stygian torches to grace this wicked marriage It is with these torches Poppæa shall be joined in marriage to my son which the avenging hand and indignation of an outraged mother, would rather employ for a graver

Poppæa nato junctâ quis vindix manus  
 Dolorque matris veitet ad tristes rogos  
 Manet inter umbras impie cedis mihi  
 Semper memoria muneribus nostris gravis  
 Adhuc multis, reddita & meritis meis 600  
 Funesta merces puppis, & pietum impem  
 Nox illi qua usufragium dessevi mea  
 Comitum necem, natiq; crudelis nefas  
 Dessevi votum fuerat haud tempus datum est  
 Lacrimis, sed ingens scelere geminavit nefas 605  
 Peremta ferro, sceda vulneribus, sacros  
 Intra penates spiritum effudi gravem,  
 Erepta pelago, sanguine exstincto meo  
 Nec odium, sevit in nomen ferus  
 Matris tyrannus obrui meritum cupit 610  
 Simulacra, titulos destruit, mortis metu  
 Totum per orbem quem dedit pœnam in meram  
 Pueo regendum noster infelix amor  
 Exstinctus umbris agitat infestus mors 615  
 Flammisque vultus novios conjux petit  
 Instat, minatur, imputat scitum mihi  
 Tumulumque nati poscit auctorem necis  
 Jam, pœce, dabitur tempus haud longum pcto  
 Ultra Erianius impio dignum pœrat  
 Letum tyranuo, verbera, & tuipem fugam,  
 Pœnasque, queis & Tantalum vincat situm,  
 Dirum laborem Sisyphi Tityi ritem,  
 Ixionisque membra irpicientem totam  
 Licet exstintat muneribus, atque vivo tegat  
 Superbus vulam, limen amatae ducis 595  
 Seivent cohortes, mittat immensas opes  
 Exhaustus oibus supplices dextram petant  
 Paithi cumentam, regna, divitias ferant  
 Veniet dies tempusque, quo reddat suis he  
 Animum nocentem sceleribus, jugulum hostibus 63ns  
 Desertus, & destructus, & cunctis egeus  
 Heu, quo labor, quo vota ceciderunt mea  
 Quo te furor procevit attonitum tuus, an  
 in

occasion, his funeral pile (Neio's) May the memory of  
 my impious slaughter cling to me, as long as I am  
 numbered with the shades, oppressed with the thought, a  
 I am, that these hands of mine have gone unavenged, and  
 the fatal craft intended for my destruction, given to me  
 as the reward for my services, and that dreadful night,  
 which he has given me as the price of the Empire I gave  
 up to him, on which I had to bewail my shipwreck—it  
 had not been an object of my desire on my part, to have  
 duly bewailed the deaths of my companions in misery  
 (Creperius, Gallus and Aceroma), the results of the cruel

crime of a son but no time was afforded me even for shedding tears—for Nero coupled his previous wickedness with another crime and being slain by the sword I yielded up my burdened existence within the proximity of my venerated household gods nor I even then stifled the persecuting hatred of that son of mine with my last drops of blood—the cruel tyrant began to grow wrathful against the very name and memory of his mother his desire was that any claim to merit on my part should be completely effaced—he caused to be destroyed all pictured likenesses or sculptured models and all inscriptions which represented me, on pain of death throughout the whole world the Empire of which I in my foolish love gave to him and all this too that as a requital he should eventually take away my life! But my husband Claudius who was cruelly deprived of life disturbs my very manes he rushes with his torch at my face which is hateful to him to behold he is ubiquitous in his presence he menaces and imputes to me his own fate and the death of his son Britannicus and demands to know who was the actual murderer (Nero) Spare me Claudius thy reproaches he shall be given up and I ask no long time either for it to be brought The avenging Erinny is preparing ~~for thy~~ <sup>for thy</sup> death for such a cruel tyrant—she is making ready to inflict the stripes and pave the way for the ignominious flight and the punishment with which a Tantalus is to quench his thirst and for the cruel task of a Sisyphus and the rapacious vulture of a Tityus as well as the wheel which whirls round rapidly the body of an Ixion! He may indeed erect his marble monuments and in his pride gild the very roofs of his palace and the armed trained bands (cohort) may vigilantly guard the portals of their emperor and the thresholds of his palace the very world may through his exactions be drained of its riches to answer to his beck and call! The Parthians in suppliant humility may seek to salute with the kiss of submission that sanguinary right hand of his and Tigris dates may throw his kingdom and all the riches he possesses at the feet of Nero! But the day and hour will arrive soon on which he shall give up that criminal life of his for the wickedness of which he has been the author his throat shall be a very target for the javelin of the enemy he shall be universally shunned ruined and reduced to absolute want! Alas! how ill my labor—how my fondest wishes have turned out! Oh! thou son of mine whither has thy madness drifted thee and to what a fatal destination! The just anger of thy mother who fell by thy crime is a paltry consideration compared with the many punishments thou wilt have to undergo!



Et sibi, mater cedat ut tantis malis  
 Gemtricis ira, quæ tuo scelere occidit' 635  
 Utinam, antequam te parvulum in lucem edidi,  
 Aluique, sævæ nostræ lacerassent feræ  
 Viscera' sine ullo scelere, sine sensu innocens  
 Meus occidisses junctus atque hærens mihi,  
 Semper quietum careres sedem Inferum, 640  
 Proivos, patremque, nominis magni viros  
 Quos nunc pudor, luctusque perpetuus manet,  
 Ex te, nefaude, meque, quæ irem tuli  
 Quid tegere cesso Tartaro vultus meos,  
 Novercæ, conjugis, mater infelix meis? 645

## OCTAVIA, CHORUS

OCTAVIA dissimulatæ tristitia faventem sibi populum orat  
 divortium sui lugent Chorus tamen ipsius vicem 565

**P**ARCITE lætissimi vobis festo  
 Lætoque die, ne tantus amor,  
 Nostrique favor Principis acres  
 Suscitet has, vobisque ego sim  
 Causa malorum non hoc primum  
 Pectora vulnus mea fenserunt  
 Graviora tuli dabit hic nostris  
 Finem curis vel morte dies  
 Non ego sævi cernere cogar  
 Conjugis ora 655  
 Non invisos intrare mihi  
 Thalamos famulæ soror Augusti,  
 Non uxor, eio  
 Absint tantum tristes pœnæ,  
 Letique metus scelestum diri, 660  
 Miseranda, viri potes hæc, demens,  
 Sperare memor? hos ad thalamos  
 Servata diu, victima tandem  
 Funesta cades sed quid patrios  
 Sæpe penates respicis udis 665  
 Confusa genis? propera tectis  
 Efferre gradus linque cruentam  
 Principis aulam

I wish, though, before I had ever brought thee into the world, as a little baby boy, and suckled thee at my breasts, that some ferocious wild beast had torn the very womb out of my body, or that thou hast died as my innocent suckling, without any knowledge of what existence was

and without any crime to answer for! joined to and still leaning on me thou mightst always have before thy eyes a quiet resting place in the regions below where thou mightst see around thee thy father thy great grandfather and men of our lineage of glorious reputation! Before whom alas! there remain instead only disgrace and perpetual sorrow! and all this arising out of thy crimes and myself who have brought such a monster into the world But why do I stay longer why do I cease from hiding my face in Tartarus the cruel step mother of a Britannicus the wife of a murdered Claudius and the unfortunate mother of a Nero!

## OCTAVIA—CHORUS

he rushes feigning sadness, prays the populace who are him to be for her cause not to grieve about her divorce menaces and however does grieve for her sad lot of his son Britannicus the actual murderer approaches he

## OCTAVIA

it to be these tears on a day of such rejoicing and confidence to the city—let not the great affection thou hast for me and the interest shown in my cause rouse any feelings of bitter resentment in the heart of the Emperor I may yet be the means of bringing great misfortunes upon thee—it is not the first time my breast has felt wounds like this—I have already put up with more grievous ones! May this day procure for me an end to my troubles even if it be by death! There is one thing I shall no longer be called upon to rest my eyes on the visage of my cruel husband I shall henceforth be the sister and not the wife of an Augustus and thus not be compelled to share the odious nuptial couch with a rival! But I do pray that sad mental tortures may be spared me—the apprehensions of crime and the fear of some cruel death! But! oh! miserable! oh! demented Octavia canst thou reasonably hope for such things, mindful as thou must be of the former crimes of this detestable man or that he who is accustomed to spare nobody would deal gently and mercifully with thee For a long time hast thou been reserved for such a marriage as this (to occur before thy eyes) and at last as a sorrowful victim thou wilt fall, but why in that confused kind of way dost thou glance back upon thy paternal household gods with such tearful eyes? hasten away rather from under such a roof and quit for ever the palace of the blood thirsty Emperor

CHOR Eu illuxit suspecta diu  
 Fama toties jaclata dies<sup>1</sup> 670  
 Cessit thalamis Claudia diu  
 Pulsa Neronis,  
 Quos jam victuræ Poppæa tenet,  
 Cessat pietas dum nostra, gravi  
 Compieſſa metu, segnisque dolori 675  
 Ubi Romani vis est populi<sup>2</sup>  
 Fregit claros quæ sæpe duces,  
 Dedit invictæ leges patriæ,  
 Fasces dignis civibus olim,  
 Jusſit bellum, pacemque, feias 680  
 Gentes domuit, captos reges  
 Carcere cluſit<sup>3</sup> gravis en oculis  
 Undique noſtris jam Poppææ  
 Fulget imago juncta Neroni  
 Affligat humo violenta manus 685  
 Similes nimum vultus dominæ  
 Ipfamque toris detrahat altis  
 Petat infelix mox & flammis  
 Teſiſque feri Principis aulam

## ACTUS QUARTUS

## NUTRIX, POPPÆA

Territa in ſomno Poppæa nutrici nariat ſomnium quam  
 illa, vana ſomnium eludens interpretatione, ſolatur

NUTR **Q**uo tepida gremium conjugis thalamis tui 690  
 Effels, alumna<sup>4</sup> quodve feceritum petis  
 Turbata vultu<sup>5</sup> cui genæ fletu madent<sup>6</sup>  
 Certe petitus precibus & votis dies  
 Noſtris refulſit Cæſari junctæ es tuo  
 Tæda jugali quem tuus cepit decor, 695  
 Et culpa Senecæ, tradidit vincitum tibi  
 Genitrix amoris maximum numen Venus  
 O quælis, altos quantum preſſiſti toros  
 Reſidens in aula<sup>7</sup> vidit attonitus tuam

CHOR Behold! the day ſhines forth at laſt, ſo long,  
 and ſo much mingled with certain miſgivings, yet ſo  
 often canvassed abroad as mere hearsay Claudia has  
 been baniſhed from the nuptial bed of cruel Nero, and  
 has ſurrendered the couch, of which the triumphant  
 Poppæa, by this time, is the tenant in poſſeſſion, whiſt  
 the affections we all felt for her, muſt now be put a ſtop

to kept down by the terrible fear of consequences and our indignation must be outwardly suppressed. But where is the ancient courage of the Roman populace which often caused the most illustrious of men to fly for their lives? (Syrax Perses Jugurtha Herodes) that populace which gave law and institutes to a country which has never been conquered and which in ancient days best those who were when there was there was to be peace—they brought the turbulent nations into subjection they confined conspiring captive kings in the prison dungeons! Behold grievous as is the sight on all sides model images of Poppæa dazzling our vision side by side with those of Nero! Let us dash to the earth with our violent hands those images which are only too like the face of this newly created Empress! And let us drag her from her exalted couch without delay let us in our disgust make for the palace of the cruel Emperor with the fiery torch and the sword of vengeance!

## ACT IV

### NURSE—POPPÆA

Poppe  
to  
cor

#### NURSE

**H**ow is it my nursing that thou art quitting the marriage couch of thy husband in such a state of terror and of what hidingplace art thou in quest with so troubled a countenance and why are thy cheeks so wet with weeping? Surely this day which has been so long and so anxiously looked forward to has shone brightly in response to thy prayers and desires! Thou art matrimonially linked with a Cæsar! The chief of the deities Venus and the Mother of Love has given Nero to thee bound by the sacred nuptial chains and to one whom thy beauty has captivated in spite of Seneca's objections too to such a marriage union! Oh! what an important personage thou hast become and in what a magnificent palace thou hast settled down and upon what an exalted couch wilt thou now recline! The senate were fairly

Fœmnam Senatus, thura cum Superis daes, Sacrafque grato spargeres aras mero, Velata fumum flammeo tenui caput, Et ipse lateri junctus atque hærens tuo Sublimis inter civium læta omnia Incessit, habitu atque oie lætitiæ gerens	700     705
Princeps superbo talis emerfam freto Spumante Peleus conjugem accepit Thetin Quorum toros celebraffe Cœlestes ferunt, Pelagique numen omne consensu pari Quæ subita vultus causa mutavit tuos <sup>p</sup>	    710
Quid pallor iste, quid ferant lacrimæ, doce POP Confusa tristi proximæ noctis metu Visuque, nutrix, mente turbata feior, Defecta sensu læta nam postquam dies Sideribus atris cessit, & nocti polus, Inter Neronis junctæ complexus mei	    715
Somno resolvor, nec diu placida frui Quiete licuit visa nam thalamos meos Celebraie turba est moesta, resolutis comis Matros Latinæ stebiles planctus dabant, Intei tubarum sæpe terribilem sonum Sparsum cruoie conjugis genitrix mei	    720
Vultu minaci sæva qualiebat facem Quam dum sequor, coacta præsentî metu, Diducta subito patuit ingenti mihi Tellus hiatu lata quo præceps, toros Cerno jugales pariter & miror meos, In queis refedi fessa venientem intuo	   725
Comitante turba conjugem quondam meum, Natumque properat petere complexus meos Crispinus, intermissa libare oscula, Irrumpit intra tecta cum trepidus mea, Ensemque jugulo condidit sævum Nero Tandem quietem magnus excussit timor	    730
Quatit oia & ait us horridus nostros tremor, Pulsatque pectus continet vocem timor, Quam nunc fides pietasque produxit tua	  735

astounded when they beheld thy transcendent beauty, admired thee when thou offeredst up (with such reverence) the frankincense to the Gods, and when thou sprinkledst the sacred altars with the gladsome wine<sup>l</sup> the upper part of thy head, so gracefully shaded by the red veil (worn by recent brides, as tokens of modesty, and wisely subjection), and Nero, walking forth, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the citizens, holding himself up so loftily, and hanging on so closely to thy side! An Emperor all over, testifying with joy in his very carriage and countenance! Such, indeed, as Peleus manifested, when he

took Thetis to wife as she emerged from the foaming waves  
 with gr  
 every c  
 has thus changed thy wonted expression of countenance?  
 tell me why this paleness? What trouble do those tears  
 indicate?

POP. Oh! No  
 thoughts I seem  
 I was perplexed  
 night for when the expiring brightness of glorious day  
 had given place to those gloomy stars and the sky was  
 handed over to the dark realms of night I went off to  
 sleep hugged by the embracing arms of my Nero but I  
 was not permitted to enjoy my placid repose long—a  
 lugubrious multitude appeared before me as if to celebrate  
 my marriage and the Roman Matrons with their locks  
 loose and hanging down gave forth the most distressing  
 wailings and amidst every now and then a terrific blowing  
 of trumpets and the mother of my husband (Agrippina)  
 with a savage threatenin<sub>g</sub> look flourished her torch at me  
 all covered with blood whom whilst I was following  
 such I felt forced to do so inspired was I with the  
 fear which had taken possession of me—the earth seemed  
 to be suddenly divided and an immense yawning gulf  
 lay open before me into which openin<sub>g</sub> I seemed to have  
 been borne away headlong I could perceive at the same  
 moment and I wondered equally at this my own marriage  
 couch the couch on which I have before lain down  
 um who was my  
 towards me with  
 st them my son  
 Nero) Crispinus  
 rushes forward to seek my embrace and showered my  
 face with those kisses which have been now so long  
 in abeyance! when all on a sudden Nero breaks into  
 my chamber and buries his cruel sword deep down in  
 his throat! (that of Crispinus) At length this excessive  
 alarm effectually chased away all further disposition for  
 sleep! The horrible tremor into which I was thrown has  
 made my limbs tremble all over and has impeded my  
 very powers of utterance—and my heart palpitates to  
 that degree that it beats forcibly against the walls of my  
 chest My fear prevents me from expressing in words  
 what I feel but thy fidelity and affection Nurse reassures  
 me and has given me back my powers of speech—  
 Alas! Why do the Ghosts from those infernal regions  
 think proper to molest me and at the same time might

Hæu, quid mirantur Inferum manes mihi.  
 Aut quem cinorem conjugis vidi inco?  
 NUR Quæcunque mentis agitât infestus vigor 740  
 Et per quietem facit & arcibus iestri  
 Veloque sensus conjugem, thalamos, rogos.  
 Vidisse te miraris, amplexu novi  
 Hærens mariti? sed movent læto die  
 Pulsata palmis pectora, & susæ comæ 745  
 Ostrivæ discordia plangeunt facios  
 Intra penates fratris & patrium harem  
 Fax illa, quam secuta es, Augustæ mariti  
 Prælatæ, clamum nomen invidia tibi  
 Partum omniatur Inferum sede, totos 750  
 Strabiles futuros spondet ætere domus  
 Jugulo quod enses condidit Princeps tuus  
 Bella hand movebit, præe sed ferrum tegit  
 Recollige animum recipe lætitiæ, precor,  
 Timore pulso redde te thalamis tuis 755  
 POP Delubra & aras petere constitui sacras  
 Cæsis litare victimis numen Deum,  
 Ut experient noctis & somni munitæ,  
 Terrorique in hostes redert ætonitus meos  
 Et vota pro me suscipe, & precibus piis  
 Superos adora, manet ut præsens metus

## CHORUS

Laudat Chorus Poppæa formam

**S**I veia loquax fama Touantis  
 Furta & gratos narrat amores,  
 Quem modo Ledaë pressisse sinum  
 Tectum plumis pennisque ferunt, 765  
 Modo pei suctus raptam Euiopen  
 Tamum teigo portasse truceam,

I ask what it was, when I distinctly perceived the blood of my husband?

NUR Whatever subjects the mind is intent upon, or troubled about during our waking moments such is the rapidity, and wonderfulness of human thought, altogether as it is a divine and mysterious property of the mind, that it reproduces, during sleep, those very things impressed on us during the day, under a variety of visions, and fantastic appearances. Thou wonderest, no doubt, that thou sawest a husband, a marriage couch, and what thou tookest for a funeral pile, whilst thou wert being embraced and hugged, by the new husband, but the breasts

thou sawest being beaten in the dream and the shattered locks arose out of the excitement created by the suspicious event (the marriage day) The partisans of Octavia, were bewailing her divorce before the cherished household gods of thy brothers and thy paternal fires—that torch which thou followedst was carried in front of thee by the hands of Augusta (Agrippina) and the envy roused by the marriage foreshadow thy name is rendered still more illustrious thereby—the position in which thou wast placed in the Infernal Regions during thy dream clearly indicates that the future marriages in the durable dynasty will henceforward be permanent in their tenure—then as regards why thy Emperor husband thrust his sword into the throat of the spectre shows that he will never more excite wars but that he means to hide it henceforth in the sheath (the throat of the spectre only) as a guarantee of peace<sup>1</sup> Now collect thy scattered faculties take on a cheerful look I beseech thee and shaking off all these fabrics of thy vision (fears having no foundation) betake thyself to thy bed chamber

<sup>W1</sup>POP I had made up my mind to seek the temples all <sup>W1</sup>COVE sacred altars and to sacrifice to the worship of <sup>W1</sup>DEITIES with slaughtered victims that such threatening visitations of the night and the period allotted to sleep might be expiated and that the terror inspired thereby might recoil upon my enemies and Nurse offer up thy prayers for me and worship the gods above with thy pious supplications that the apprehensions which still hang about my mind may pass away from me!

### CHORUS

The Chorus praises the beauty of Poppea

**I**r garrulous report tells the truth when it talks of the furtive amours of the Thunderer and the love affairs in which he so much delighted once whom they report as having coavngly embraced the bosom of Leda whilst disguising himself with the wings and feathers of a swan—at another time transforming himself into a fierce bull carrying off Europa as a captive across the sea—even now Poppea Jupiter would quit the heavens above and the starry firmament which he is ruling and seek the pleasure of thy embraces and which he could with reason prefer to Leda's and even thine Dure whom he admired so much and descended golden shower—Sparta famous offspring of he



Quæ regit, & nunc deseret astra  
 Petet implexus, Poppæa, tuos,  
 Quos & Lædæ præferre potest 770  
 Et tibi, quondam cui miranti  
 Fulvo, Danae, fluxit in auro  
 Formam Sprute jactet illumnae  
 Licet, & Phrygius præmia pastor,  
 Vincet vultus hæc Tyndaridos, 775  
 Qui moverunt horrida bella,  
 Phrygiæque solo regna dedere  
 Sed quis gressu ruit attonito?  
 Aut quid pectoris portat anhelos?

## NUNTIUS, CHORUS

Motum populi nuntiat ob repudiatam Octaviam  
 nuptiasque Poppææ

NUNT **Q**UICUNQUE lectis miles exultat ducis, 780  
 Defendat aulam, cui furoi populi imminet  
 Trepidum cohortes, ecce, Præfecti trahunt  
 Præsidia ad ubi, victa nec cedit metu  
 Concepta rabies temere, sed vires capit  
 CHOR Quis iste mentes agit attonitus furoi? 785  
 NUNT Octaviæ furore perculsa agmina,  
 Et effeata per nefas ingens iuunt  
 CHOR Quid ausa facere, quoque consilio, doce  
 NUNT Reddere penates Claudiae Divi parant,  
 Totosque furtis, debitum partem imperii 790  
 CHOR Quos jam tenet Poppæa concordia fide?  
 NUNT Hic viit animos pertinax nimium furoi,  
 Et in fuiozem temere præcipites agit  
 Quæcunque claro marmore effigies stetit,  
 Aut ære fulgens ora Poppææ geiens, 795

enough that the Phrygian shepherd (Paris) should have been proud of his conquest! She, Poppæa will outstrip in beauty this daughter of Tyndarus, and who brought about dreadful war, and levelled the Phrygian Kingdom to the very ground. But who is this rushing on at a pace accelerated by some fright, or what news is he bringing, with his breath panting like that?—(out of breath)

## MESSENGER—CHORUS

The Messenger describes the excitement of the populace, on account of the divorce of Octavia, and this marriage with Poppæa

## MESSENGER

WHOEVER that soldier may be who entertains a boastful pride in being a chosen guardian of the emperor's portals let him rouse himself for the defence of the palace which the fury of the populace is now menacing—Behold the Prefects in a state of trepidation are calling together (mustering) the armed bands to garrison the city with extra protection—nor does this insane feeling which has so rashly sprung up appear amenable to any kind of fear but is acquiring greater and greater intensity

CHOR What mad fury is it that is now agitating the minds of the populace?

MES This multitude of people are seized with rage about this treatment of Octavia and being wild with anger they are rushing on into every kind of crime

CHOR Tell us what they have had the audacity to do and at whose instigation all this has originated

MES They are making preparations to restore Claudia (Octavia) to the household of the Divus the restitution of conjugal rights by her husband and brother and her legitimate share of the imperial dignity

CHOR Of which already Poppæa is in full possession through the legal marriage contracted by unanimous authority in good faith and upheld by one minded approval

MES This excessive uncontrollable fury springs out of the indignation to which these nuptials have given rise and it is that which is urging them on with headlong rashness into this display of madness Whatever statue of Poppæa sculptured out of the purest marble stood in their way or whatever brazen monument was shining forth and revealed the likeness of Poppæa was ruthlessly dashed to the ground by the infuriated hands of the populace and lies there broken up by means of hammers wielded by savage arms, they then dragged the pieces of the statues which had been pulled down from their standing place trailed them along the streets with cords and after kicking them about for some time in an angry fashion they would plaster them all over with filthy mud! And the swearing and cursing that went on and their obscene language was quite in keeping with their acts

Afflicta vulgi manibus, & sævo jacet  
 Everſa feſſo membra per partes trahunt  
 Deducta laqueis obviunt turpi diu  
 Calcata cæno verba conveniunt feris  
 Immota fractis, quæ timor recipit meus 800  
 Sepue ſummis Principis ſedem priant,  
 Populi niſi hæ conjugem reddat novam,  
 Reddat penates Claudiæ viſtus ſuos  
 Ut noſcat ipſe civium motus, meꝝ  
 Voce hæud morabor iuſſa Præfecti exſequi 805  
 CHOR Quid fera ſiſtura bella movetis?  
 Inviſta gerit telꝝ Cupido,  
 Flammis veſtios obruet ignes  
 Quis exſtiterit fulmina sæpe,  
 Captumque Jovem cælo traxit 810  
 Læſi tristes dabitis pœnas  
 Sanguine veſtio non eſt patiens  
 Fervidus iræ facilisque regi  
 Ille ferocem iuſſit Achillem  
 Pulſare lyrꝝ, ſiegit Danaos, 815  
 Fiegit Atridem, regna eveſtit  
 Priami, claias diruit urbes  
 Et nunc animus, quid ſeiat houet,  
 Vis immitis violenta Dei

## ACTUS QUINTUS

### NERO, PRÆFECTUS

Aſtutus hæ Nero propter tumultum populi, in ipſum ſævum  
 jubet, & Octaviam veluti motus cauſam, deſoitatꝝ  
 in Pandatꝝnam, interfici

NERO **O**LENTA nimium militis noſtri manus, 820  
 Et hæ patiens poſt nefas tantum mea,  
 Quod non cruor civilis accenſas faces  
 Exſtinguit in nos, cæde nec populi madet  
 Funerea Romꝝ, quæ viros tales tulit!  
 Admiſſa ſed jam morte puniri parum eſt, 825  
 Gravioꝝ meruit impium plebis ſcelus

and which was ſo bad that I ſhould be afraid to repeat  
 it, they are, now preparing to ſurround, the Palace with  
 flames, unleſs Nero ſurrenders this new wife of his, to  
 appeaſe their indignation, and becomes prevailed upon  
 to reſtore Claudia to her houſehold Gods (her home), and  
 that the Emperor may know of this inſurrection, from my

own lips I will make no further delay in carrying out the instructions I have received from the Prefect

CHOR Why dost thou bring about all this cruel strife? it is of no good! Cupid is invincible and has used those arrows of his which will oblige all thy fires (throw them into the shade) Will the flames which he has set up in the heart of Nero ever be cooled down? That little Deity has drawn down even Jupiter himself from lofty Olympus and has extinguished his very lightning. Thou wilt pay with thy life any obstacle thou must throw in his way he is hot in his rage and not very patient in his transports of anger or easy to be brought under control — He it was who commanded that ferocious Achilles to strike his lyre and produce his amorous melodies — he it was who was the means of nearly ruining the Greeks with their ten years war — he it was who paved the way for the downfall of Agamemnon — he it was who destroyed the kingdom of poor old Iruu, and has been the means of ruining the beautiful cities of the world and now our minds are simply horrified at what he can really do and at the unrelenting energy now being displayed by that merciless little God!

## ACT V

### NERO — PANDITARI

Nero boiling over with rage on account of the tumultuous rising of the populace orders the most severe measures to be taken against them and that Octavia as the cause of such a rising shall be transported to Panditaru and there slain

#### NERO

Oh! the excessive ruggedness in the spirit of my soldiery and oh! what anger rages within me suffering as I have done from the commission of such dreadful crimes! Why has not the very life blood of the citizens been made to extinguish the torches which have been kindled against me for my destruction? Why does Rome assuming such a funeral aspect not wade in the blood arising from the slaughter of such a populace? Oh thou Rome! that has ever produced men like them! but it would be a trifling thing for them to be punished only with that death that is the admitted retribution ordained for such deeds No! this impious

Et illa, cui me civium subicit furor, Suspecta conjux & soror semper mihi, tandem dolori spiritum reddat meo, Namque nostram sanguine extinguat suo	830
Mox tecta flammis concidunt urbis meis Ignes, ruinæ, noxium populum premant, Turpisque egestas, sæva cum luctu fames Exsultat ingens seculi nostri bonis	835
Corrupta turba nec capit clementiam Ingrata nostram, ferre nec pacem potest, Sed inquieta rapitur hinc audacia, Hinc temeritate fertur in præceps sua	840
Malis domanda est, & gravi semper jugo Premenda, ne quid simile tentare audeat, Contraque sanctos conjugis vultus meæ Attollere oculos fracta pei pœnas metu	845
Parere discet Principis nutu sui Sed adesse cerno, iara quem pietas virum Fidesque castris nota præposuit meis	850
PRÆF Populi furorem cæde pancorum, diu Qui iestiterunt temere, compressum affero NERO Et hoc sit est? sic miles audisti ducem?	855
Compescis? hæc vindicta debetur mihi? PRÆF Cecidere motus impii ferro duces NERO Quid? illa turba, petere quæ flammis meos	855
Ausa est penates, Principi legem dare, Abstrahere nostris conjugem caram toris, Violare, quantum licuit, incesta manu Et voce dira, debita pœna vocat?	855
PRÆF Pœnam dolori constituet in cives tuos? NERO Constituet, ætas nulla quam famæ evimat PRÆF Quam tempeiet non na, non nostri tumor?	855

crime of the populace deserves more than that! But she, Octavia, for whom the fury of the citizens has subjected me to all this, and who has always been as a sister and wife to me, but whom I have had every reason to suspect, she shall at last be made to give up her life to me as the cost of that just anger, which she has always excited in my bosom, and she shall extinguish that anger with her blood! Very soon, the homesteads of the citizens shall fall a prey to the conflagrations which I will set going! Fire, utter ruin, shall weigh down this hateful rabble, extremest privations, bitter starvation with weeping and sorrow! The fact is a large proportion of the citizens have been eaten up with corruption and idleness and have grown exultant and surfeited with all the benefits that have accrued to them during my reign, nor does the ungrateful rabble appreciate the clemency they have received during my beneficent rule, nor, further,

can they bear the idea of things going on peaceably but the restless rascals must be seized with some mania or another and in one direction they are carried away by sheer audacity and in another they drift headlong with their rashness! These men must be kept under by terrible punishments and perpetually weighed down by some oppressive yoke lest they may have the audacity to venture upon a repetition of those outrages at some future time! No! they shall be made to raise their eyes with reverential respect at the divine face of my wife and being crushed by the fear of my punishments to obey the very nod of their emperor! But I now see coming towards me a man whose strict habits of discipline and acknowledged fidelity to my sceptre have installed him in his present high position in my camp

PREF I have to report that the fury of the populace has at last been brought under with the slaughter too of only some few who for a time resisted to the last urged on by their foolish obstinacy

NERO And is this, dost thou suppose enough? Is this too, the mode in which thou as a soldier hast dared to address thy Emperor? Thou appeasedst them indeed! No! No! let this hostile little modicum of punishment business fall to my lot!

PREF The wicked leaders of the insurrection have already fallen by the sword

NERO What! that rascally rabble that dared to seek out my very Palace and consign it to the flames in other words to lay down the law to their very Emperor and to drag away my darling wife from my lawfully instituted marriage couch to violate her liberty in short as far as was in their power by their incestuous hands and terrifying language! No! the punishment which they deserve must be left for me to carry out

PREF Will thy anger determine thee to inflict still further punishment upon thy citizens?

NERO My anger will determine me to inflict that punishment which no length of time will ever serve to efface from the memory of man

PREF But canst thou not determine some punishment which will impose some sort of limit to thy anger and which at the same time would diminish our fears

NERO	Iram expiabit p̄iora quæ meruit meam	
PREF	Quam poseat, ede, nostra ne p̄ucat manus	860
NERO	Cædem sororis poseit, & dirum caput	
PREF	Horrore victum trepidus adstrinxit rigor	
NERO	Pareie dubitans? PREF Cui merum dantis fidem?	
NERO	Quod p̄cis hosti PREF Femina hoc nomen cepit?	
NERO	Si scelestia cepit PREF Estne, qui fontem arguit?	865
NERO	Populi furor PREF Quis regere dementes valet?	
NERO	Qui conestare potuit PREF Haud quemquam reor	
NERO	Mulier, dedit virtus cui p̄ionum malo	
	Animum, ad nocendum pectus instruit dolis	
	Sed vim negavit, ut ne inexspugnabilis	870
	Effet, sed ægias frangeret vires timor,	
	Vel pœna, quæ tam seivã damnatam premit	
	Diu nocentem tolle consilium, re p̄ces	
	Et imperata peage devectam rate	
	Procul in remotum litus interimi jube,	875
	Taudem ut residat pectoris nostri tumor	

## CHORUS, OCTAVIA

Chorus p̄meritosum multis favorem populi fuisse eruit nos  
dura fati mulierum domus Cæsareæ commemorat

CHOR **O** FUNESTUS multis populi  
Dirusque favor! qui, cum flatu  
Vela secundo ratis implevit,  
Vexitque procul, languides idem

880

NERO The first object that shall expiate my anger,  
will be that one who deserves it the most

PREF Tell me whom thou wilt require for that purpose,  
and do not let our hands spare them

NERO My anger demands the execution of my sister,  
I require her odious life to be taken away

PREF I am trembling with horror at thy words—a  
sudden rigor has frozen up my veins! I am spell-bound!

NERO Dost thou hesitate, then, to obey?

PREF Why shouldst thou call my fidelity into question?

NERO Why wouldst thou appear inclined to spare an  
enemy?

PREF Dost thou mean to say that any woman as far as thou art concerned, deserves such a name as enemy?

NERO Not if she has lent herself to acts of crime?

PREF Is there any one who can prove Octavia to be guilty of that?

NERO This fury of the populace amply proves it to me

PREF Who is able to exercise any influence over a lot of madmen?

NERO Octavia who was the means of exciting them on to those crimes

PREF I cannot suppose any woman to be capable of such a thing!

NERO A woman in whom nature has implanted the disposition prone to do evil and which has endowed her mind with all the instincts of crime and treachery but yet that nature has withheld from her the requisite power so that she should not in short be so impregnable but that fear might have some chance of breaking down her feeble powers for mischief or the punishment itself which although late in the day threatens to be visited upon her now that she is finally condemned but this only after having been an offender for so long! Therefore abstain from offering me any more suggestions or advancing any more intercessions and see and carry out my orders to the very letter give orders that Octavia be carried away in some craft or other to a remote spot to some far off shore that at last the surging wrath in my breast may be allowed to cool down!

### CHORUS—OCTAVIA

The Chorus sings regarding popular favor which has been destructive to so many and after that brings into notice the hard fates which have befallen the Cæsarean Dynasty

### CHORUS

O that that favor and enthusiastic preference emanating from the people! What a source of trouble and misery it has proved to so many! It is like the craft which has filled its sails under a favorable wind and has carried thee far away from the shore but which same



Defecit alto fœvoque mari Flevit Græchos miseranda parens, Perdidit ingens quos plebis amor, Nimiusque favor, genere illustres, Pietate, fide lingua elatos, Pectore fortes, legibus aeres	885
Te quoque Livi, simili leto Fortuna dedit, quem neque fœces Texere sui, nec tecta domus Plura referre prohibet præsens	890
Exempli dolori modo cui patriam Reddere cives, vulum, & fratris Voluere toros, nunc ad pœnam Letumque trahi, stentem, miseram Cernere possunt Bene paupertas	895
Humili tecto contenta letet Quæruunt ultra sæpe procellæ Aut evertit Fortuna domos	
OCOR Quo me ualuit? quodve tyrannus Aut exilium regina jubet?	900
Si mihi vitam fracta remittit Tot jam nostris evicta malis, Si cæde mea cumulare parat Luctus nostros, invidet etiam Cur in patria mihi sæva mori?	905
Sed jam spes est nulla salutis, Fratris cerno miseranda ratem Hæc est, cuius vecta carina Quondam genitor, nunc & thralam Expulsa sorori miseranda vehit	910
Nullum Pietas nunc numen habet, Nec sunt Superi regnat mundo Tristis Eumys Quis mea digne desistere potest Mala? quæ lacrimis nostris questus Reddet Aedon? cuius pennas Utinam miseræ mihi Fati darent? Fugerem luctus ablata meos Penna volucris, procul & cœtus Hominum tristes, cædemque feram	915 920
Sola in vacuo nemore, & tenui Ramo pendens, querulo possem Gutturæ mœstum fundere murmur	
CHOR Regitur fatis mortale genus, Nec sibi quidquam spondere potest	925

wind, when a dead calm presents itself, leaves thee helpless in the cruel ocean depths! A miserable parent, aforetime bewailed the loss of the Gracchi (Cornelia) whom intense popular regard, and excessive appreciation by the public, were the means of leading to their ultimate

rum —men too of such illustrious descent and acknowledged piety fidelity distinguished eloquence moral courage and of unflinching severity in their administration of just laws and thee also Livius, fortune gave up to a similar end whom neither thy magisterial dignity nor the roof of thy very homestead, served as a protection against death! We could adduce many more striking examples if our griefs did not prevent us—it was only quite lately Octavia that citizens were up in arms and were most desirous of restoring to thee thy country—thy palace and to exact from thy brother thy conjugal rights but now forsooth they can calmly look on and see thee weeping and in misery—dragged away to meet thy doom! Poverty in a state of happy contentment lies hidden under the humble roof but the storms of fate shake the lofty palaces or capricious fortune overthrows them altogether!

OCR Where art thou conducting me What has that tyrant Nero ordered now? or what exile has his Queen Poppæa appointed for me? or is it that she is melted by compassion at the troubles I have suffered and my being so utterly cast down by such an array of misfortunes? If Nero is preparing to accumulate my sorrows by my slaughter as a climax to my sufferings why does he even grudge me the privilege of dying in my own paternal soil although my country has been the arena of so much cruelty towards me? But now there is no apparent hope of my ultimate safety—I perceive already in my misery the craft which bore away my brother! Ah! that is the craft too in which his mother was once carried off and now as an unfortunate wretch banished from the marriage bed I shall be carried away by the same conveyance Piety has no tutelary deity now and the Gods above alas! are nowhere to be found! It is that cruel Linnys who can now cause me to weep adequately for the evils I have gone through! What Thracian nightingale will ever send forth its plaintive notes equal to mine? I only wish the Fates would give to me in misery a pair of wings! would I not cleave the air with my rapid wings spread out and fly far far away from all my present troubles and remote from the busy haunts of man and the hotbed of cruel slaughter and alone in the desert grove perched on some delicate twig should I then be able to warble my tristful strains from my sorrowing throat!

CHO The race of mortals is governed by the inexorable Fates! Nor does any thing sublunary answer the

Firmum & stabile Per quæ casus volvit varios Semper nobis metuenda dies Animum firment exempla tuum Jam multa, domus	930
Quæ vestra tulit quid sævior est Fortuna tibi? tu mihi primum Tot natorum memoranda parens, Nata Agrippæ, nurus Augusti, Cæsaris uxor, cujus nomen Christum toto fulsit in orbe, Utere toties enarra gravi Pignora precis mox exsilium, Verbera, sævas passa cætenas, Funera, luctus, tandem letum	935
Cruciatu dum Felix thalamis Livia Drusi, natisque setum Ruit in fœcinus, pœnamque suam Juba matris fata secuta est Post longa tamen tempora serro Cæsa est, quamvis crimine nullo Quid non potuit quondam genitorum Tua, quæ ierit Principis vulvam, Cara marito, partuque potens?	940
Eadem famulo subjecta suo, Cecidit diri militis ense Quid, cui licuit regnum in cœlum Sperare, parens tanta Neionis? Non funesta violata manu Remigis ante,	945
Mox & serro lacerata diu, Sævi jacuit victima nati?	950
OCCT Me quoque tistes mittet ad umbras Ferus & manes, ecce, tyriannus Quid jam frustra miseranda morior?	960
Rapite ad letum, queis jus in nos Fortuna dedit testor Superos Quid agis, demens? parce precari Queis invisa es, numina Divum Tartara testor, Erebi que Deus	965
Sceletum ultimates, & te, genitor Dignum tali morte & pœna Non invisus est mors ista mihi Armata iatem, date vela fretis Ventisque petat puppis rector	970
Pandatuxæ litorum tenæ	

expectations of any one as regards stableness or durability! and the coming day is always to be dreaded, whilst it invariably brings round in its train, such a variety of events! Surely thy Cæsarean dynasty has undergone many troubles! What! Is fortune more cruel to thee,

than it has been to many others before thee.<sup>2</sup> We will mention thee, first of all oh! thou the daughter of Agrippa the unhappy parent of so many sons the daughter in law of an Augustus the wife of a Cæsar whose name shone so gloriously over the whole world thou that broughtest forth from thy gravid uterus so many pledges of peace to the universe! a double pledge first of love to a husband secondly a guarantee of unbroken succession to the imperial throne by and bye exile stripes undergoing the indignity of being fettered by chains and being thus tormented for a long time the once felicitously married Livia the wife of Drusus happy too with the possession of her sons rushed on to the commission of a terrible crime and its subsequent punishment! Julia her daughter followed the fate of her mother after a long time however she met her death by the sword although for no crime of her own! What could not thy own mother Messalina do who filled the palace of the Emperor so dear to that husband too and so proud and elated with her progeny yet this same woman having submitted to the unlawful advances of an underling (the marriage with Silius) fell by the sword of a savage soldier! What about Agrippina too such an illustrious parent of thy own ~~and~~ who with justice and every show of reason could have aspired to a place in the heavens to absolute Apotheosis as Divus did! was she not however outraged by the terrible hands of the Tyrrenian boatmen before she was seen to be hacked about by the sword for a considerable time and eventually succumbed as the victim of a cruel son!

OCT Behold that cruel tyrant will send me likewise to the tristful shades and the manes! Why in my misery am I detained on earth to no purpose Let me be seized upon for one of death's victims by those to whose power my bitter lot has surrendered me! I call the gods above to witness! But what am I now talking about in my madness? Let me spare myself the mockery of invoking the good will of the deities to whom for some cause or other I have evidently been an object of hatred! I therefore call the deities of Hell to witness and the goddesses of Erebus who are the avengers of crime and thee even oh! my father who really wert worthy of such a death and punishment, as I am now about to suffer from—that death however is by no means unacceptable or hateful to me—Get the craft in readiness unfurl the sails and commit her to the waves and let the commander of that craft steer for the coast of Pandataria with a flowing breeze!

CHOR Lenes auræ, Zephyique leve,  
 Tectum quondam nube ætherea  
 Qui vestitis raptum fœva  
 Virginis ans Iphigeniam,  
 Hanc quoque tristi procul a pœna  
 Portate, precor, templâ ad Triviæ  
 Libe est nostrâ mitiori Aulis,  
 Et Taurorum barbara tellus  
 Hospitis illie crede litatur  
 Numen Superûm civis gaudet  
 Roma cruce

975

980

CHO Oh! for the gentle breezes Oh! for the light  
 and balmy Zephyrs, which caught thee up and wafted  
 thee away, Iphigenia, surrounded, by an ethereal cloud,  
 far from the altars of the cruel goddess (Diana), Oh! ve  
 kind breezes, convey away this victim, Octavia, far away  
 from any cruel punishment, I pray, to the temples of  
 Trivia, even (Diana) Aulis itself, is a less cruel place than  
 thy city of Rome, and so is the land of the Tauri, for  
 there it is they sacrifice the blood of any strangers who  
 approach their shores, to appease the anger of the god-  
 dess whom they worship! But Rome is very different,  
 she rejoices only in the slaughter of her own citizens!

# NOTES

## HEP CULES FUPENS

L

- 6 ARCTOS ALTA—Callisto the daughter of Lycion was debauched by Jupiter and changed by Juno into a Bear she was afterwards placed in the heavens with her son Arca the one was called Helice and the other the Cynosure
- 9 VECTOR—Jupiter disguised as a Bull carried Europa across the sea to Crete—Taurus was the second sign of the Zodiac, and which the poets feign to have been the Bull which conveyed him and which was subsequently placed by Jupiter amongst the constellations
- 11 ATLANTIDES—The seven *Pleides* between Taurus and the tail of Aries and were the daughters of *Atlas* by *Pleione*, of which three were debauched by Jupiter, *Maia*, *Electra* and *Faygetes*, they were very dangerous to navigators
- 1 ORION—Born from the combined urines of Jupiter Neptune and Mercury—*ab urina* Ovid says  
‘Perdidit antiquum littera prima sonum  
“The first letter has lost its ancient sound As the constellation appears on the 9th March and sets on the 1st June, it was generally accompanied at its rising by great rains and storms—Another definition is  
“Quod zelotypam deam male urit  
“Because he sadly ve ed the jealous Goddess *Diana* But the terrifying character of Orion was that the neighbouring constellations were scared by the severe atmospheric disturbances, with which he heralded his approach
- 13 STELLAS—AUREUS—Sprung from *Danae* upon whom Jupiter descended, as a golden shower *Perseus*, as the result of this embrace has in his constellatory retinue, twenty six “golden stars
- 14 CLARA—TYNDARIDÆ—Bright stars, *Castor* and *Pollux*, twin brothers and son of Jupiter by *Leda*, wife of *Tyndarus* whom he approached as a “Swan
- 16 QUIBUSQUE NATIS—*Latona* although made a deity is nowhere mentioned as a constellation so that Juno in enumerating the various constellations reminding her of Jupiter’s infidelities, casts her eyes earthward and quote *Delos* as one of the refreshing mementoes—the rendering therefore which I have given I think, fully elucidate this line

Line

- 18 **PULITY GROSSIACI**—Juno was at the boiling-point of indignation at the wholesale amours of Jupiter, and I have used the word "wench" as applied to Ariadne in order to point out her utter contemptuosity towards that personage, as the term "wench" in our own language is generally used in a sense of disrespect
- 20 **NUKIBUS**—As a rule does not signify step daughters but daughters-in-law but here, Nukibus means simply, any woman maid or matron, who through Jupiter's amours, are convertible into step-daughters
- 26 **MERSUM OCLANO JUBAR**—The sun was ordered not to shine upon the earth, for our entire day, practically involving three successive nights
- 38 **BINOS TINGI ÆTHIOPAS**—Understand by "binos" the two black races, the African and the Asiatic, amongst the Ancients, the term Æthiopia was applied to any of the black races, and not confined to Æthiopia proper or as it is now called Abyssinia, those races, therefore, found anywhere from the Coromandel Coast of the Indian Continent to the parallel of Hesperia or West Coast of Africa, were thus designated. Then with regard to the word "propinqua," as necessarily indicating the increasing propinquity of the sun as the power of the solar rays became more intensified—Seneca here falls into an error, as it is, because the sun's rays are less oblique in tropical latitudes, the sun losing its vertical character, in latitudes beyond  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  North and South at which point between that and the Equator they exert their maximum calouific power, for in point of fact, the sun is at a greater distance under such conditions—therefore "propinqua" is here misused by the Poet, the terms "apogee" and "perigee" are used by the moderns, to denote the earth's distance from the sun
- 43 **TYRANNI**—Eurystheus, "tyrannus" originally meant King, and is usually employed in this sense by the older writers
- 48 **OPIMA**—The number, 3, is a multiple, closely observed by nature, hence its general application—it is curiously noticeable in the operations and stages of diseased activities, and in the periods of utero-gestation from the human race downwards—we have it observed as regards the three brothers Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto, presiding over the three Kingdoms of nature, the Heavens, the Sea and the Earth—the "three" is observed in the three-forked lightning, the three-pronged trident, and the three-headed Cerberus as regards the foregoing three Deities—thus we have the "three" Graces, the "three" Furies—the "three" Fates—the nine Muses—the Trinity of Scriptural writers, the Trinity of the Hindoo, Brahma, Vishnu and Seva, this rule applies also to the blending of liquors, culinary concoctions and so forth, chymical combinations—three bodies or elements will combine freely—and it is the addition of the third body

- L c or substance which so materially alters disguises or transforms so effectually the other 'two —Opima because Cerberus was the representative of his especial prerogative
- 49 FÆDUS UMBRARUM —This refer to the *lex* *ue* which had been entered into by the three brother Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto, but was infringed when Hercules forced the entrance of Hell, and returned to the Earth above
- 67 E VACUO —The rest of the God being drawn from heaven
- 80 SICULI —Liberate the giant Enceladus, who was struck by lightning, and kept down by the weight of *Ætna* pressios, upon him, and who, when he moved his weary side shook *Trinacria*, with a terrific rumbling
- 83 LUNA —The ancients believed that the *Nemæan* lion had fallen from the moon, and thit of course other wild beasts were still there moreover, they thought that the moon was in all respect like our own earth—hence *conspicit feras*?
- 98 ERRORQUE—FUROR —Both these terms refer to the mental condition—the former especially denoting hallucinations or what we might call 'Amentia', or a wandering purposeless condition, but not unconnected occasionally with the suicidal element, whilst the latter represents the advanced forms of mental alienation, downright uncontrollable madness destructive to the lives of the objects themselves, as well as dangerous to others and this was what Juno is supposed to have had in her mind, with which to visit upon Hercules and which, indeed, she carried into effect
- 100 FANULÆ —The Furies, the avenging Goddesses
- 134 CADMEIS INCLITA BACCHIS —The poet here alludes to Mount *Cithæron* in *Bœotia* sacred to *Bacchus* the Bacchanal celebrated their revels there, and it was on this mountain, that *Pentheus* was torn in pieces by *Agave*
- 173 JURGIA VENDENS IMPROBUS —I have been rather lavish perhaps, in my delineation of the character alluded to by the Poet, as "improbns Of course I have travelled much beyond the "ipsissima verba" of the Text, but to my mind it only serves to fully exemplify the style of man who existed in those days as portrayed by *Seneca* and as to whose characteristics the Poet appears to have been fully alive
- 26 STABULA—BISTONII —*Diomedes*, King of *Thrace* fed his horses on the flesh and blood of strangers he visited his dominions Hercules punished him for his cruelty, and gave him, in turn to his own horses to be devoured. The *Thracians* are likewise called *Bistonians*, from *Bistonius* the son of *Mars* and *Calirrhoe*
- 8 ERYMANTHUS —A mountainous forest of *Arcadia*, on the confines of *Elis* and *Arcadia*, twas here that Hercules slew the famous *Erymanthian* bear



Line

- 229 MÆNALIUM—The wild boar of Mænalia, which had waste the country of Arcadia, Hercules brought it alive to Eurystheus
- 230 TAURUMQUE—The Cretan Bull, the terror of a hundred peoples—Neptune caused this Bull to be so furious, as he was deceived by Minos, who gave it to him instead of the one he had originally admired so much. Hercules took this, also, alive to Eurystheus
- 239 NEMORIS OPULENTI—Hercules killed the Dragon which guarded the garden of the Hesperides, and gave to Eurystheus all the golden apples he found there
- 244 PETIT AB IPSIS NUBIBUS —SYMPHYALIDES —They were named, "Mantis Alumnae aves," inasmuch as they furnished a very hard kind of steel from their beaks and claws, as well as from their feathers which were tipped with that metal, which Mars used for his weapons, instead of arrows—They gave forth abominable stercoraceous odors from their bodies, and the tips of their wings, when brought to bear against the objects of attack, operated like swiftly-shot arrows. They preyed alike upon human beings and the lower animals. They fairly darkened the sky when in flight near the earth, and the natives, reminded of what Phineus had suffered from the Harpies, freely used their spears and shields in order to scare them away, by the clangorous din they set up
- "Ex monitu Phinei, clypeos et hastas sumpserunt et more curetum (Corybantice) sonitu eas abegerunt,"  
Hercules destroyed them effectually
- 248 STABULI—The stables of Augias, containing three thousand heads of cattle, and which had not been cleaned out for thirty years they were a source of disease to the country around, from their stench and poisonous exhalations. Hercules cleaned them out in one day, and caused the river, the flow of which had been interrupted by this vast accumulation of filth, to resume its ancient course
- 261 JUVENTUS ORIA—Cadmus having killed the Dragon, an armed warrior sprang up from each tooth of that monster—these men, directly they were born, fell to fighting most furiously with each other, till only five of them were left. These survivors of such unique warfare afterwards became the companions of Cadmus, and assisted him in the building of Thebes
- 262 CUIUSQUE MUROS—Amphion, son of Jupiter and Antiope, at the building of Thebes, who so enchanted the very stones with his melodious strains, that they all rose of their own accord, and took up the places assigned to them, without any manual interference—Mercury gave Amphion his lyre. This skill is mentioned by Virgil—Eclogue 2, verse 24, as also by Ovid

11

- 391 **MYSTICIS**—Niobe had been chn e l into a rock and from which, the poe & feigned, tears still continued to flow
- 395 **ALCIBES PATI**—The cardinal duty to obey kings as Heracles w s in carrying out the orders of Furytheus
- 437 **ILLUMINE FUGIUS ILLR**—Juno in order to avenge her jealousy of Semele caused her not to be satisfied till she had seen Jupiter in all his celestial riance she was then pregnant with Bacchus Jupiter tried in vain to dissuade her from this desire—and as he appeared before him on his heavenly throne she was consumed by lightning—Jupiter however preserve the child in his thigh, where he finished the period which should have been passed in his mother's womb which was repaired by the anient according to Aulus Celsus and other writers to have been ten months and from the fact of Bacchus having emerged from two places or doors—namely his mother's womb and Jupiter's thigh he was surnamed amongst other cognomens *Dithyrus*, and the dances sung in his honour were called *Dithyras*
- 477 **IUPITUS**—The father of Iole and king of Ochiaia he was killed and his country devastated by Hercules who captured his daughter When Hercules died on Mount Otr he gave Iole in marriage to his son Hyllus—see Hercules Otr
- 50 **GIARTANIANIA GENAPI**—This was a promontory of Laconia and feigned by the Poets to have been the entrance to the infernal regions
- 643 **INSTANT EST HABIT DAT IEDIT**—This implies an allusion to the rapidity, with which Hercules always carried out his intentions—no sooner thought of than done The reiteration of a verb in certain expressions is noticeable in 'Vale, Vales, Volebit and Vales Voleat Valeant'
- 678 **CRANUMQUL IETRO**—Hoc opus, hic labor est (Virgil)—the identical words occur in one of the verses of Ovid it would therefore seem to have been a colloquialism with the Latins and the equivalent vernacular for our 'Ah! that's the rub'
- 758 **IRRANT FLUVIUS**—The three daughters Ino, Agave and Antiope the latter of whom was the mother of Acteon Ino had one of her sons Ierchu slain by her husband Athamas and with the other Melicertus leaped into the sea and was afterwards worshipped as a Godless Pentheus was the son of Agave by Echion, and was torn to pieces by his mother, during one of her fits of Bacchanal delirium
- 759 **AVIDA**—The three were the Harpies the daughter of Pontus and Terra thus they lived partly on the sea and partly on the land they had the face of Virgins and the bodies of obscene birds Hesiod calls them—Iris—Aello and Ocypeta Virgil calls them, Furra, and Dirra To the lively imagination of the Greeks, they were something like demons urging on the fury of the storm—and then were named

Line

- “Ocypeta” rapid, “Aello” a storm, and “Celeno,”  
obscurity
- 776 SUCCUBUIT UNI —Alluding to the weight of Hercules, when he stepped on board the craft of Charon to be conveyed across the Styx, Charon looked aghast. Virgil says the same thing about Æneas when similarly crossing that river  
——“gemit sub pondere cymba  
“Sutulis et multam accepit imosa puludem”
- 915 CONDITORES URBIS —Cadmus and his followers. Cadmus was the son of Agenor, and brother of Europa, in search of whom he was sent by his father
- 916 TRUCIS ZETHI —Zethus was brother to Amphion, and whilst the latter amused himself with his musical studies, Zethus betook himself to the woods and hunted wild animals—Seneca thus gives him the prænomèn of TRUX
979. CITHÆRON —A mountain of Bœotia, constantly alluded to in these tragedies, the most notable occurrence connected with it, is that of the son of Laius being taken thither soon after he was born, and exposed with his feet transfixed with a skewer, which treatment caused that condition of the feet, which obtained for him the name of Œdipus, from the Greek words, ΠΟΤΖ and ΟΙΔΕΩ “foot” and “to swell” The Oracle had warned Laius that he would be slain by a son

## THYESTES.

- 140 MYRTILUS —Ænomaus was told by the Oracle that he who obtained his daughter Hippodamia in marriage would kill him—he therefore resolved she should not marry, but at length being prevailed upon, he declared that no one should have her unless he could be outstripped in a chariot-race with the suitors, accordingly, Pelops became a suitor, and induced Myrtilus to tamper with the axles, detaching them in some way, prior to the race, so that the chariot would break down and secure the victory for Pelops—Ænomaus felt the fullest confidence in himself as a charioteer. This was brought about, under promises from Pelops, which he never intended to carry out, one of which was that he share sexual favors from Hippodamia. Pelops did not approve of this novel kind of partnership, and when Myrtilus demanded that the promise should be ratified, instead of complying with such a request, threw him unto the sea, which received its new name from that circumstance
- 142 VECTUS —The word “Vectus” is used here quite in a figurative sense—as it is not to be supposed that Myrtilus was carried in any way, but only that as Ænomaus was deceived by Myrtilus, so Mytilus was deceived by Pelops, as to the kind of death which was prepared for him, in lieu of what had been promised him by Pelops

- L
- 214 SED OCCUPATUM—Atræus hints that he was not the first who had done what he had in view and would prefer, if possible, some novel crime Phylomela for example
- 296 NATIS—Agamemnon and Menelaus
- 345 TYRIÆ—From Tyre in Phœnicia, where the fish yielding the celebrated purple dyes chiefly abound
- 357 FERVENS—Allusion is here made to the increase of temperature produced by the continuous treading of the oxen which were used in those days for threshing out the corn
- 379 SERES—A people often quoted by Seneca who lived in some far off country, and gathered the materials which were worked into the finest fabrics, from the trees, possibly from the silk worm hence the Latin word for silk "Sericum"—Could this far off country have been China?
- 386 MACIINIS—These were used for hurling great stones for the purpose of breaking down the walls of a city—a kind of battering ram
- 579 SCYLLA—A rock in the Sicilian Straits, which on account of the waves beating against it, gave forth a sound which resembled the barking of dogs hence the fable of Scylla being turned into a sea monster and always surrounded by a pack of dogs—"canibus pube tenus succincta"
- 582 FERUS CYCLOPS—Polyphemus fears lest his father, Neptune should at any time extinguish the fires of Ætna
- 730 GEMINÆ—Tantalus and Phœthenes
- 810 PHLEGRÆOS—From Phlegra, a valley of Thessaly where the giants fought with the Gods
- 841 CURVO—The oblique track of the Zodiac
- 864 ÆOOCEROS or Capricorn, which derived some trifling recognition from Heaven, as Pan from his curious face and ugly figure, once frightened the giants
- 991 DESERTUS—Deserted by the Sun the moon and the stars
- 1006 SUSTINES—Seneca here personifies the Earth as he does elsewhere "Fire and the Sea—a very consummation of poetic license—he uses this prosopœia very frequently and with great effect"
- 1049 HENIOCHIUS—Many writers believe there was once a people by this name, in Asia noted for the ferocity of their custom
- 1089 FRIFULCO—Lightning, which splits up and burns every thing with its subtle fire

## PHŒNISSÆ

- 14 JACIT ACTÆON—Actæon, for having surprised Diana, whilst she was bathing, was turned into a stag and torn to pieces by his own dogs

Time

- 17 SORORIS MATR —Agave, with her two sisters Ino and Antonoë, killed Pentheus, when under the influence of the Bacchanal fury Agave fancied that Pentheus was a calf
- 18 VIBRANTE —They carried the head of Pentheus, at the end of a spear bound round with vine leaves
- 47 MORRMOR —Metaphorically, from the gladiators
- 70 TERTIUS —“Terra” is usually applied to the Earth’s surface’ from “tero” to rub as substances rub in contact with it — “tellus” is applied to the interior and undisturbed portion of the earth
- 71 RAPAX —Proper term for a torrent, Lucretius and Virgil call them ‘rapacious rivers’ Iustus says it signifies a river lashed into motion by sudden downfalls of rain
- 128 SPARTANQUE FRATRI NOBILIM —Cristor and Pollux
- 153 MIHI —On all sides, a thousand ways of escaping from life—many short, easy—starvation, beating your head against a wall, holding your breath—Martial alludes to the kinds of death, in his epigram “De Bruti Portu” — Lib I Epig 43
- 237 VIRTUS —My courage, which was described by the ancients, as “sola virtus”—ut virtus, a viro, since the noble courageous spirit resided in the male as opposed to the milder characteristics of the female
- 248 NOX OCCUPAVIT —Sometimes, ‘nox’—but it is the same in effect—“nox” is “night” as opposed to “lux” light and therefore “lux” is “life” and “nox”—“death”
- 326 SEPTENA MUROS —The seven Kings were, Adrastus, Tydeus, Polynices, Hippomedon, Amphirraus, Parthenopæus Capaneus
- 339 NOBILITAS —Can be applied either for a good or bad cause—here, it refers to the latter
- 471 VINCULO —Head-pieces or Helmets
- 503 REGIS —Adrastus
- 549 EI THEBIS —To which country, no crime whatever is a novel occurrence
- 604 PACTOLUS —A river in Lydia, carrying along in its flowing course, golden sands
- 608 GARGARA —The top of mount Ida, remarkable for its fertility, its corn productiveness  
The remainder (and the greater part of this fine tragedy) is lost

## HIPPOLYTUS

- 65 FERI CORNIBUS URI —This race of animals with huge horns and great size, appears to be extinct—this must have resulted from the untiring perseverance of the hunting princes, always bent on the chase

- 77 **INFERVA SYAM IST**—Theseus in a fit of anger slew Antiope, otherwise named Hippolyte—Hippolyte was presented to him by Hercules
- 322 **LUTFO PLANTAS**—Latin Authors agree as to the color yellow or orange, having been that chosen for the dresses and appendages of a newly created bride
- 401 **LANAITIS ALT MÆOTIS**—These designations point to the Amazons, who dwell in those vicinities—they made their incursions into Attica and were conquered by Hercules
- 419 **CORNIBUS**—The horned heifer was held sacred to the moon by the Egyptians as Lucius
- 760 **LIATRA QVEST BROMO**—Ariadne had been jilted by Theseus, and left on the island of Naxos but was afterwards married to Theseus and promoted to the Stars
- 10 **NUMEN PIDAURII DEI**—This alludes to the temple erected to the honor and worship of Asclepius the father of physic It is asserted that his two sons Machron and Podalirius went to the Trojan War, and therefore the fate of the latter must be the same as that in which Asclepius flourished
- 1049 **ISTRIV**—A marine monster of such an enormous size that it swallowed ships entirely and then vomited them up again—spoken of by Pliny
- 1169 **MEMBRA QVIS SERVUS**—To render her reproaches more stinging to Theseus she quotes the robbers and the monster he had killed (the Minotaur)

## CIDIUS

- 36 **IFCIBUS COLUM NOCPUS**—The plague has been described by various authors in the Oedipus of Sophocles—Thucydides Lib II Lucretius Lib V Virgil—Georgic III
- 9 **NEC SIBINCA**—The monster, with the face of a virgin wings like a bird the body of a dog and claws like a lion was found near Thebes, and destroyed everyone who could not explain the enigmas she proposed for solution
- 117 **CINNAMI SILVIS**—Arabia Felix, where all the perfumes were obtained
- 119 **TERRA FALLACIS**—The flight of the Parthians was always dreaded, because it was then they made their aims more certain
- 282 **BIMAPIS SISYTHI TIPRAS**—Sisyphus founded on this isthmus a city which received in succession the names of Coreyra Epirus and lastly Corinth
- 43 **BASSARIDUM**—The Baccantes were priestesses of Bacchus
- 445 **MATERTERA**—Ino, sister of Semele, and therefore aunt to Bacchus
- 485 **OPHIANAQUE CÆDE**—This term refers to the Thebans killed on Mount Cithæron during the orgies—from Ophion

Line

- springing from the serpent's teeth and who was one of those, that accompanied Cadmus to Thebes
- 500 GEMINUS CUPIDO—This epithet applies to the two forms of what is called Love, Eros and Anteros—the one a holy feeling sanctified by good principles—the other, a gross animal, lustful passion
- 557 ATRÆ BOVES—Black animals were selected for sacrifices connected with things infernal, and white ones, when the gods above were concerned
- 728 CHAONIAS—This term does not designate any particular variety of Oak, but simply refers to those growing in Chaonia
- 824 FAMULI—Shepherds—herdsmen of the flocks
- 859 LUE—Decomposition
- 930 SCELERUM—The crimes of Agave and the other Bacchantes
- 1000 ATRA—As all seems black to the blind, black being the absence of all colors

## TROADES

- 7 CÆLITUM EGREGIUS LABOR—The walls of Troy, according to the story, were built by Neptune and Apollo
- 12 QUÆ VAGOS VICINA—The poet here alludes to the Amazons, and their queen Penthesilea
- 17 ASSARACI DOMUS—Assaracus, King of the Trojans, was son of Ilus, who built the citadel called Ilium
- 38 ITHACI COMES—This companion of Ulysses was Diomedes, with whom he went in the night to steal the horses of Rhesus
- 70 GRAIAS HOSPES AMYCLAS—Amyclæ, a city of Laconia—there was one of the same name in Campania
- 134 NIL TROJA SEMEL—Troy was taken twice during the life of Priam—once whilst Laomedon reigned, and the second time, when Priam was King
- 224 CAUSA LITIS REGIBUS—The capture of Chrysa, was in its consequences the cause of the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon
- 519 CEPHALLENUM—The Cephallenians were inhabitants of an island in the Ionian sea, having followed Ulysses to the siege of Troy
- 535 DICEBAT HECTOR—Not that Hector did literally say this or that, but that it was implied by his acts, by his prestige, as we say, a thing speaks for itself, when it was obvious or self-apparent
- 665 QUÆ VENDIDISTIS—The Greeks being Masters of the plains surrounding Troy, Priam was compelled to buy the spot on which to erect the tomb for his son Hector

- 1  
 80 IOICHOS — Iochos was the land of Jason who attempted the first sea expedition, that of the Argonauts
- 830 IICONUM PROTIOI — Proho's reign in the country which overlooked Ielion one of the three mountains which the giants piled up when they invaded heaven
- 848 TITARESSOS — A river of Thessaly whose waters were so oily that they would not mix with those of Peneus
- 1010 DULCE LAMENTIS — Lucretius Lib II l. 10 I say it a pleasing consolation to behold from the land the great exertions made by another who is struggling with the waves tenderly violent by the storm not that it is an object of pleasure in itself to witness the sufferings of another, but a source of comfort that we are not in a similar plight ourselves — The chorus here are thankful that others are in sympathy with their calamity  
 "Surve mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis  
 I terrâ majus alterius spectare laborem  
 Non jura vexari est quemquam jucunda voluptas  
 Sed quibus ipse malis careat quia cernere urve est
- 1069 UNA MACNA TURRIS — This was likely the tower from which Helen pointed out to Priam the principal leaders of the Grecian Army

## MIDI A

- 1 DII CONJUGALES — The deities here invoked as presiding over conjugalties — were, Jupiter Juno and Itho amongst the Greeks, — Sueda Diana or Iuua and Venus amongst the Romans
- 60 FAULS TERCORE CANIDO — Tergu is here used for the color of the hair on the hile — They always see if it is a white one to Jupiter, and one whose neck had never been lent to the yoke
- 87 VIRGINIS ASPERY — Diana the chaste goddess who amused herself with following the rough pursuit of the forest
- 130 INCENTUM RIGNI DECUS — Here is meant the celebrated golden fleece
- 231 SATIQLR BORLA — Calais and Zetes sons of Borea and the nymphs Orithyas
- 634 AQUIONE — Used to signify Ioreas also used to signify the North Wind
- 652 IDMON — The son of Apollo and a very learned augur, who died from the bite of a serpent
- 698 OPHILCITUS — A constellation composed of 17 stars but the serpent immediately above Scorpion is accented with 3  
 It is likewise called, "Angustens Anserifer and "Serpentaria by Cicero — see Manilius Lib I, v 331



I me

Medea in the fulness of her object to revenge herself upon Jason, leaves no stone (serpent) unturned to bring it about. She wishes to include the heavens as well as the earth, in marring every thing of a poisonous or deleterious nature.

- 726 BÆTIS—A river of Spain, now called the Guadaluquivir
- 730 SILGES—This word is used by Medea to accentuate the importance of a certain plant which had been nicked by some magician's nail and she forthwith pronounces it as a regular harvest in itself as a veritable god-send
- 781 RELIQUIT ISTAS—Zetes and Calais in return for the kindness thus received from Phineus delivered him from the Harpies
- 785 *ai, ai*—This is a Greek exclamation and is used to denote that the lugubrious sound which she hears is from the Infernal Deities, and is recognised by her, and she simply ejaculates her acknowledgment by *ai, ai*, which is tantamount to our English, "He! Surely that is some significant sound I heard"
- 795 DICTYNNA—One of the names of Δήνη, derived from the Greek, *δινύσσον*, a net in her capacity of huntress, the Goddess used nets to ensnare the wild animals
- 796 ÆRA CORINTHII—It is to be inferred from the recorded exceptional sonorousness of the cymbals, bells and brasses erst at Corinth that they owed this property to some judicious combination of various metals. Delius thinks that gold was one of the constituents. This may have been the case and must have augmented their value, but this metal surely could not have enhanced the quality of the sound, on the other hand, silver can easily be supposed to have added to their enchantingness of tone—ne scilicet Luna incantatione auditâ cælo detraheretur
- 814 PERSEI—Perseis is another name for Diana
- 1022 SIC FUGERE SOLLO—In flying from *Colchis* Medea slew her brother, in flying from Thessaly, Pelias—from Ithebes, Creon, Creusa and her two children

## AGAMEMNON

- 6 IMO FRATERNOS LARES—Calls to the memory of Thyestes, the repast given to him by Atreus
- 30 GNATÆ INFANDOS—Thyestes, after the treachery of his brother, consults the oracle, which advises him to marry his own daughter Pelopeia, and that a son by her, Ægis- thus, would be the means of carrying out his revenge
- 133 MIXTUS DOLORI—In the present passage, as well as in many others, "dolor" is used for "jealousy", whilst Seneca employs this word in all its principal meanings—jealousy, grief, pain, and anger

Line

- 16 **TYNDARIS CEELESTIS** — *Κλυμένης*, was the daughter of Tyndarus, who was the grandson of Jupiter.
- 16 **THESEO** — Theseus killed by Ulysses in his camp a night.
- 314 **STIRPS INACHIA** — This chorus is composed of the Argolian women. Inachus was the first king of Argos.
- 451 **TYRRHENE SISCIA** — These words refer to the fish called the Dolphin into which the Larvæ were changed.
- 566 **SCIERE LEMNON NOBILIS** — The women in the island of Lemnos being neglected by their husbands killed all the men who were husbands on the island on the same day. Lemnos was also the scene of another massacre the Lemnians killing all the children they had by some Athenian women whom they had carried away to become their wives — Hence arose the proverb Lemnian Deed as applied to any acts of uncommon cruelty.
- 673 **BISTONIS** — Irogon who killed Ixus, her infant and was changed into a swallow.
- 686 **MOLLIS VIROS** — The Poet here speaks of the Galli priests of Cybele because they mutilated themselves even to castration so as to render them selves effeminate which they became by this means of emasculation — In memory of the mutilation of the young Atys.
- 731 **MARMARICUS IFO** — The Marmaric Lion found in a country north of Italy, bordering on Egypt.
- 748 **TROILUS** — The youngest son of Priam rash enough to challenge Achilles by whom he was killed.
- 863 **MFANDAN DARDANIE DOMUS** — Allusion to Læomedon especially, who was punished by Hercules.

## HERCULUS CITULUS

- 24 **ANTEUS LIUS** — Antæus the son of Neptune and Terra, whom Hercules squeezed to death in his arms — as he only gained additional strength every time he came in maternal contact with Terra.
- 69 **ASTREA** — The Constellation Virgo of the Zodiac which follows Leo — Astrea quitted this earth in disgust at the wickedness of the human race.
- 160 **NABATHÆ** — The people who inhabited Arabia Petrea.
- 369 **THESIADES** — The fifty daughters of Theseus whose great ambition was that they should all be made pregnant by Hercules, a task which Hercules cheerfully undertook, and succeeded with all but one of them upon whom Hercules however, visited his revenge for her non-compliance — some classical wags have dubbed this performance as the 13th Labor in the subjoined hexametric couplet  
 "Tertius hunc decimus labor est durissimus una  
 Quinquaginta simul stupravit nocte puellas  
 which I have anglicized  
 ' This thirteenth labor did most surely test his might  
 To make those fifty Virgins Mothers in one night

Line

492 GRAVIDA NIPHIL.—The cloud which is fabled to have given birth to the Centaurs

574 JECUR.—The seat of one's longing desires chiefly of love, which is supposed to be associated in the mind with yellowish bile, that of anger with bile of a blackish tinge "Fors" is used here adverbially, so in Virgil-Aeneid 5, line 232  
"Et fors aequatis cepissent primum rostris"

This is a word frequently used by Seneca,  
"Sanguinis quondam capax"

and was employed colloquially by the Latins to represent various internal organs, as well as to denote certain conditions of the mind, disposition etc.—The Liver was supposed, and very properly so to preside largely over the temper, which it does and will continue to do, the spleen, too, comes in for its share in this respect the small intestine likewise, "O' dura iura messorum"—O' durum jecur' by Seneca, Line 1733 But it is not in its figurative sense that it is used here, any more than it is at Line 709

"Cor attonitum salit primumque"

"Trepidis palpitat venis jecur"

However, it appears in above 1220, that it clearly refers to the substance of the lungs either functionally or anatomically, and I have rendered the passage accordingly, are we right, then, in assuming that the word "jecur" was employed to designate any larger organ? It is evident that the liver cannot palpitate, as at Line 709, but it may have been used by Seneca in the sense of that organ ("Jecur" following "Cor" in the line preceding)

I have reason to think that the knowledge of anatomy was not so backward as it might appear, in Seneca's day, and that he might have known of the existence of a diaphragm, dividing the thoracic and abdominal cavities, and if this "Jecur" were applied to the act of breathing, which it obviously was, I think that the rendering which I have advanced will serve to dissipate any physiological or anatomical inconsistencies and impossibilities. Some commentators give "vigor" instead of "jecur", clearly implying the function of the Lung

582 CALYDONIÆ—Calydon, the principal city of Ætolia

706 VAGUS PER ARTUS—I am so bewildered in my mind, and my natural susceptibilities are so much wrought upon, that my terrified heart leaps and throbs, and my very liver, as the result of fear beats against my side with its blood-vessels in tremulous commotion

709 COR—JECUR.—These words occur in following lines, and one of them must be rendered "the heart", which, if beating very forcibly, might be supposed to extend its impulsive movements, just over the left lobe of the liver, and thus simulating the pulsation of the liver itself, thus, in deference to Seneca, I have recognized the anatomical anomaly of the liver palpitating, and have thus rendered the word

"Jecur as the 'liver Horace uses the word 'Jecur eight times for the liver, and once for the 'heart Jecur may likewise be taken for strength, courage, endurance disposition

- 739 **TUMENSQUE TACITA SEQUITUR**—This line is italicized in the Latin text, owing to some difference with the commentator as to its proper position  
 'Locus desperatus in quo deserit dux noster ab Etruria Detrus suggests that it should come after lines 1001-1002. Quenam ista? But Gronovius thinks that he has overshot the mark, sed frustra gratulatur sibi, as he remarks Dejanira does not see Megera following her from behind but before her eyes, with the brandished torch so that I prefer to render the passage where it is, besides it is a fitting prelude enough to the verse which follows, when Dejanira's train of thought is interrupted as she sees her son hastening with rapid steps, 'and although swelling with pent up anger, without saying a word, she ponders over the situation as presented to her senses, and merely shakes her head significantly The absurdity of Dejanira having eyes at the back of her head, would shock the most indulgent of readers even allowing fully for the vagaries of poetic fictions
- 776 **PHRYEUM MARE**—The Hellespont
- 820 **CYDON**—The archers in the city of Crete were famous for their skill
- 960 **CHRYSEIS BELIAS**—The Danaides were grand daughters of Belus
- 975 **MORS DIFFERATUR**—Let me put off death as determined upon by myself, and let me perish as Lichas did only that I choose that death, and Lichas had no choice about the matter
- 1168 **TRUCI RICTU GYGES**—The giant Gyges was reckoned the most ugly and the most formidable of all the giants
- 1204 **TURBA**—I have given a rendering of this word as Staff, as whilst Hercules was disposing of Ceryon it is not likely that Eurythion, although a less formidable giant, and the two headed dog Orthrus stood by as passive spectators, whilst the conflict went on
- 1220 **SANGUINIS QUONDAM CAPAX**—Seneca is very fond of this word "Jecur and employs it here as a figurative expression implying the normal action of the respiratory apparatus the due circulation of the blood throughout the pulmonary tissue and draws attention to the consequences of its having been interrupted as hinted at in the text "Jecur appears to apply to the function of any organ and then simply signifies the physiological duties thereof and I have used it in this sense without any hesitation, as applied to the lines 1220—1221

Line

- 1811 CLEONAS—Between Aigos and Corinth, near the spot where the Nemæan lion was killed
- 1973 PÆNAS—This prediction of Hercules was accomplished Euiystheus was conquered by Hyllus near Marathon—some say that Hyllus cut off his head, and handed it over to Alcmena as an especial present

## OCTAVIA

- 10 GENITRIX—Uigulamma and Alia Pretina were divorced by Claudius before he married Messalina Messalina, the mother of Octavia, was noted for her lustful propensities supposedly, I should think, suffering from the "furor uterinus", which was not very mercifully regarded in those days At all events, consistent with this notion of nymphomania, which led to such doings, so derogatory to her dignity as a Queen Consort, she had been guilty of a series of immoralities, before the disgraceful mockery of marriage with Silus, which, this time, however, cost her her life
- 22 NOVERCA—The marriage of Claudius with Agrippina was regarded in Rome, as an incestuous marriage, although according to Juvenal, sexual morality was not a canon held in the strictest observance in those days of Patriarchal licentiousness
- 60 ELECTRA—Sophocles has alluded copiously to the weeping of Electra, and her strong desire for the return of Orestes to revenge the death of their father, Agamemnon
- 105 SUBJECTA FAMULÆ—Seneca constantly uses this word and in very different senses Poppæa was not a slave, but a woman of good descent Her father had filled the office of Quæstor
- 148 SILANUS—Silanus was not killed, but committed suicide the same day that Claudius married Agrippina, and Tacitus says this added to the public indignation
- 231 VIDIMUS CÆLO IUBAR—Tacitus alludes to this comet, and Seneca in the Quæst Natur
- 382 REMOTUS—Seneca had been accused of adultery with Julia the daughter of Germanicus, and was expatriated by Claudius to the island of Corsica Agrippina obtained his return and made him the tutor of Nero
- 437—8 PLAUTI SULLÆQUE—Plautus Rabellius had been exiled into Asia, and Sulla into Narbonensium Gaul but they were both executed by Nero's orders—Treatus, Lib 12 Annal, and Suetonius apud Neronem, Cap 15
- 515 PAVERE—It was at Philippi, where a great battle was fought by Octavius and Antony, against Brutus and Cassius, an allusion is here made to the immense number of the slain which were left exposed, unburied, on the plains for the birds of prey to feast upon

- L
- 63 ISTRI—I prefer *Indi*—which is suggested in some editions the latter river being more associated with the idea of gems and precious stones than the Ister or Danube can be so imagined
- 696 CULPA SENECE—I think that the rendering I have given of the word “*Culpa*,” represents the poet’s meaning
- 882 MISERANDA PARENS—This unfortunate woman was Cornelia, the daughter of Scipio Africanus, and being sprung from him was consequently a scion of one of the principal families in Rome
- 887 TE QUOQUE LIVI—The tribune Lavius Drusus, established great reforms in the laws. He was assassinated just as he was leaving his own house
- 942 LIVIA—Livia poisoned her husband, Drusus
- 943 JULIA—Julia, the daughter of Livia was accused of complicity in the poisoning of Drusus but it was not proved she was nevertheless, exiled and ultimately suffered death
- 979 TAURORUM—The Tauri were a people of Scythia, and they sacrificed strangers on the altars of Diana